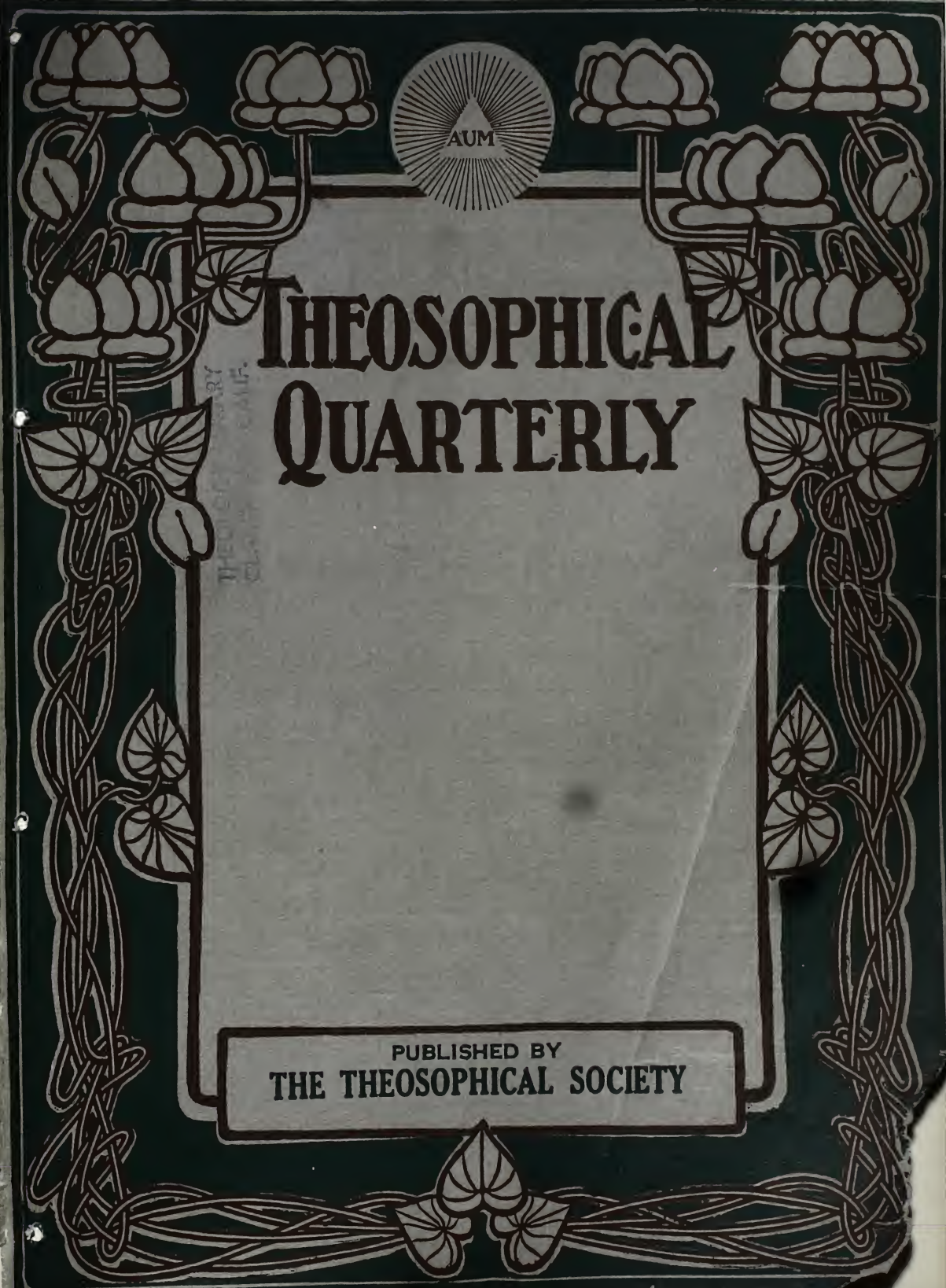


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JULY, 1932

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THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.



The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.

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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.



JULY, 1932

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A DELUDED COCK AND A VERY FALSE DAWN

TWO books were recently recommended to us, by one who firmly believes in his ability to speak for the intelligentsia of the day, as being so penetrating and profound as to herald the dawn of a better understanding of human nature and the inauguration of a new and truer sociology. To watch the coming of the dawn, on whatever plane it is witnessed, is an experience whose appeal and wonder never lessens; but we had heard too many heralded, both at midnight and full noon, to be much impressed or particularly hopeful, especially as the two authors in question were very well known and did not seem to us at all likely to have departed so far from their regular orbits as to have become bright stars of the morning. Nevertheless, since we aspire (from a safe distance) to keep a watchful eye on the intelligentsia, we bought the books: Mr. Aldous Huxley's novel, *Brave New World*, and Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*. We are moved to warn others against a like folly.

"BRAVE NEW WORLD"

The ostensible purpose, and we imagine the origin, of Mr. Huxley's book is such as to command the sympathy of students of Theosophy, who have long found reason to dread what the world desires. He takes as a text a quotation from the French of Nicholas Berdiaeff, which points out that Utopias now appear much more realizable than has heretofore been thought, so that we find ourselves faced with the agonizing question as to how their descent upon us may be avoided. They are altogether too realizable; and as the world presses toward them we are perhaps drawing near to an age when the intellectual and cultivated will no longer dream of Utopias, but of means of evading them and of returning to a society "less perfect but more free". It is of such an age and of such dreams that Mr. Huxley purports to write, the jacket of the book telling us that it is "A witty and wickedly satirical novel about the impending Model T

Utopia that does fantastic things to such old-fashioned ideas as motherhood, death, fear, love, and happiness."

Perhaps, as we have begun with the jacket, we can also end with it. It is patently intended to present the reviewer with usable quotations; and we shall ourselves feel the cleaner if we do not again have to open the book's pages. There are extracts from reviews: "A challenge and a warning to the world". "A healthily provocative book." "Slashing and wicked." "Excellent reading for those not too easily shocked". There is a rather extended quotation from the book itself, part of a talk to some students by "His Fordship Mustapha Mond, Resident Controller for Western Europe".

"Try to realize what it was like to have a viviparous mother. . . ."

"Try to imagine what 'living with one's family' meant'.

"They tried; but obviously without the smallest success.

"And do you know what a 'home' was?"

"They shook their heads.

"Yes", said Mustapha Mond, nodding his head, 'You may well shudder'.

"Our Ford—or Our Freud as, for some inscrutable reason, he chose to call himself whenever he spoke of psychological matters—Our Freud had been the first to reveal the appalling dangers of family life. The World was full of fathers—was therefore full of misery; full of mothers—therefore of every kind of perversion; . . . full of brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts—full of madness and suicide."

"Fortunate boys!" said the Controller. 'No pains have been spared to make your lives emotionally easy—to preserve you, so far as that is possible, from having emotions at all.'

"Ford's in his flivver", murmured the D. H. C. 'All's well with the world'".

Our abridgment is much expurgated, but it will serve.

We should not ourselves have called such writing "witty"; but it is undeniably rather "clever", and of all literary qualities "cleverness" seems the most sought and enjoyed to-day. Mr. Huxley's "cleverness" is made manifest on every page. It has enabled him to see, with clarity, that the Utopian dreams, in which our age indulges, are the reflections of its appetites, and crave a social order where sensual desires might be gratified unrestrained, and unavenged by aftermaths of pain. It has enabled him to depict, in vivid colours, the loathsome degradation of all human things and relationships that would result, could such a Utopia be achieved. It has barbed his satire, and shown him on every side a mark at which it can be sped. But with all of this, his cleverness has not been able to furnish him with any safeguard against the dangers that inhere within itself, and which have so defeated whatever purpose he may at first have had, as to make his book an offence to decent minds.

We have little doubt that Mr. Huxley and his admirers would feel that he had been complimented were his reviewers to class him with Bernard Shaw or Anatole France; but to the student of Theosophy, or to any mature experience which, reaching out to the wholeness of life, has touched its realities, the pursuit of cleverness for its own sake must appear degrading. The names which

exemplify such pursuit do not stand for an enviable order of intelligence, nor for a comprehension of human nature such as may be gained by rising above it in self-conquest. Rather do they tell of something immature, or sub-human, in their possessors, something which as yet belongs to the mere raw stuff from which human nature may be formed, and which bores and penetrates into its ingredients from below. Their view is the "worm's eye" view. It is as though they had not yet learned to live upon the wholesome bread of life, but must, like maggots, turn for food to mouldy flour. We all know that there is a satire that can make for righteousness, piercing the joints of armoured wrong, or scourging evil in defence of right. But satire that so relishes itself as to have lost all thought or memory of moral purpose, and which is directed indifferently to good and bad, sparing nothing and defiling all it touches, such mocking has within it the malice of sub-human things,—of elementals or imps of hell, or of the street gamin, "showing off". Behind it, using it, is the Essence of Evil, but it itself scarcely reaches to the moral plane. The writer of the blurb on the jacket dignifies the book too much when he (three times) calls it "wicked": "wickedly satirical", "wickedly fantastic", "slashing and wicked". It is just the small boy being "smart" and trying to shock,—the very nasty little boy, with his uncanny ability, wherever he goes, to find and exhibit something hideous and unclean. Yet whether "wicked" or "nasty", the fact remains that Mr. Huxley is not a pleasant companion; we close the book no wiser than we opened it, but with a sense of having waded in filth and of badly needing a bath. He is typical of the "clever" man, whose cleverness goes to his head like wine, and, like wine, unconsciously to himself reveals his nature. There are thousands like him, who think that wit can excuse all, disinfect all,—and who are very sure that they are witty. So Anatole France and Shaw and their legion of little imitators. So Mr. John Erskine, smearing the vulgarity of his own mind and approach to life over the sweet and beautiful stories that are the heritage of our race; so Mr. Aldous Huxley bathing his readers in the indecencies of his imagination; and the reviewers crying out "How clever", "How amusingly horrifying", "How penetrating and revealing".

Faugh! The very thought of them brings the stench from the open sewers in which they fish. But doubtless, in the course of æons, they, and others, will grow up.

"A NEW EDUCATION FOR A NEW TIME"

We turn from Mr. Huxley to Mr. Wells with a sigh of relief. Mr. Wells is what he has always been,—only a little more so with each new book, as he grows older and hardens in the grooves of mental and emotional habit. His name trails adjectives like a comet's tail; but "indecent" is not among them, and one can at least keep one's self-respect by disagreeing with him, and not have to scrub him off one's mind with antiseptic soap. Fertile, ingenious, imaginative, provocative and provoking, perverse and superficial, illogical, dogmatic and conceited; sentimentalist, socialist, theorist, materialist, with an unequalled gift for misrepresentation and false simplification, for drawing

realistic pictures of what has no reality, and projecting the image of himself upon the screen of his surroundings, so partisan and prejudiced, so narrow and bigoted, that he has made himself definitely blind to all he does not wish to see, on the wrong side of nearly every important question,—he presents his thought so glamorously as to make it rival the limpid light of truth itself. It has been suggested that it might be truth if applied to something else—if the titles of the books were changed—if Mr. Wells would only be explicit in telling his readers that, whatever title he may have chosen, he is still always writing about himself. So the author of *A Subaltern's War* remarks of *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* that it ought to have been called *Mr. Wells Does Not See It Through*, "since it reflected nothing but the weakening of the author's resolution"; and doubtless even *The Outline of History*, which is neither outline nor history, could be made accurate if it were entitled merely *Mr. Wells's Notions upon the Subjects Treated*. We should select the same title for the present work, which Mr. Wells himself finally decided to call *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*.

He considers it "slighter and even more provisional" than *The Outline of History*, but adds that, "Its claims are enormous; let there be no mistake about that. It represents all current human activities and motives—all and nothing less. . . . It will have failed of its object so far as any particular reader goes if that reader does not find his own niche clearly indicated in this descriptive fabric" (p. 25).

It is not probable that many students of Theosophy will feel that their own activities and motives are at all accurately represented by what Mr. Wells has to say,—though they may indeed find their outer occupations as "butchers or bakers or candlestick makers" touched upon in his encyclopædic pages. His approach to life is the very opposite of ours. Though he makes it clear that he considers himself of the true priestly class, his god is only immanent in him, never transcendent. It is, in effect, himself that he worships: his own image, in himself and in mankind. In the whole universe he sees nothing higher than man; and argues that even should there be such, it is of no practical concern to him or to the theme of his book. He sees everything as arising from the slime; nothing as descending from above. "The one mind, common to all individual men", "the oversoul, in which all souls are one", "the possessions" that are "possessed by all pure souls equally . . . the special property of the whole only when united",—all in which mysticism and religion have found the true "work, wealth and happiness of mankind" to lie, Mr. Wells rejects wholly from his thought. He grants that mystery exists; but he grants it only to dismiss it, not from life, but from thought.

"It is impossible to dismiss mystery from life. Being is altogether mysterious. Mystery is all about us and in us, the Inconceivable permeates us, it is 'closer than breathing and nearer than hands and feet.' For all we know, that which we are may rise at death from living, as an intent player wakes up from his absorption when a game comes to an end, or as a spectator turns his eyes from the stage as the curtain falls, to look at the auditorium he has for a

time forgotten. These are pretty metaphors, that have nothing to do with the game or the drama of space and time. Ultimately the mystery may be the only thing that matters, but *within the rules and limits of the game of life*, when you are catching trains or paying bills or earning a living, the mystery does not matter at all" (p. 83).

To us it seems that it is precisely when one is confronted with the "paying of bills" and the "earning a living", that one is forced to realize how profoundly the "mystery" of what lies behind life, and such comprehension as we may have of it, do matter to us. Why does one pay one's bills? Why *earn* a living? Is there anything more determinative of a man's nature than whether his answer to such questions points to an outer police force, or to loyalty to an inner sense of right? Is not a man's philosophy of life of very special moment to his creditors and employer? Yet one gathers from Mr. Wells's pages that there can be only one practical answer. To him it all comes back to the outer police force; for even where he sees the inner sense of right to be the compelling motive, he explains it as but the memory of the policeman's club,—a racial memory of primitive "taboos". That is the essential evil in all of Mr. Wells's later work—since he abandoned his purely and frankly imaginative fiction. He is capable of seeing the good; capable even of helping you to see it more clearly; but only to explain it away; only to present it so that it will appear the foolish and the outworn.

As was to be expected, the postulate of the "primitive man" is given a very prominent place. The effort is to trace everything from him. For the origin of human society: "This taboo . . . may have been the foundation of real human society. It made it possible for father and sons and sons-in-law to endure each other" (p. 50). Of morality: "The psychoanalysts trace the moral conflict in our minds back to its roots in these primordial prohibitions and suppressions, without which social life could not have existed" (p. 51). Of religion: "The prestige of some old men outlived them; they haunted the dreams of the tribe; their strength and their influence were invoked; medicine men saw them in visions, undertook to speak for them, and the first tribal gods were evolved" (p. 51). Of industry: "The dawn of economic history shows us humanity already busy upon the job of putting the work on to someone else" (p. 51).

On the jacket of the book, in letters only less large than those of title and author, it is described as "A New Education for New Times". How will this new education fit the new time to deal with the age-old conflict between the good and the evil? between the hungers of the animal and the aspiration of the spirit? To ask that question is to see Mr. Wells as an instrument in one of the most sinister movements of the age. Behind the common little cockney, the sentimental socialist, the tired pacifist and superficial theorist, behind the brilliant imagination and gift of persuasive writing, works the mocking, menacing figure that symbolizes sin; and it matters not at all that Mr. Wells himself does not see him there, nor know what it is that is using him. It matters no more with Mr. Wells than with Mr. Huxley. There is no being neutral in

the warfare of life; and as the Christ warned men long ago, "He who is not with me is against me."

We wish to be done with Mr. Wells; but we cannot dismiss his work without pointing out that for all these assertions regarding "taboos" and "primitive man," for all the explaining away of man's recognition of the laws of his own soul, there is not one least shred of evidence. It is all assumption—and most of it very silly assumption. Consider this for example: "Children of three or four will say quite confidently [because they have been told it] that the world is round and that the year goes from summer to winter and from winter to summer; and it is hard to purge these ideas from one's consciousness and imagine an adult mind without these particular assumptions. But the world of the early men was flat and went on for ever, and the weather changed, grew hotter and colder, snowy or rainy, sere or green, *and it was only the very oldest and most observant who could have had a chance of noting any established rhythm in these phases*" (pp. 46 and 47). The italics are ours. If these words mean anything at all, they mean that Mr. Wells is supposing that man became man while still shorter lived or less intelligent than a squirrel, or the beaver, or any of the host of animals that make provision for the winter season. Such supposition is sheer nonsense; yet is no worse, only more obvious, than the rest.

And at the end, what does Mr. Wells offer us, or what has he gained for himself? "What have we to put into the scale against this presentation of the whole human adventure, as nothing better than a freak of chance, flung up in the incomprehensible play of forces for ever outside our understanding, and destined to be reversed as casually and wiped out of being altogether? So far as our powers and knowledge go, we have nothing. We are forced back upon something more fundamental than knowledge or reason; the innate inevitable *faith in itself* that every healthy conscious being must necessarily possess" (p. 894).

The italics are again ours. In all the wide universe there is nothing in which he can have faith save in himself. He himself (and while he is in health) is the only evidence he can see that good may endure: "We are unable to believe that the universe that has evoked the will to live in us can be without will. We can no more believe the universe insane by our measure of sanity and altogether indifferent to our urgencies than we can prove it sane" (p. 894). This is from the next to last page of the work—the summary with which he leaves us—the doubt that is given us as our only ground of hope.

Mr. Wells has disclaimed any desire for life beyond death. He has said that he strutted to no such immortality. But not even Mr. Wells has said that he does not strut.

FRAGMENTS

AGAIN I heard the Voice, which said: Lift up thine eyes and see: and I saw, through mist and semi-darkness, a sullen, oily sea heaving from its depths; and as, in increasing volume, it gathered to the shore, short waves curled white an instant, like the flashing teeth of an attacking beast.

A murmur of sound came out of the sea, the murmur of an angry mob bent on destruction. It was a sound from far away, as of long past ages, gathering momentum from these periods of time,—the forces of unregenerate, wilful man, urged on by the Dark Powers who were preparing to unleash them.

We stood, a handful, on the shore to resist them.

The Voice said: God gave men peace and they died of it, gutted out like dripping candle-ends in the gusts of their own desires. So God gave them war, and they rose, briefly, to heights of heroism in the flames of sacrifice, only to sink back into unspeakable degradation of cowardice,—their own ashes. Now, saith the Lord, let the dogs of hell devour them. Open the iron gates, and set the minions of Pluto free, that the world at last may know that I am ruler over hell and heaven, and hold those who deride me in the hollow of my hand.

We stood, a handful, on the shore to resist them: and one of us said in answer to the Voice: *Even so, we stand*; for are we not the Battalion of Death, and having died already many deaths, in agony and flame, what have we to fear?

And still we stand, O Masters of life, of death and of eternity, O glorious Brotherhood of the Great Lodge,—we, dust and nothingness in your great Presences, stand and shall stand, though the sea engulf us and the lightning fall and the fiends of hell devour us: and when the seas have receded in their appointed time, and the stars shine once more in serenity above us, you shall find us standing as before, eyes front, heads erect, hearts unshaken!

Again I heard the Voice, which said: Lift up thine eyes and see: and again I saw the Armies of heaven marching across the sky and the great Saint Michael leading; and as they marched, with pæans of martial music, I saw their banners dip and the flash of swords, as the Battalion of Life saluted the Battalion of Death in passing.

Cavé.

MADAME BLAVATSKY'S FORBEARS

THROUGH her grandmother, Princess Dolgoruki, Madame Blavatsky was descended from Prince Yuri Dolgoruki, that is, Yuri the Long-armed, who founded the city of Moscow in the year 1147, and was its first Tsar. Yuri Dolgoruki claimed descent from the Varangian Viking Rurik, who was invited by the Slavs to come to Russia with his kindred in the ninth century, and who, accepting this invitation, established in Russia law and order and a strong line of rulers. For centuries after the founding of Moscow the Dolgorukis played a great part in Russian history. Under that furious reformer, Peter the Great, a Prince Dolgoruki was the leader of those who opposed the Western innovations which the Emperor imposed on his subjects; this Dolgoruki was exiled for his recalcitrancy, and particularly because he refused to shave his patriarchal beard in conformity with Peter's fashion. Another Prince Dolgoruki held the rank of Major-General under Katherine the Great; another of the line, also a direct ancestor of Madame Blavatsky, was Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

Madame Blavatsky's grandmother, Princess Dolgoruki, was the last descendant of the elder line. She was a remarkable woman, tall, and with a magnificently formed head. She was a student of natural science, and especially of geology and botany. When the famous English naturalist and traveller, Sir Roderick Murchison, travelled in Russia and the Caucasus, he was her guest, and, if the memory of the writer be not at fault, Sir Roderick named in her honour a fossil shell which he discovered in the deposits of the Perm district, which gave its name to the Permian period of geology. Princess Dolgoruki married General Andrei Fadeyev, for many years Governor of the Saratov district on the lower Volga. This frontier territory was largely inhabited by sectarians who refused to acknowledge the Russian Orthodox Church, and by Kalmyks, who were dependents of Buddhist Tibet. The sectarians refused to accept the potato, then something of a novelty in eastern Russia, alleging that the "accursed root" must be evil because it is nowhere mentioned in the Bible. Wishing to introduce the heretical but useful tuber, General Fadeyev had recourse to guile. He had potatoes planted in an enclosed garden and proclaimed the sternest penalties for whoever should touch even one potato. As with their first ancestor, the lure of forbidden fruit was not to be resisted by the sectaries, and potatoes were soon spread far and wide through southeastern Russia. The former Princess Dolgoruki lived to a great age. In her later years she suffered a stroke of paralysis which deprived her of the use of her right arm. She was in the midst of a series of botanical studies and, undeterred, she learned not only to write with her left hand, but also drew and painted admirable studies of botanical specimens. A few years ago, several volumes of this manuscript botany

were still extant. The future Madame Blavatsky, while she was still Helena Petrovna Hahn, paid childhood visits to the majestic grandfather and the benign, learned grandmother, with her parents and her younger sister, Vera Petrovna, who has recorded these visits in her charming book for children, *When I was Little*.

General Fadeyev and his wife had four children. A son, Rostyaslav Andreivitch, won fame in the wars of the Caucasus, gaining the rank of General, and later earned renown as a distinguished military writer. He was for some years military adviser to the Khedive Ismail of Egypt. There were three daughters, Helena Andreyevna, Ekaterina Andreyevna and Nadyejda Andreyevna, to give the Russian style of patronymic following the Christian name, the latter being almost invariably the name of a saint. It was the custom to celebrate the saint's day of translation with ceremonies and gifts, as a more important birthday for the child. Helena Andreyevna Fadeyev and her daughter were thus named in honour of Saint Helena, mother of Constantine. According to Eusebius, Helena visited Palestine after her conversion, building a church at the traditional site of the Ascension, and another at Bethlehem; she was later said to have recovered the True Cross, whose authenticity was vindicated by a miracle of healing.

Helena Andreyevna Fadeyev married Colonel Peter Hahn, a distinguished artillery officer, and had three children. The eldest, Helena Petrovna—once more to give the Christian name and patronymic—was later to become Madame Blavatsky. The second daughter, Vera Petrovna, became a popular Russian author, one of whose many books has already been mentioned. The third child, several years younger than the two sisters, was Leonid Petrovitch.

Helena Andreyevna Hahn was a distinguished writer of stories, so that the great Russian critic Belinski called her the "George Sand of Russia." She died in her twenty-ninth year, in the summer of 1842. She was, therefore, only twenty-six when, in 1840, she wrote two stories, *The World's Verdict*, and *The Judgment of God*, from which are taken the two following passages which describe the life of the inner self, and the golden threads of Karma running through human lives. When these passages were written, the future author of *The Secret Doctrine* was a child of nine, but it is not difficult to see that she was profoundly influenced by the thought and character of her gifted mother.

In *The World's Verdict*, the hero of the story, after a great moral upheaval, thus records his experience:

"... The fog which, up to that time, had lain heavy on my intelligence, was dispersed. . . . Like one who had been blind, and from whose eyes a great physician had removed a cataract, I was beginning to see. The world gradually opened before me, new, unexpected: the world, not of phantasies, but of beautiful truths, of exalted fervour, of refinement, of poetry, of all that makes the soul of man nobler and happier. How reverently I entered into its mysteries. How proudly I rose from the oppression of my own insignifi-

cance, until at last, like a man reborn, I looked on the world of God. Everything within me and around me was transformed. For the first time I became conscious of the beneficent and active intelligence within me, of the power of my will and the sense of beauty, and, in my rapture, I bowed down in the dust before the Almighty, having come to understand the wonderful perfection of our creation, the problem of our being, and the supreme destiny of man. . . . It almost seemed as if my soul, freshly born into being, illumined the whole world with the beauty of its own rays, and the world, warmed by the warmth of my soul, answered to the touch of its first ray by heavenly harmonies, like Memnon's statue.

"Formerly, I had been ignorant of the just pride of the consciousness of self, and, in spite of my self-love, and of what I called my independent ways, I was a perfect slave to what men thought of me. Many a time I acted against my own conviction, from a pitiful rivalry with my comrades. . . . Formerly, I had not even suspected the existence of that comfort which the Lord grants to us in our inner, ever wakeful self;—not in that self which is the vain caterer to man's desires, the restless glorifier of his achievements, real and imaginary, which, in its everlasting discord with conscience, has no existence except on the tongue, deafening the ears of everyone with stories in which it alone can find delight; but in the stern Argus and judge which is subject neither to the rule of the world nor to the decrees of fate; in the unswerving, incorruptible guardian of the seed from heaven, God's parting gift as we enter life, which, if not smothered by tares, or devoured by birds of the air, is to grow and ripen in the heart of man until it becomes his support in depression, his peace and contentment in the midst of bitterest calamity. . . ."

The World's Verdict is not connected in plot or construction with *The Judgment of God*, nor were they, as their titles might suggest, designed as complementary to each other. Their unity comes from the inner spirit of the author, and both describe the mighty, invisible things of the interior life in the same sincere and inspiring way, because both truly record the author's spiritual experience. Here is a brief passage from *The Judgment of God*:

"Certain events impressing themselves on my mind when I was but a little child, left in me a leaning toward the supernatural. I do not mean the supernatural of concrete, material nature, but the inner feeling of our spiritual existence. It is not that I have superstitious beliefs; it is more correct to say that I believe in realities that can only be felt. A visitor from beyond the tomb could not frighten me, and I do not think that I should grow pale at mysterious groans or laughter in the small hours of the night. But I do believe in the secret Providence which binds together the lives of human beings and guides their perceptions; I believe in the stirring of unaccountable loves and hatreds, as the invisible threads which stretch and stretch, sometimes winding themselves into wonderful network, but always leading man to the inevitable goal marked for him by supreme predestination. And if the Lord said that not a hair of our heads should fall without His will, are we to suppose that the activities of our spirits, strong and potent as they are, were

not calculated, distributed and directed toward something our weak intellects cannot foresee?"

It may well be that there is, in these passages, an echo of the philosophical mysticism of France, for tradition records that among the forbears of Madame Blavatsky's family there were French ancestors also, of the ancient and distinguished house of Duplessis. Belinski may have been right in suggesting a French element in Helena Hahn's writings. Madame Blavatsky's younger sister has given, in the book already mentioned, a very attractive picture of their gifted mother:

"I can no longer remember how we left our grandmother [the former Princess Dolgoruki] and made the return journey. I can only recall that we were in a different place, where my grandmother and our other relations were no longer with us. Officers were always coming, whom I did not know. One of them, very tall and with a red, pointed moustache, claimed to be my father. But I was unwilling to recognize him as my father, and rebuffed him. . . .

"I remember also that my mother was a great sufferer, but that she spent long hours writing, behind a partition covered with green cloth. The little nook behind this green barrier was called mother's work room, and never did either my elder sister Lyolya [diminutive of Helena], nor I, venture to touch anything in that room, which only a curtain separated from our own. At that time, we did not in the least understand what our mother could be occupied with, in this retreat in which she passed whole days. We only knew that she was writing at her table, but we did not in the least suspect that she was working there to earn money to pay our tutors and governesses. . . .

"When the weather was bad, I took my station near a window, and happily gazed out at the great square on which were taking place the military exercises which my father directed, with several officers under his orders. I immensely enjoyed watching the soldiers manœuvring to the sound of drum and trumpets, and seeing the big guns hurried about on wheels which thundered as they moved, while my father galloped on his fine horse, giving orders, with animated gestures. . . .

"During the following winter our mother suffered still more. The doctor forbade her to give much time to her writing, and she spent her evenings with us. She seated herself at the piano, and my young governess, Antonia, undertook to teach my sister to dance. . . .

"Then, suddenly, I do not remember how, we went to a large and beautiful city. . . . I learned later that this city was called Odessa, and that my mother had gone there for medical care. . . .

"My elder sister, four years older than I, was already studying industriously under the guidance of two governesses, and was also studying music with our mother. But that poor mother was daily losing strength, though she still worked as hard as before. At last she had to yield to the insistence of our grandmother, who invited us to come to her, to Saratov, to seek a more thorough treatment. The expectation of this journey caused my sister Lyolya and me the greatest delight.

"It was night. Our closed coach swung gently from side to side. Worn out by the long journey and weary of looking for a city which never appeared, we were all half asleep. My sister and I were lulled to sleep by our smooth progress over the snow, by the whistling of the wind, and by the monotonous cries of the coachman encouraging his horses. My mother alone was not asleep. She held me on her knee, her well-beloved little one, with one hand holding my head pressed against her breast, seeking to protect me against the jolting of the coach. . . .

"All at once I was wakened by a more vigorous jolt, and an intense ray of light, shining in my face, made me blink my eyes. . . .

"Our coach passed through a great stone gateway, and stopped before the brilliantly lit steps. . . . A lady, tall and stately, with an expression of kindness and sweetness, clasped my mother in her arms; only later did I recognize her as my grandmother. . . . The tall, thin gentleman in the gray frock-coat came toward me, took me in his arms, and, kissing me several times, put me into my grandmother's arms. It was only then that I knew he was our grandfather. . . . With intense enjoyment I drank my hot tea and attentively studied the big portraits of gentlemen and ladies that hung on the wall opposite me . . ."—portraits of the forbears of Madame Blavatsky.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh, that is to say over fear; fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of illness, of loneliness, and of death.

There is no real piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage.—AMIEL.

The Buddha said: "It is not I, O Bhikkhus, who quarrel with the world, but the world which quarrels with me."—SAMYUTTA NIKAYA.

CHUANG-TZE

II

THE WAY OF MAN AND THE WAY OF LIBERATION¹

Without going forth, one can understand all that takes place under the sky; without looking out of the window, one can see the Way of Heaven. The farther one goes out from the Self, the less one knows.—LAO-TZE.

“THE Tao does not reward men for their own accomplishments”, said Chuang-Tze, “but for what Heaven accomplishes through them” (XXXII, 2). This sentence points to the difference between the two “Ways” of Taoism, the Way of Man and the Way of Heaven.

The Way of Heaven is “the great submission to the course of Nature”. By Nature is meant the principle and purpose underlying the manifestation of the Universe, the law of ordered, cyclic growth which is said to be obeyed by all creatures, with one exception. Unregenerate man alone has tried to fabricate an independent existence outside the course of Nature. He has invented a little private world of his own, raising a barrier of self-will between it and the great world beyond. It is this malformation of elemental human consciousness which the Taoists call the Way of Man.

“It is the Way of Heaven which is the Lord; the Way of Man is the servant.” Nature works slowly but without intermission for the regeneration of the human race. When such a regeneration occurs in a human life, a Master of the Tao is born and a new measure of individuality is added to the immortal consciousness of the Universal Spirit. The Sage works with Nature and not against her, for in his being the powers of Nature attain a perfect expression and fulfilment. “The Master is a companion of God and seeks his enjoyment in the formless condition of Heaven and Earth. . . He finds happiness in the business of doing nothing on his own behalf. . . He stands aloof from other men, but he is in accord with Heaven. Hence it is said: ‘The small man of Heaven is the superior man among men; the superior man among men is the small man of Heaven’ ” (VI, 11).

The Taoists had no respect for what is generally called civilization, which they regarded as the blind alley into which the Way of Man leads its victims. What they denounced was the false civilization which isolates man from Nature and perverts his sense of values. Doubtless, our modern world, with its concerns and shibboleths, would appear to them as nothing but the manifestation of a vain and rebellious spirit. It could scarcely be otherwise, for they defined true civilization as the refinement of consciousness.

This explains Chuang-Tze’s hostility to the Confucianist scholars. The essence of Confucianism may be described as the cultivation of loyalty and of the sense of duty, but many Confucianists had confused loyalty with outward

¹ Cf. THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, April, 1932, pp. 303-312, art. “Chuang-Tze: The Way of Heaven.”

conformity, and duty with ritualism. Chuang-Tze had no sympathy for a civilization which he believed to be saturated with the idea that man can be made perfect by rites and ceremonies and moral pronouncements. Moreover, he could not tolerate the self-complacency of the Confucianist *Literati*, who assumed that they had exhausted the possibilities of spiritual evolution when they had learned by heart the *Five Classics* and the *Four Books*. It seemed to him an outrage against the Divinity latent in the human being, that men should thus deliberately stultify themselves.

However, Chuang-Tze was tremendously impressed by the figure of Confucius. He found it hard to reconcile the bigotry and scholasticism of the Confucianists with the evidence that Confucius himself was a sage. Only one conclusion appeared possible,—that the *real* Confucius was never known by his disciples. "When Confucius was in his sixtieth year, his views changed. What he formerly held to be right, he then concluded to be wrong; and the things which he then held to be right were those which for fifty-nine years he had regarded as wrong" (XXVII, 2). According to a Taoist tradition, Confucius in his old age became a mystic, a devotee of the Way of Heaven and tried to teach the Way of Liberation from the Way of Man; but he failed, for his disciples did not understand him and preserved for posterity only the dead-letter of his teaching.

Chuang-Tze has recorded an incident which may have marked a turning-point in Confucius' life. It is contained in Book XXXI which bears the title of "The Old Fisherman". The story has such poignancy and charm, quite apart from its pertinence to our subject, that we repeat it here at some length.

Wandering in the forest of Tze-Wei, Confucius and his disciples came to a pleasant terrace beneath which flowed a stream. They stopped to rest beneath some apricot trees near a shrine, while Confucius took his lute and sang to them. An old fisherman hearing the chant came towards them from the bank and stood watching Confucius. His beard and eyebrows were turning white; his hair was uncombed and his cloak dishevelled. He waited until Confucius had finished his song; then beckoning to two of the disciples and pointing to the Teacher, he asked: "Who is he?" One of the disciples replied: "That is the Superior Man of Lû." "Of what family is he?" "Of the Kung family". "And what is the occupation of this Mr. Kung?" The other disciple then spoke: "In his conduct he manifests benevolence and righteousness; he cultivates the ornaments of ceremonies and music; he pays special attention to the relationships of the people; he seeks the transformation and uplift of all classes of the people, his object being to benefit the kingdom." "I understand", said the stranger. "He must be a great ruler possessed of territory, or a prime minister". "No", replied the disciple. "He is neither a ruler nor a prime minister". Then the old man began to laugh and said: "In that case, he is embittering his mind and wearing out his body to no purpose".

The disciples returned and repeated the conversation to Confucius who was astounded, and rose, saying: "This man must be a Sage"; and he hastened after the old fisherman who had returned to the shore and was loosing his boat from its

moorings. When he saw Confucius, he waited; and Confucius, coming forward, bowed twice to him. "What do you want with me, Sir"? asked the stranger. Confucius replied: "I am inferior to you, my Master. I have ventured here to wait for your instructions, and I shall call myself fortunate if I may but hear the sound of your voice". "Ah!" responded the fisherman, "How great is your love of learning!" Confucius again bowed twice and said: "All my life I have cultivated learning; but I have not had an opportunity of hearing the perfect teaching. In humbleness of heart and without prejudice, I take the liberty of requesting you to speak."

The stranger said: "Birds of the same note respond to one another,—such is the ordinance of Heaven. . . You occupy yourself with the affairs of men. Now, Sir, you are neither a monarch nor a feudal lord nor a prime minister nor even a petty official, and yet you take it upon yourself to regulate ceremonies and music, and to give special attention to the relationships of society, with the object of transforming and uplifting the various classes of the people. Is this not an excessive multiplication of your business? To assume the duties of others is one of the eight defects of human nature. When one has put away the eight defects, then, and then only, is he capable of being taught. . . Very difficult, Sir, is it to make you understand. There was once a man who was afraid of his shadow, so that he ran to escape from it; but the shadow ran after him. He ran on and on without stopping, until his strength left him and he dropped dead from exhaustion. Alas! Had he but stayed in a shady place, his shadow would have disappeared. And you, Sir, use your mind all the time as that poor man used his body. You think and think and think about benevolence and righteousness. If you had earnestly cultivated your inner nature and had carefully guarded from defilement your proper truth, you would have escaped so many entanglements and external concerns. And what is a man's proper truth? It is sincerity, in the highest degree;—without the purest sincerity, how can one expect really to move others? If a man must force himself to weep, it is not real sorrow; if he must force himself to show affection, it is not true love. True grief, though it be soundless, is yet sorrowful; true love, though unsmiling, is yet affectionate. When there is truth in the heart, it acts outwardly as a spiritual potency; and this is why we deem it so precious. . . As regards rites and ceremonies, these are rightly prescribed for the common people; but the proper truth of a man is a gift from Heaven, and its operation in his nature is spontaneous and incessant. Therefore, the Sages do what is necessary, for this is their duty, but they do not subject their inner natures to the restrictions of man-made customs, nor do they change their will as these customs change; for they receive their law from Heaven and keep clear the paths of spiritual vision. They are complete and individual. Alas, for you, Sir, that you have been steeped in the hypocrisies of men, and have been so late in hearing of the Great Way!"

Once again, Confucius bowed twice, and said: "That I have met you to-day, Master, is as if I had the happiness of going to Heaven! If you be not too ashamed of me, but will let me be as your servant and will continue to teach

me, tell me, I pray, where your dwelling is." But the stranger was saddened and replied: "There is the saying: 'If it be one who can walk with you, enter with him into the most subtle mysteries of the Tao. If it be one who cannot walk with you, take care that you do not try to lead him, and you will incur no responsibility.' Do your utmost, Sir! Now, I must leave you, I must leave you." With these words, he shoved off his boat and went away among the green reeds.

Confucius remained standing on the bank, waiting until the wavelets were stilled and he could no longer hear the sound of the fisherman's pole. Then he returned to his disciples. And one of them was scandalized by what he had seen. "For many years, Master," he said, "I have been your servant, but never have I seen you treat another with the awe and reverence which you have just shown. I have seen you in the presence of a Lord of ten thousand chariots, and always your manner towards him was reserved and proud; but to-day this old fisherman stood erect before you with his pole in his hand, while you bowed your head before him, as if you were a suppliant and an inferior. Was not such reverence excessive? Your disciples will all think it strange."

Confucius turned to the disciple and sighed: "Difficult, indeed, is it to change you! For years you have been trained in propriety and righteousness, and yet your mean and servile heart has not been taken from you. Do you not know that if you meet one older than yourself and do not show him respect, you fail in propriety? If you see a man of superior wisdom and goodness, and do not honour him, you lack the true characteristic of humanity. Because that fisherman is, in truth, such a man, we should reverence him. If our reverence be insincere, we shall not attain the truth, and shall inflict a lasting injury upon ourselves. Moreover, the Tao is the course by which all things should proceed. To obey it is life. Therefore, wherever the wise man finds the Tao, he honours it. That old fisherman surely possesses it;—how could I presume not to show him reverence?"

This story illustrates, better than any disquisition, the fundamental differences between orthodox Confucianism and primitive Taoism. The Confucianists argued that one can acquire any quality by persistently acting *as if* one already possessed it;—hence, their insistence upon the careful performance of rites and ceremonies which have been tested by the long usage of the centuries, by the immemorial experience of mankind. Thus, a son might feel no spontaneous grief, when his father died, but if he faithfully carried out the funeral ritual, it was assumed that the ritual itself would awaken in him the appropriate sentiments which it symbolized. The Taoists, also reasoning from experience, asserted that Confucianism reversed the true process, that unless the qualities of the heart be first awakened by inward means, rites and ceremonies serve only to conceal their absence. When his inner nature is awakened, they said, the son's grief will be as spontaneous as any of the movements of Nature, and the appropriate rites for his father's death will merely provide an objective form or vehicle through which he can decorously express this grief.

One might suggest that in their polemics the Confucianists and the Taoists were both right and both wrong. The point is that their respective doctrines are not really contradictory but complementary. Confucius was preëminently a moralist, building upon the safe and sound basis of ordinary human experience and tradition; and Lao-Tze was a mystic, testifying to the intuitional powers and creative ardours of the soul. A student of Theosophy ventures to believe that these two men of such diverse genius were both agents of the Great Lodge and that they were expected to coöperate. If we accept Chuang-Tze's interpretation, Confucius did coöperate with Lao-Tze. According to this interpretation, Confucius' system of ethical discipline was primarily intended to prepare his disciples for the reception of the Taoist doctrine, and on several occasions, he tried to instruct his disciples in the rudiments of pure Taoism. . . . Chuang-Tze says that the disciple Tze-Kung once asked Confucius why he professed preference for the Way of Heaven and yet followed the Way of Man. Confucius replied: "I am under the condemning sentence of Heaven" (VI, 11). Did Confucius mean that he had been definitely commissioned to refrain from mystical teaching, or as Chuang-Tze hints, do these words imply that Confucius blamed himself for the failure of his disciples to respond to his higher instruction?

One cannot properly understand the Taoist method of liberation, unless its complementary relation to the Confucian system be appreciated. The Taoist view of purification and self-discipline was necessarily valid only for the man who had already accomplished the measure of self-control which Confucius prescribed. In other words, only decent people could hope to make any progress upon the Way of Heaven. Other qualities were equally essential, but decency was a *sine qua non*. Taoism bears no resemblance whatsoever to the "immoralism" of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. What may be called the real or esoteric doctrine of Taoism could only be received by a disciple from a Master who had authority to give instruction,—an authority not derived from any human appointment but from the actual quality of his consciousness. As the Old Fisherman told Confucius, "birds of the same note respond to one another". The Master of the Tao would not and could not teach anyone whose nature was not, in a definite degree, conformed to his own.

Therefore, the Taoist Way of Liberation often seems to be the reverse of practical, just as the virtues of the Taoist Master appear strange and superhuman to the man of the world. The language of normal human intercourse is ill-adapted to describe such things, and it is no wonder that Lao-Tze and Chuang-Tze, like other great mystics, were forced to resort constantly to paradox and circumlocution.

We read in the sixty-seventh chapter of the *Tao-Teh-King*: "I have three precious jewels which I prize and hold fast. The first is gentleness; the second is economy; the third is shrinking from taking precedence of others. With that gentleness I can be bold; with that economy I can be liberal; shrinking from taking precedence of others, I can become a vessel of the highest honour. But in this age men give up gentleness and try vainly to be bold; economy, and try

vainly to be liberal; the hindmost place, and try vainly to be foremost;—of all which the end is death."

There are obvious analogies between this passage and many sayings of Christ. Both the Western Master and the Eastern Sage regarded humility as the most fundamental of the virtues. Chuang-Tze's commentaries upon the *Tao-Teh-King*, therefore, have an immediate, practical interest for the Christian, for by meditation upon them the Christian may discover unsuspected depths of meaning in the teaching of his own Master. There is no reason why the doctrine of correspondences should not be applied with profit to the study of "comparative religions".

Chuang-Tze represents humility as the key-note of the consciousness of the Sage. The man of the world automatically thinks of his personal self as the central reality of his universe. In his more generous moods, he is inclined to attribute equal reality to the personal selves of others; but in one form or another, the general notion of "personality" as a thing in itself is always present in his thought. On the contrary, the Master of the Tao thinks of all personalities, including his own, as unreal, or—more accurately—as non-existent on the plane of Reality. He does not deny the fact that he has a personality as he has a physical body, but he regards both personality and body as instruments to be used by his Real Self which is distinct from them. They are as distinct from this Self as the garments which he wears or the house where he dwells. Chuang-Tze's conception of the Real Self has frequently been compared to the doctrine of the Higher Self in the Upanishads and the Mahayana Buddhist scriptures, especially as regards his insistence that the individual Self on its own plane is not a separate entity but an undivided fragment of the Tao, the Universal Self. The influence of Buddhism seems also to be apparent in his definition of the unreal as the transitory and the changing. But though the forms in which he cast his thought may have been derived from Indian sources, he tintured them deeply with the colour of his own genius. So he may have used the magnificent concepts of Indian metaphysics to make clear his own view of what is meant by the humility of a Master. No one else has ever expressed more emphatically the connection between humility and the power of discernment between the Real and the unreal. Thus, the aspect of humility which he stresses most often, is not self-abasement or self-effacement, as these are commonly understood, but the positive recognition of the non-existence of the lower personality beyond the boundaries of human fancy.

"As fishes breed and grow in the water, so man develops and grows in the Tao. The fishes, staying quietly in the pool where they were born, are fed by Nature; so, developing in the Tao, men do nothing for themselves, and Nature secures their happiness. Hence, it is said: 'Fishes forget one another in the rivers and lakes; men forget their personal selves in the arts of the Tao' " (VI, 11).

"A disciple asked a Master: 'Can I get the Tao and hold it as my own?' The Master replied: 'Your body is not your own to hold; how then can you get and hold the Tao?' The disciple asked: 'If my body be not mine, who possesses it?' The Master said: 'Your body is the substantial form entrusted to you by

Heaven and Earth. Also, life is not yours to hold. It is the blended harmony of the *Yang* and the *Yin* [the positive and negative forces in Nature] entrusted to you by Heaven and Earth. Your animal soul is not yours to hold. It is entrusted to you by Heaven and Earth, and its actions are not your actions. . . . Therefore, when we walk, we should not know where we are going; when we stop and rest, we should not be aware of it; when we eat we should not know the taste of our food;—for all these things are brought to pass by the strong activity of differentiated energy upon the various planes. If you can hold neither your body nor your life nor your animal soul, how can you get and hold the Tao (which is the Universe)?" (XXII, 4).

"The strong activity of differentiated energy upon the various planes" recalls the *Trigunas* of the Sankhya philosophy in India,—*Sattva*, *Rajas* and *Tamas*, "the inherent qualities of differentiated matter", the interaction of which produces all phenomena. Like the Sankhya theory of manifestation, Chuang-Tze's view of causation is open to a materialistic misinterpretation. He did not mean that the bodily life and the personality are incidental effects of the interplay of inanimate forces. Differentiated energies, from one point of view, are phases of the *Yin*, the negative, *Prakritic* aspect of the Tao. They bear the imprint and reflect the states of consciousness, the will and desire and wisdom, of the *Yang*, the positive, creative power of the Tao which corresponds to the *Purusha* of the Sankhya School. The free action of the differentiated energies was regarded by the Taoists as absolutely essential to the adequate development of the vehicles through which consciousness expresses itself. The most that even the Sage can do is not to interfere with that free action. Positively affirming the union of his spirit with the Great Tao, he detaches his sense of identity from each vehicle as it is evolved. It is in this sense that he is said to hold nothing as his own.

With characteristic humour, Chuang-Tze suggested that we are most likely to be acting conformably to Nature when we do not know what we are doing. The context shows his meaning clearly enough. He believed that our instincts, our powers of perception and action which are intended to translate the general will of Nature, have been perverted, because for æons we have used them self-consciously for the gratification of personal desires. We must get rid of the notion that these instincts and powers really belong to us. As Chuang-Tze was always saying, men forget that they do not own Nature, for Nature owns them, and their efforts to improve upon Nature are as ineffectual and as confusing as would be the efforts of a disciple to instruct his Master. The actions of the Sage are sure and proper, because he uses his powers in accord with the purpose for which they have been entrusted to him. He has purged his consciousness of all personal desires, save one,—the desire to coöperate with Nature.

Like St. Francis of Assisi, Chuang-Tze had no patience with those who make a profession of "knowledge". He was as certain as it is possible to be, that unregenerate man can never truly know anything. Many of his arguments have a modern sound, recalling the pragmatism of William James and the intuitionism of Bergson. The mind, he asserted, is an instrument that pilots

the body around the world with considerable success, when it is left alone, but when used for purposes alien to its nature, it is an incubator of illusions. Self-satisfaction and egotism are continuously reinforced by the tendency of the unregenerate man to regard his mind as a receptacle of ultimate truth. Chuang-Tze was convinced that even though a man may have all the virtues ever imagined by moralists, nothing can be done for him until he admits his mental helplessness in the presence of Reality. Chuang-Tze would have delighted in Socrates' remark: "One thing I know, that I know nothing." Not only in China, but elsewhere, men cling to the notion that if they can describe the appearance of a thing and give it a name, they have somehow discovered its essence. It is not necessary to be a Taoist to sympathize with Chuang-Tze's denunciation of this fallacy. Knowledge of the essence of things is attained, he said, by those who follow the Way of Heaven, but this true knowledge is founded upon mystical experience and not upon a course of intellectual gymnastics.

"By inward fasting and vigil, you must clean and purge your mind, wash your soul white as snow, and sternly repress the idea that you know anything. The subject of the Tao is deep and can hardly be described. . . Those who seek the Tao are strong in their limbs, sincere and far-reaching in their thought, acute in their hearing, clear in their seeing. They exercise their minds without becoming weary; they respond to everything aright without regard to place or circumstance. The most extensive knowledge does not embrace the Tao; reasoning will not make men wise in it,—the Sages have decided against both these methods. . . Even the most clear-sighted do not meet with the Tao,—it is better to be silent than to reason about it. The Tao cannot be heard with the ears,—it is better to shut the ears than to try to hear it. This is what is called the Great Attainment" (XXII, 5). "He who uses only the sight of his eyes is acted upon by what he sees; it is the Spirit that gives the assurance of certainty. Yet people stupidly rely on what they see, and will have it to be the truth. Therefore, all their calculations pertain only to what is external" (XXXII, 14). "The Sages have no knowledge of 'first principles'. They occupy themselves 'ignorantly and vaguely' with those things which lie outside the dust and dirt of this world" (VI, 11).

"There came a time when the Sages who ruled the first races of men no longer shed their light upon the world. Then the Tao and its characteristics ceased to be regarded as uniform. Men in different places got glimpses of it, and each boasted of seeing it as a whole. Thus there were many schools and teachers. Every school had its peculiar excellence and served its purpose; but none covered the whole range of truth. Each school was as limited in its vision as a scholar who offers his explanation of all the beauties of Heaven and Earth, and professes to understand the principles underlying all things and to explain the virtues of the great Ancients. Seldom is it that such a one can embrace the essence of true beauty or can rightly estimate the ways of those who are spiritual and intelligent. The students who succeeded the Sages no longer saw the undivided purity of Heaven and Earth. The great scheme of Truth possessed

by the Ancients, the system of the Tao, has been torn in fragments which lie scattered under the sky" (XXXIII, 1).

The seeker for Truth, like the lover of Beauty, never rests content with any form, however perfect, for he knows that this form is only the sheath of that which is more perfect still. Always, "the Luminous is produced from the Obscure; the Multiform from the Unembodied; the Spiritual from the Tao; and every body from the invisible essence within a seed. . . How deep is the Tao, like the sea! How invincible is the Tao, ever beginning anew when it has come to an end!" (XXII, 5).

Chuang-Tze compared the life of the aspirant to the state of waking from sleep. Most men dream their lives away; only the Sage is fully awake. "Those who dream of pleasure may weep in the morning; those who dream of sorrow may in the morning be going forth to hunt. When they were dreaming, they did not know that it was a dream; only in the morning did they know this. Even so, there is the Great Awakening when we shall know that this life was nothing but a great dream. All the while, the stupid think that they are awake, and with nice discrimination insist on their knowledge; now playing the parts of rulers and now of grooms. You are all dreamers; Confucius was a dreamer; and I who say this am dreaming myself. These words seem very strange; but if after ten thousand ages we meet the Master who can interpret them, it will be as if we chanced to meet a friend in the morning after we have risen from sleep" (II, 9).

How is the Great Awakening accomplished? First of all, said Chuang-Tze, there must be the "fasting of the mind". "Maintain a perfect unity in every movement of the will. You will not wait until you hear with the physical ear, but will seek to hear with your mind. You will not wait until you hear with your mind, but will seek to hear with the spirit. Let physical hearing rest in its place. Let the mind's function be the verification of what is proposed by the will. The spirit alone is free from all preoccupation and awaits calmly the orderly succession of events in Nature. Where the Tao is, there is this freedom from all preoccupation and strain. Such freedom is called the fasting of the mind. . . In acting after the manner of men, it is easy to fall into hypocrisy; in acting after the manner of Heaven it is hard, indeed, to play the hypocrite. To follow the Way of Man is to try to fly without wings. I have heard of the knowledge of the wise; I have not heard of the knowledge of the unwise. Behold that window—through it the chamber is filled with light. Even so, in the windowed mind felicitous influences come to rest, as in their proper dwelling-place. What rest can there be for the man whose body alone is in repose while his mind is galloping everywhere? When the information that comes through the senses is comprehended inwardly, and at the same time the Self views the mind as an external thing,—then the Spiritual Intelligences will make their abode with us. Thus we shall exercise a transforming influence upon all things. This was the procedure of the first Emperors" (IV, 2).

The elevation of the centre of self-consciousness above the mind is accomplished by an inward "movement of the will". To be effective, however, this

inward movement must be accompanied by an outward movement directed towards the control of action. To use Mr. Judge's phrase, the seeker of the Tao trains himself to "do nothing for the lower self alone".

"The life of the Master is like the action of Heaven. He responds to the heavenly influences and moves as he feels the pressure. The spirit of man goes forth in all directions, flowing on without limit, reaching to Heaven above and wreathing the Earth beneath. Its name is the Divinity in man. When the path of pure simplicity is followed, he who treads that path becomes one in consciousness with the Divinity in man" (XV, 2, 3). "The Sage regards what men call necessary acts as really unnecessary. Therefore, he is not at war with himself. The unregenerate man is perpetually at war with himself, because he does not discriminate between the necessary and the unnecessary. His desires mislead him and so his plans end in ruin" (XXXII, 6).

"As it is said: 'Those who know the Tao do not speak of it; those who speak of it do not know it. Hence the Sage conveys his instructions without the use of speech.' The Tao cannot be made ours by constraint; it will not come at our call. When the Tao was lost, its Characteristics appeared. When its Characteristics were lost, Benevolence appeared. When Benevolence was lost, Righteousness appeared. When Righteousness was lost, Ceremonies appeared. Ceremonies are but the dregs of the Tao, and the commencement of disorder. Therefore, he who practises the Tao, daily diminishes his doing. He diminishes it and again diminishes it, till he finally acquires the difficult art of doing nothing. *But when he really does nothing, in reality there is nothing which he does not do*" (XXII, 1).

Perhaps the following may illumine somewhat the mystery of the great paradox that the spirit is most active when it appears most still and most reluctant to act. "When Khao-fu, the Correct, received the first grade of official rank, he walked with head bowed down; on receiving the second, with bent back; on receiving the third, stooping low, he hurried along where none might see him, in the shadow of a great wall. Who would presume not to take this great minister for a model? But the ordinary man, on receiving his first appointment, puffs out his chest; on receiving the second, he surveys the world from a chariot; on receiving the third, he calls his uncles by their 'first names'" (XXXII, 11). Chuang-Tze's comment upon this little study in contrasts is significant. "When one practises virtue, he should never think of himself as being virtuous. He who thinks of himself as being virtuous loses the power of true self-examination. He does not love the good but only his own opinion of himself." The Taoist doctrine of "doing nothing" is equivalent to the ideal of disinterested action which is set forth by Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gita*.

To be selfless and to practise good with detachment were the great objectives held before the seeker of the Tao. At a certain stage in the process of his "Self-creation", the aspirant was said to awaken from the dream of psychic life. Then he had the right to demand instruction from a Master.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

V

THE next outer event of consequence, following the attacks of the London *Westminster Gazette* in the autumn of 1894 (see the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, January, 1932, pages 238-247), was the Adyar Convention, at the end of December, 1894. It was a disgraceful performance, but served a useful purpose in so far as it helped to convince Judge's friends that to have any relations of any sort with people who could sponsor such a travesty of Theosophy, would be fatal to the work of H.P.B. and to the Society which her Masters had founded. Olcott had occupied the Chair, and, as the published reports show, had permitted Judge, who still was Vice-President of the Society, to be called every bad name that his excited enemies could extemporize. He was a "fraud", a "deceiver", a "common impostor", a "villain" and so forth. Not a word of protest from Olcott, as Chairman, or from Mrs. Besant as participant. Without a single exception, everyone present seems to have been delighted. Much of it was mere screeching, Miss Henrietta Müller—who had accompanied Chakravarti and Mrs. Besant from London to the Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893—supplying a good share of it; and she was well qualified, being a "wild woman" by nature and selection, who, like Mrs. Besant, had "gone native" in India, and who used to travel with Hindu youths whom she had adopted. Bertram Keightley did his best, but his vocabulary was insignificant in comparison. Even the Countess Wachtmeister, whose psychism made her peculiarly susceptible to contagion of that kind—to mob hysteria—joined in the general chorus.¹

It was Mrs. Besant herself, however, who, on this occasion, did more than anyone to fill us with down-right disgust; and it was not because she was abusive—she was not abusive; she displayed, and loudly displayed, all the resignation of a Christian martyr. Having attacked Judge publicly, having done her utmost to bring dishonour on his good name, and having succeeded in that to a considerable extent so far as the general public were concerned,—she now, though the direct cause of that dishonouring, paraded it as a grievance against her victim! "I am bound to tell you", she informed her audience, "that on every platform on which I shall stand, I shall be met with this difficulty as to dishonour." Then she went on (and it was this that finished us): "I will bear it, I will face it, and stand by the Society despite the difficulty". Having pilloried her "brother", she was prepared to endure, nobly, heroically, the shame of having a "brother" in the pillory!

¹ In an earlier instalment of these Letters, I said that "I never heard that she [the Countess Wachtmeister] attacked Judge". It would have been more accurate to say that anything I may have heard or known of that sort at the time, made no lasting impression on me, one way or the other. This was because, in comparison with others, she was innocuous, and, though deplorably misled, was sincere. The fact is that she issued several pamphlets and circulars, the intention of which was to injure Judge's theosophical reputation. In later years, she repudiated Mrs. Besant and resigned from the Adyar Society.

As a result of all this oratory, the Indian Convention passed a resolution "That the President-Founder be and is hereby requested to at once call upon Mr. W. Q. Judge, Vice-President, Theosophical Society, to resign the office of Vice-President." Not long afterwards, when she had returned to London, Mrs. Besant announced, jointly with G. R. S. Mead, that "If some definite action with regard to Mr. Judge shall not have been taken by the European Section before the meeting of its Annual Convention in July, we, the undersigned", shall then move that the Convention unite "with the Indian and [specially created] Australasian Sections in demanding his expulsion from the Society." The alternative was an "explanation" by Judge, such as Mrs. Besant might consider "full and satisfactory", of her charges against him, "or his voluntary secession from the Society."

After this came the Convention of the American Section, which was held at Boston on April 28th and 29th, 1895. I was not present, as it was clearly my duty to remain in London while Dr. and Mrs. Keightley were absent in America, representing a number of European Branches at the Convention. It is evident, however, from the published report of the proceedings, fully confirmed at the time by the reports of friends who were participants, that the spirit and tone of the speeches were in marked contrast to the vulgarity and licence of the exhibition at Adyar. This, of course, was due to Judge's influence and example of many years. As he says in his letter to me of May 2nd, Mrs. Besant was ignored. But the Theosophical principles she had violated were not ignored; neither were her political manœuvres. The American members had had enough; besides which they realized that the salvation of the Movement depended upon ridding the Society of those who, for nearly two years, had consistently proved their contempt for H.P.B., and for the essentials of all that H.P.B. valued, taught, and loved. Hence, when Clement A. Griscom, at the first morning's session, presented the report of the Committee on Resolutions declaring the autonomy of the American Branches under the name of "The Theosophical Society in America", the whole roomful of delegates and members rose and cheered to the echo. The enthusiasm was not only intense but passionate. This was partly because all those present knew that they were defending and vindicating Judge, as well as defending and preserving the Society.

The resolutions as read and passed can be found in *The Path* magazine of May, 1895, on page 66. Based in part upon historical and legal premises, the reason immediately preceding the major resolution was: "Whereas, conditions contrary to the principle of Universal Brotherhood have arisen within the Theosophical Society which would prove fatal to the continued existence of said Movement; therefore be it Resolved"—that the American Section T. S. then and there declare its entire autonomy.

Those of us who, with any degree of understanding, favoured this action in 1895, and who have followed the history of "residue" societies, including that of Adyar, from that time to this, could not adequately express our thankfulness that Judge had the courage and wisdom to consent to the elimination of the

gangrened elements before it was too late. The Movement, and we personally, owe our lives, in the real sense, to the action taken at that Boston Convention.

The resolutions, which were lengthy, were passed by 191 votes (of delegates) against 10, at the first afternoon session. The only personal reference they contained (except the appointment of Judge as President for life, "*with power to nominate his successor*") was extraordinarily generous, and shows how loyally Judge clung to the hope that Olcott, at the eleventh hour, might rise to the occasion: "Resolved, that the Theosophical Society in America hereby recognizes the long and efficient services rendered to the Theosophical Movement by Col. H. S. Olcott, and that to him belongs the unique and honorary title of President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, and that, as in the case of H.P.B. as Corresponding Secretary, he can have no successor in that office." That Olcott, instead of rising to the occasion, sank to it, and kept on sinking, distressed Judge greatly.

For the benefit of those who think they know all about Mrs. Tingley, even at that time—and they are many, some of them denouncing her as already a "little dugpa", and Judge as being "under her thumb"; some of them exalting her to the rank of H.P.B. or higher—it is worth noting that she attended the Boston Convention; made a short speech; that Judge glared at her with deep displeasure while she spoke and after she resumed her seat; and that at the end of the session he called her to him and rebuked her so severely that she wept. . . . And now for their proponents to fit that fact into either of the two "final conclusions", "inner lights" or "occult revelations," which I have specified!

After the Convention had adjourned, the delegates and members again assembled (April 29th, at 3.30 p. m.) "to listen to a written explanation of the charges against William Q. Judge of forging 'Mahatma messages'." Judge said his health would not permit him to read the paper himself, but that Dr. Keightley would do it for him, adding that the explanation had been purposely kept back until the final action of the Convention should be known. Dr. Keightley then read the paper, which occupied one hour and a half, to an audience which paid the deepest attention. The six charges made by Mrs. Besant were given in full and answered *seriatim*. At the conclusion of the reading there was long and loud applause, after which it was moved and carried:

"That the meeting considered the explanation perfectly satisfactory, but that, so far as those present were concerned, it was entirely unnecessary."

This explanation was printed in pamphlet form as soon as possible, and was distributed to members throughout the world, whose names and addresses were known at Headquarters in New York.

All eyes were now fixed on the Convention of the European Section to be held in London on July 4th, 1895. Judge's friends knew, by this time, that in Europe they would be outnumbered by about three to one. Those of us who had been members of the Blavatsky Lodge in London, had realized this some time before, when resolutions had been passed, in spite of our vehement protests, calling upon Judge to resign. Our answer then had been to withdraw, and to form a new Branch, called the H.P.B. Lodge, which met at 62 Queen Anne

Street under the Presidency of Dr. A. Keightley. It seemed likely that our only recourse at the coming Convention would be to take similar action. We were determined, however, to fight to the last ditch for the principles of Theosophy which Judge was so splendidly upholding. This involved making it as clear as we knew how, first, that he was upholding them, and, second, that his accusers were dragging them in the mud. As it turned out, the attitude adopted by Olcott and Mrs. Besant when the Convention met, made our task relatively easy; for Judge, as President of the Theosophical Society in America, had addressed a Letter of Greeting to the European Theosophists, in which, after referring to the action taken by the American Theosophists at Boston, he said that while autonomy would have been brought about in any case before long "as an inevitable and logical development", it had been hastened "by reason of what we considered to be strife, bitterness and anger existing in other Sections of the Theosophical world which were preventing us from doing our best work in the field assigned us by Karma". The last paragraph read as follows:

"Let us then press forward together in the great work of the real Theosophical Movement which is aided by working organizations, but is above them all. Together we can devise more and better ways for spreading the light of truth through all the earth. Mutually assisting and encouraging one another, we may learn how to put Theosophy into practice so as to be able to teach and enforce it by example before others. We shall then each and all be members of that Universal Lodge of Free and Independent Theosophists which embraces every friend of the human race. And to all this we beg your corporate official answer for our more definite and certain information, and to the end that this and your favourable reply may remain as evidence and monuments between us."

It was a challenge. When the Convention met, Olcott as Chairman, informed the delegates that this Letter of Greeting had been received (there was no concealing the fact, as many of us had copies in our possession), but that he would not read it. "I declare the thing out of order and not admissible", he said.

Several of us jumped to our feet to protest against the chair's ruling, pointing out that it was untheosophical, unreasonable, and illegal. Mrs. Besant realized that a tactical blunder had been made, and, while referring to her ally's ruling as "perfectly just and legal", suggested that he allow the letter to be read, "and then let it lie on the table, passing it over in absolute silence so to speak"! The letter was then read, after which F. J. Dick of the Dublin Lodge quickly moved: "That this Convention do receive the communication with pleasure and do draft a reply thereto". More speeches. The plan had been to silence us, but it was not our purpose to be silenced. Mrs. Besant moved as an amendment: "That the letter do lie upon the table". This was carried by 39 votes against 13 (only delegates voting). There was but one step left to us, and that

LETTERS FROM WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

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was to raise a "question of privilege", which I now did (and still have the little book on "Rules of Order" from which this useful idea had been gleaned). Asking Judge's friends to speak with me by rising from their seats, which they did, we protested against the action of the Convention in rejecting the address presented to us by the Theosophical Society in America, thus declining to accept the hand of brotherhood which had been held out to us,—this action signifying "the final abandonment by the majority of this Section of the fundamental basis upon which we are working", which made it a farce to continue together, "since we are not working for the same object." "We protest, and I believe for the last time. We shall now leave the meeting." Whereupon a number of members marched out, headed by Dr. Keightley. We assembled again promptly at the home of Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch, an old member, and a fearless and loyal soul, whose sense of justice had been outraged by the way Judge had been treated. There we organized "The Theosophical Society in Europe", electing Judge its President,—and at once cabled to him a summary of what had happened.

Judge died on March 21st, 1896, about fourteen months after he wrote the following letter. During all that time he was fighting consciously for his life, determined to complete, if he could, certain things he had begun,—the development of certain individuals, included. The disease which ostensibly killed him was tuberculosis of the lungs. In 1881, and again in the summer of 1882, he had spent some time in Carúpano, Venezuela, on business, and had suffered severely from Chagres fever, a malignant type of malarial fever which often leaves a predisposition to tuberculosis in its trail; but he could have continued to repel that physical attack with ease, as he had done for years, if it had not been for a far worse strain on his vitality, namely, the strain of his resistance to the efforts of the Dark Powers to kill him,—the venomous hatred of his persecutors and slanderers, *once his close associates*, supplying the lines of contact for the major onslaught. These efforts culminated during the winter preceding the Boston Convention.

NEW YORK, January 18th, 1895.

Dear E.T.H.,

I am so sick just now that I cannot send any letters. Take it all for granted.

My Chicago trip was all right and useful, but this is my ordinary death year, and hence I am just waiting until the Rubicon is passed.

So good-bye.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

I have done nothing yet about Chew Y.-T.

With the following letter, Judge enclosed a long clipping from the New York *Sun*, quoting *The Path*, and making good-natured fun of him on account of "Mahatma messages."

NEW YORK, January 21st, 1895.

Dear Mr. Keejid né Chewsan,

A heap of yours are unanswered and I fear will not be, for I am too overwhelmed with things and correspondence. If there are any matters I must reply to, or on which you want a short indication of my idea, please adopt this plan following. When I have a lot of letters to read I get it mixed. Plan: on a piece of paper put the points, separate slip from letter, and mark it *Ques.* or "For Reply". I need just that sort of thing. Ask the others to do the same. Needn't leave room. I'll fix it to answer.

Look here. When I write I mean what I say, and not what may be inferred. So do your part to prevent inferences. I haven't had a thought of condemning anyone at 62, nor of dampening ardour. That's all inference and imagination; do all you can to arouse the idea of taking me as I write, and not by assumption. Otherwise I shall be continually bothered. — has gone to a lot of trouble to show me that — didn't do this and that. I don't need this. I never infer; I go on what I *know*. I've trusted everything to you people, and what greater proof can I give of entire confidence and reliance? This really is my only gloom,—that an incorrect notion such as the above should be there. But I assume it is effect of reaction and strain, and hope it will pass.

I altered the current Screen of Time and rewrote it, affixing the Chew Yu letter.

To Julius I have given the reasons and the new plan. You had better see that, so as to get the idea for all it may be worth.

We shall now have to explain and make clear about West and East, and Western Occultism—the Western wave etc.—so as to destroy the idea A.B. [Mrs. Annie Besant] is spreading that I wish to create disunion. I will try to send an advance letter about this for all. Gradually the truth as to India must come out. Plenty of stuff in K.H. ∴ and H.P.B. papers for it. So all good explanations will be wise. India is not to be "downed", but we must show the actual evolutionary importance of the Western wave.

You are all doing well and I thank you all. You must all be patient for I am walled in and have but slim cash and time. Later we will get into some real good system.

Good-bye, good love and good luck, as ever,

WILLIAM Q. J.

On this plane, Judge was the Guardian of the whole Society, and felt deeply responsible for all its parts. He had inherited that responsibility directly from H.P.B., and it had become greater with his own continued inner growth. It was, therefore, both his duty and desire to avoid what we then referred to colloquially as "a split", so long as there was a ray of hope for his enemies. That they were his enemies, as well as enemies of the Society, complicated his task. If they had attacked and persecuted some other member of the Society, instead of himself, he could and would have acted against them, drastically, from the beginning. As it was, the initiative, under occult law, could not come

from him. He *had* to be "ordered"—one might almost say "pushed"—by other members of the Great Lodge before consenting to cut off the gangrened membership. Further, "orders" received by him directly, had to be confirmed by similar "orders", from the same source, sent to him through others. None of this has been understood or taken into account by those who have attempted to criticize his procedure at that time. They have revealed nothing except their own ignorance,—including their ignorance of the truth that to be bound by occult law is equivalent to being bound by the finer shades of honour.

Judge's friends were not bound as he was. Their duty was entirely different. Those among them who had any real insight knew well that *Judge was the Society*, just as H.P.B. had been the Society during her lifetime; they knew that to save him would save the Society, and that it could not be saved in any other way.

Some people find this principle difficult to understand. I have heard Christians say: "Christ is Christianity", and other Christians object on the ground that this ignored the Church. A student of Theosophy ought to know that it takes only one real Christian to make a Church, and that, in the same way, it takes only one real Theosophist (which implies a great deal) to make a Theosophical Society,—and that without the reality, the organism is a danger and a snare.

It followed that several of Judge's friends had advocated a "split", long before he was willing to entertain the idea. His letter of March 10th, which follows, was the first intimation we, in London, received, that he had consented finally to an "operation" on the body entrusted to his care.

March 10th, 1895.

A.K., J.C.K., E.T.H. (and others).

I have changed my plans because of information and instructions from Δ in regard to an American split; and that information is being confirmed not only by reflection but also by facts. The fact J.C.K. gives about the insane proposition of Sturdy and Co. confirms. They are all mixed up and incapable of leading, and to remain tied to them means years of strife and bitterness. A.B. [Mrs. Annie Besant] is determined to destroy me, and hence we must get apart, for U.S. is the real T.S., and their rot and rioting over there under A.B. is something we must separate from. So, I am now in the split party, though I have not as yet said so openly. I have told a few only. Previously I was against talk of split, proposing that April Convention should stand for unity, after passing certain resolutions, and then see what the other two [Sections of the T.S.] would do.

This is what ∴ says: Write London and tell them to write to, or see, the different parts, and ask what steps they (such places or Lodges) are prepared to take in reference to the U.S. April Convention, not only on the question of separation and affiliation, but as well on sending delegate or delegates to America. Give them directions if they do not know.

Well, I don't think you need instructions. The more resolutions you can bring

with you, the stronger we shall be. If Europe will not delegate you—and of course you would not accept if determined to go a way it [the European Section] would not sanction—you can get some Lodge or Lodges or centres to delegate you specially to represent them. Ireland of course; Sweden and others I of course do not know about, but you will know. I suppose the form of resolution on the special point can only be that if U.S. splits, they will affiliate. But you are competent to draw that up.

The chief reason some will have for “no split” is sentimental,—a desire not to split the T.S. But it is already split, and the Sturdy thing shows what it will come to for certain. So you must meet that the best way you can. If you meet one or two *safe* persons who say that J. [Judge] was against it, you can say you have reason to believe I changed my mind.

As ever,

WILLIAM 24.

The memorandum dated April 1st, 1895, was enclosed with a letter addressed either to Dr. A. Keightley or to me: I do not remember which. In any case, I have the original, which is in Judge's handwriting, though with occasional modifications.

April 1st, 1895 — △ For letter to —.

Tell him that you have watched events, have waited, have given the persecutors, the destroyers of Theosophy every chance, and now the hour has come when it is no longer possible for you to remain with them. To what are you pledged? For what through centuries have you worked? For the Theosophical Movement, or, the spiritualizing of the race. That movement is now endangered by the state of the T.S., which cannot be cured by any further temporizing. The only part of the T.S. that has any theosophical vitality is the group of American Branches. It is their duty to cut themselves off, or like good apples in a barrel with rotten ones, they will be rotted. Remember the picture of the T.S. as a tree torn by the roots and cast upon an arid plain. Quite true you may keep alive this organization for some three years, but it would be a period full of bitterness and strife, ending in the ruin of the Theosophical Movement. Even now, as you know, they are trying to undermine you in your own place. By striking at you, the centre, they are striking at Theosophy. This the Dark ones know, and are pushing that poor woman [Mrs. Besant] on, while she and her friends are working for their own self-righteous ends as they suppose. The Dark ones know that such as they cannot head nor carry on a real movement. Waste no more thoughts on them; devote all your helpful thoughts to those brave souls who have stood, who have worked for Theosophy and not for themselves, who have seen through those illusions, who have not mistaken hypocrisy for truth. The others will have to be left to learn the lessons of their experience so that those may profit them in other lives under similar temptations.

NEW YORK, April 25th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

Off tomorrow to Boston with A.K. and J.C.K., and so will not be able to write you much yet.

Fullerton leaves us for good on Monday and, until we get in good running order, Claude [Wright] will sit at the seat of the Recording Angel with me to supervise him. It does not seem that A.F. will ever get back. He is the victim of (a) narrow mind (b) worship of A.B. (c) messages received through sources unauthorized, etc. *ad inf.* The London crowd [Avenue Road] will gloat and hug themselves, but, first, it is a distinct gain for the American work, and, second, they will not (later) relish the fish they have caught. God help them both.

If Arch will remember we will devise a plan for the relief of Lucknow (62 Q. A. Street) by some alteration. Sound out carefully and see how it will go if the Council has to report direct to me. That, by increasing expense here, would take some of the funds there to here. It is but tentative.

Well, I must go. You do not need more. I am with you daily in thought.

As ever,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Alexander Fullerton had been a thorn in Judge's flesh for some years, though he had done useful routine work in the T.S. office. Self-assertive and invariably "off-side", Fullerton's "worship" of Mrs. Besant led him to distrust Judge, and to seek other sources of occult information. He made contact with psychics, who, like all psychics, occasionally got things straight, and occasionally crooked, and, being himself unable to discriminate, he was left in a state of hopeless confusion. The "messages" referred to by Judge in his letter of May 2nd, and in the earlier letter of April 25th, had been received by Fullerton through these sources.

As to "the proposition" to which Judge refers: during all this period, I had become more anxious than ever to work for Theosophy under Judge in America. I knew, however, that my family would disapprove, and as I dreaded telling them that I wanted to leave home permanently for this purpose, I imagined all sorts of expedients, submitting my various plans to Judge for his approval. Judge did not approve, and although, as I discovered later, he had been anxious for me to "take root" in America with as little delay as possible, he discountenanced any form of "short cut", and waited for Time to show me what to do.

There is a valuable lesson in this connection in his letter of June 14th: the man who jumps overboard in order, as he hopes, to serve the Lodge, must jump on his own initiative. He will never be told to jump. He must assume entire responsibility for all consequences, both to himself, and to those he loves or to whom he is indebted. No man yet has ever been asked to sacrifice anything—position, career, money, leisure, friendships—for the Work, by any representative of the Lodge. Only a pseudo-occultist would be capable of that. More: if the aspirant be conscious of making any sacrifice at the time, or if ever there—

after he should look back and regret what he had done, or should come to regard his decision as having been a sacrifice,—his act would necessarily be rejected as nullifying itself, and he would be written down as a failure. He must give himself and his all as the one thing in the universe he desires to do; and even “give” is misleading, for the man *takes*.

NEW YORK, May 2nd, 1895.

My dear Ernest,

I have your letter of the 17th of April.

Of course Fullerton's second message is “rot”, as he has found out for himself. He is all broken up, has withdrawn from his first message, opposed our proceedings in Boston, spoken against me and left this office for good—I say “for good”, because I will not let him come back.

I read at the Convention my reply to the charges, which will be printed as soon as I can get them going on it. I have no copy to send to you, but I will try to send you a copy of the resolutions adopted at Boston.

I wish you would say to those people, or any one else, not to start around attacking A.B. If she comes to their Lodge, let them do what they wish, but they ought not to go out of their way to attack her, or to defend me against her. If she could be thoroughly ignored, it would be better, but that is hardly possible. At Boston Convention she was ignored, and her name came up so little that we can't remember it at all.

As ever yours,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Just got your reply to the proposition. Let it wait. I do not think your plan of an offer from here is good. It will be a boomerang later. Better to act quite bluntly than to make an obstacle. Don't be in a hurry yet. Time will show you what to do.

Don't you think that if some Englishman were to circulate the historical sketch, or the *idea* of autonomy in England, there would be some fun in July? Olcott's office is really open; he was never elected for life, and it's his duty to call for election of himself or someone else.

As ever,

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The following letter was postmarked: Cincinnati, Ohio.

June 14th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

There was no need for me to write you because we communicate other ways. But — wrote me now and then as if I should tell you one way or the other if you should come here. At least it read that way to me. No such responsibility should be put on me as that I must tell you to come, or be the active compeller, so to say. Each must decide such a thing for himself. And I think you know that as well as I do. I do not assume, mind you, that you have any such idea, but write about it because of what was said.

Claude [Wright] is now running the T.S. office in my absence, as it appears I shall have to stay away a considerable time. I am on the move like a pilgrim. But I am better a little each day. Been with Dr. Buck for a month. Don't give away the address. Address will remain 144 Madison Avenue for all.

What you report about the spread of ideas there on the points of autonomy etc. is good. I thought something must come of it, for all Englishmen are not like those idiots we know. It would be monstrous if no one there took up such manifestly right notions. Perhaps the July current may carry them where they didn't expect. I send an address to them [for the Convention of the European Section: see the introduction to this instalment] which will react whether accepted or rejected; and I have seen to it that Olcott is well peppered. He *may* do the right thing, but no one can tell, as he lives solely for his own skin and no more. Independent Sections is an idea that has been in his brain, and may revive. Let us hope so. He will dislike our [illegible word] but the *fact* is that he and I are the sole remaining legal officers of T.S., and both are "holding over".

Don't fret my dear. It is a crescendo demand in the case of A.B. which she will never be able to fill.

Let us forget the devils as often as possible in between the periods when it is necessary to fight them.

That sentence in N.T. [*Northern Theosophist*], "The Unity of the Theosophical Movement" etc., taken from the Historical Sketch, is from .'. How many suspect it I wonder.

I decided not to notice the lies of that traitor Fullerton. People are tiring here of circulars and proofs. What are really wanted now, are time and work. Nothing else will accomplish much.

Say, don't use such poor ribbon on your typewriter, and don't put black deep ink on other side. It prevents comprehension of text, and it backs up one against the other when they sink through.

I hope Sweden will stick. July 5th get A.K. to cable to New York a few descriptive words. Buck and a lot of us are going to be anxious to know.

No, the Americans don't know the situation with you, and they don't want to. No time. They couldn't understand the mind at work any more than Spencer does, much as he thinks he perceives. He will have done good anyway.

Well, good-bye my dear boy.

As ever

24.

On July 20th I had written Judge that I had taken the plunge, had arranged matters with my parents, and was sailing for New York at an early date.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., August 5th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

Today, at noon, I received here yours from Barmouth of July 20th. Hence you can see you will hardly get this. It will leave tomorrow and take fourteen

days to go, which will take it to August 20th. So I will send to 144 Madison Avenue, N. Y., a letter to be held, and delivered to you on arrival.

Your questions. Dear Boy you're funny,—you make me "luff". I do not approve of such an idiotic thing as for you to stop a couple of days in New York, and then rush off 2000 miles to see me. It is right good to want to do this, and I fully feel it, but my boy it is *not wise*, and hence not duty. There is too much to be done and we must use the time well. It would waste a lot of space to come right after me. For the territory is large and you should do some of it. And quite two weeks should be spent in New York and Brooklyn. Interviews have to be managed etc. Then you should go up to Boston, if they want you after writing them, because I detached Harding from there to go to Central States. You have to renew old and make new acquaintances. If Boston doesn't want you, then there are Columbus, Dayton, Toledo and Cincinnati to be taken in, and from there to Chicago etc. I cannot now tell what is best beyond the above, and there's a good deal of work in it. After Chicago and vicinity, it may be well to make a trip to Minneapolis and St. Paul and down from there via Sioux City. C.F.W. [Claude Wright] knows that route. It would take you to Omaha and could go on to Kansas City or to Salt Lake. Plans for Colorado come later. If at that time I am out here, you could easily arrange it. Dismiss all precipitancy, which is "bad hurry", even though we hurry in proper cases.

Before arrival, if you get this in London, or at once on arrival in New York, you should write, with C.F.W., to Boston etc., so as to lay pipe and have your regal presence known. And of course at once to me so I may know plans. Lecture fund assists in these things.

What I want to work at is a Napoleonic propaganda at which I hoped to, but can't, assist. But Harding and Griffiths are doing part. We have to fill the air with Theosophy and T.S. in America, so that the others will wake up to find themselves *nil*. And I quite forgot. It is essential that before you go West you should go to Toronto to help, and as you are so really English! you would do good! This would cut off part of New York and Boston stay. We have to pour in force at those points where there are splits. Then on way back from there, are some places (see map).

When you get to U. S. you will probably find lots of work and invitations waiting you.

Well, au revoir,
Best love,

WAR MEMORIES

XVI

THOSE LAST DAYS

AS I look back over that memorable autumn of 1918, and especially to the weeks just before the Armistice, I seem to remember that everything moved with lightning rapidity, and changes came about almost overnight. That, at any rate, is what happened to our unit. One morning our doctor received notice that she was to be transferred to quite another part of the country, and before noon she had left us. A few hours later, the nurse was also transferred, being sent to a district now more in need than ours, while the other aid and I were told to report at our headquarters in Nancy, for a new field of duty. So, within the space of one short day, each of us packed her kit bag, made a hasty farewell to the good village friends, and life on our hilltop came precipitately to an end. I never saw any of my co-workers again; I never even heard what became of them—such—are the fortunes of war.

My new work, which was with another automobile-dispensary unit, was to be temporary; it was not at all arduous, and, contrary to my expectations, it proved in many ways to be vastly entertaining. I was appointed interpreter for an American doctor (a woman), who stood high in her profession, but whose knowledge of French left many things to be desired. She had known practically none when she arrived in the War-zone (nothing whatever to be ashamed of about *that!*), but, being slightly deaf, she had found it peculiarly difficult to acquire any. Yet, plucky woman that she was, she refused to be daunted, and insisting upon talking regardless of consequences or of a superfluous interpreter, I would hear her whispering sweet nothings to some frightened child, whose wounds she might be dressing: "*N'avez peur, n'avez peur,*" she would murmur reassuringly, meaning thereby: "Don't be afraid"; or if she saw tears trickling down some little face, in a soothing voice: "*Ne pleure pas, ne pleure pas.*" She might just as well have said outright, "Don't cry", in good, plain English—the unfortunate youngster would have been spared a certain amount of astonishment, and would probably have understood equally well.

When, however, it was not so much a matter of offering human consolation, as of giving concrete, medical advice, I had to keep very much on the alert, for the few words which she thought she had managed to capture were generally wrong, like a poultice misapplied, and they often got themselves into an almost unbelievable tangle, so that our dispensary was sometimes in danger of becoming a kind of side-show in a circus.

When matters took their normal and proper course, the doctor, sitting gravely at her medicine-bottle-and-ointment-box-covered table, with my humble self, in the capacity of interpreter, at her side, would, through me, interview the patient

—perhaps a stout peasant woman—who would have been placed in a chair facing us. The interview would then begin.

The doctor, in an undertone to me: "Ask her what the matter is."

I, addressing the patient with a smile which was intended to be ingratiating: "*Qu'avez-vous, madame?*"

The patient, appearing to address her answer to me, but with her weather-eye on the doctor: "*Ah, madame, que j'ai mal d'oreille! Toujours—sans cesse—jour et nuit—ah!—ah!*"

I, turning to the doctor: "She says she has an earache—all the time—day and night." And so it would go on.

Now, while the doctor knew the individual meaning of the more common words, because of her difficulty in hearing and therefore in catching their accurate pronunciation, together with the natural difficulty which many of us experience when forcing our Anglo-Saxon tongues into the finer cadences of the Latin shadings, she was capable of creating the most ludicrous situations. For to her, the words *aufs*, *yeux* and *oreilles* sounded exactly the same, and she pronounced them all like *aufs*, the most trained ear being quite unable to detect the least difference. It was not surprising that she made the first two sound alike, but how she managed to get the third involved, I never could guess, all I know is that she *did*. Being a great believer in eggs as a diet, she was constantly recommending them, and as ear and eye affections were matters of common complaint, there was plenty of room for inextricable confusion. Had she made an invariable rule of passing on her medical advice regarding egg diets, earaches or inflamed eyes through her interpreter, all would have been well, for the interpreter (myself) had become accustomed within the first twenty-four hours to some of the doctor's idiosyncrasies in French. But refusing to allow her limitations to limit her, she would, when she felt inclined, ignore all intermediaries, and plunge headlong into the giving of her professional opinion on her own account, telling the bewildered patient that it would afford her immediate relief if she would put boric acid on her eggs, or stuff her eggs full of cotton soaked in hot oil. The look of stupefaction which I used to watch creeping over the faces of some of those old peasant women was often too much for me, and "for the honour of the regiment" I found it necessary to cultivate sudden and violent sneezing fits, in order to cover my uncontrollable amusement.

"I think these Lorraine peasants are a very stupid lot," she used to say dispassionately, "they never seem to understand what anyone says to them,"—and to this day I have no idea whether this was pure effrontery or a childlike absence of self-consciousness.

My life as interpreter did not last long. I do not think I actually disgraced myself—though I skated on very thin ice many a time—but I was really not much good; anyone could fill that rôle, and I sent out an S.O.S. call for a pukka "man's job". Everything seemed in a state of fermentation, however—a fermentation of uncertainty. Rumours of an approaching Armistice had already begun to spread. These rumours were still vague enough, but they signalled a possible beginning of the end; no one could plan ahead with any assurance that

conditions would make the carrying out of those plans feasible when the time came, and arrangements made one day, would be unmade the next. Early in September, my organization had talked of opening a supply depot at Besançon, and I was to have charge of it, but as the days went on, with the Germans retreating, faster and ever faster, Besançon became rather too remote to consider as a useful centre for supplies. Then other places came up as possibilities, but no decision was reached. So my organization suggested "odd jobs" for me which, with the rapidly changing conditions, suited me admirably, and as it turned out, gave me many interesting if rather kaleidoscopic and fleeting experiences, for which I have always been glad.

I was living in Nancy at this time, and I had a tiny room in a small hotel where I left such things during my brief absences as I did not want to take with me. Of course we got air raids at first-hand here, and something was *always* hit—one night it was the actual automobile in which I had happened to be driving that very day; again it was something less seemingly personal, like the railway station, or a corner house which I often passed. All really wise townsfolk were off the streets before *couvre feu*, but some of us had night duties, and we went stumbling through the dark thoroughfares when our work took us abroad. There was always a certain pleasure in this, for Nancy itself was attractive by night as well as by day, and the beautiful Place Stanislas, with its ancient palaces, its encircling line of arches and its incomparable great gateways, had a mysterious loveliness which was wholly enchanting. But the town was literally packed with American troops (you had to go to Lunéville if you wanted to feel that you were still in France), though as a matter of fact I came very little into contact with them save outwardly, as I was officially and actually working only for the French. Nancy, however, like the Place de la Concorde in Paris, appeared to have become quite Americanized; American troops swarmed in and out, and long lines of American artillery passed through it, ceaselessly. Nancy was at fever-heat in khaki; Lunéville was serene in horizon-blue, and there was the greatest possible difference in the atmosphere of these two towns. No matter in which one you might be, however, you felt that something special was in the air; something more immediate than a future, problematical Armistice, because there had for some weeks been rumours that the civilian population around might soon be evacuated. Many, in fact probably most of us, did not know at the time just what it was all about, though we sat quite comfortably on our pins and needles awaiting events with composure; but, considering it in retrospect, I suppose it was the St. Mihiel offensive about to be launched, which gave this impression, and no doubt also, the foreshadowing of the great Metz drive, which as a matter of fact never came off, because of the Armistice. I had a number of friends in Lunéville, French officers and their families, and if I could not get there in a better way, I used to "lorry hop" over as often as I could. I liked to talk to these men—or rather, I liked to listen to them as, together, they discussed the situation, events present and future, all of them plainly on the *qui vive*. And if anyone were so mistaken as to introduce the subject of a possible Armistice, everyone promptly had the "dumps". No one could bear the idea. They

had not fought for four whole years and more, to lay down their arms tamely *now!* That prospective Metz drive had got into their blood, and nothing but a march through the "lost provinces" and on into Germany, and so to Berlin would ever satisfy them.

In the early part of the War, Lunéville had been occupied for three weeks or thereabouts, while Nancy was never entered—*Nancy l'Inviolée* it was called, proudly. The people of Lunéville never forgot this occupation; it made an indelible mark, and they were as eager as the Army for that forward drive into enemy territory. Yet they were calm, and the streets outwardly rather quiet (far quieter than in palpitating Nancy), though overhead you would often see an enemy plane sailing high in the pale azure, with the darting "*guêpes*" in pursuit, ready to "sting" it when they got near enough. Few people in the town below seemed to pay much heed to these aerial intruders, except with a shrug and a jest, and one day as I hurried along, I came upon a *poilu*, evidently a *permissionnaire*, out for a stroll with his wife. I saw them standing on the curb, like children looking skyward, and I heard the man say, with a gay exaggeration:

"*Que diable! Il y en a au moins cinquante!*"

"*Zut!*" was all his wife deigned by way of answer, but the degree of scorn which that indefinable but expressive monosyllable managed to convey, must have sent an electric current all the way to German Headquarters.

Dreadful things did of course happen, however, and one evening, not far from where I was walking, a bomb found its victim in an old, old man, as he was quietly crossing the street. I passed just as they were picking him up—that was left of him—and as they called me, I heard his poor old voice quavering, "*Doucement, doucement,*" involuntarily, despite himself. No doubt "his time" had come in any case (he must have been nearly eighty), but like many another quiet soul, he had probably dreamed of dying peacefully in his bed at home, with his wife and children and grandchildren around him. I always experienced a feeling of wild rebellion at the futility of things like this, when they happened to the very old or the very young among the simple civilians. What good did such wanton killing do the Germans, I thought? Then almost immediately there came a saner breath—a breath of the real War—for down the street swung a regiment of French troops, mistily blue in the waning light, the men singing in clear, strong voices to the rhythmic beating of their feet, that famous marching song "*Madelon*", so reminiscent of the glory of Verdun, and the equilibrium was instantly restored, for in a strange way, the memory of great and noble deeds seems to transmute even futility, giving it a meaning and a purpose.

A few days before the big St. Mihiel push, it was "officially" arranged that I should be sent northwards, some distance on the road toward Pont-à-Mousson, to investigate a possible centre of future work. Unofficially it was arranged for me to be taken on to Pont-à-Mousson itself—a favour which I did not expect. A friend in Lunéville had pulled a wire on my behalf, knowing my desire to visit that heroic and martyred little town. It was, of course, quite "out of bounds" to an errant civilian like myself, for it was constantly subjected to bombardment, and some of the German trenches were so close that, if you sped too far or too

fast along a certain street, you were likely to pitch head over heels into them. I had no ambition to pay an impromptu visit of this nature "on" the Hun, but I did very much like the idea that I could actually glare at him across No Man's Land, and from a shorter distance than had been my lot since I left Belgium. So I felt greatly obliged to Lunéville, and to that wire which had allowed itself to be pulled, and I lost no time in making my modest preparations, for we were to start the following day. Of course we (there were two of us beside our escorts) had to take our tin hats and our gas masks, and the evening before, we had an amateur gas drill—chiefly on *my* account, because it was well known that I was not to be trusted when it came to getting my mask on expeditiously. When a gas alarm sounds, you may have only six seconds in which to adjust your mask (if it is to do you any good at all!), and the kind that we had been issued was my despair—an out-of-date model, I insisted. I was the most unpardonable blunderer over the wretched business; all my fingers became thumbs, my head seemed suddenly out of all proportion to the size of the mask, so that it stuck when it was only half way on, and nothing short of a miracle would have saved me from immediate asphyxiation were I really to be exposed to a severe gas attack. This weakness of mine being recognized, my companions were taking no chances, and we had our informal drill on the rather deserted, tree-bordered esplanade in front of my little hotel in Nancy. Six seconds indeed! It took *me* nearer six minutes, and no one would give me any assurance that the Germans would be so accommodating as to wait my convenience, in case I proved too slow. The young French *sous-lieutenant*, one of our escort of the morrow, and the member appointed to officiate at the "drill", was far too courteous to be otherwise than encouraging, but he must really have felt on the brink of insanity, for I seemed to make no progress whatever, and we all got into gales of laughter, out there on the darkening esplanade.

"I'll never be able to manage this in a hurry", I exclaimed idiotically, aloud to myself. "If a gas alarm does go off, what *shall* I do?"

"Beat it!" I heard in low answer at my elbow, and turning, I saw a tall, gaunt, khaki-clad Kentuckian (that mountain type is unmistakable) who added with a broad, good-natured grin, "I reckon it's about all you *ken* do."

"Where in the world did *you* drop down from?" I asked, surprised. "You weren't here a second ago."

"No", he drawled, with cryptic brevity, "I reckon I wa'n't—well, so long!" and with vast, long-legged strides, as though he had on the seven-league boots, he disappeared into the twilight.

I turned to the young *sous-lieutenant*. I did not know how to say "beat it" in French, but I told him in words which were equivalent what my intentions were in case of trouble, and the "drill" came to an end.

The next day we started in a four-seated, grey, *service militaire* car. Pont-à-Mousson is not much more than twenty or twenty-five kilometres, as the crow flies, north of Nancy, and the road runs close to the banks of the dear, sleepy Moselle, at the foot of the long range of the high, wooded hills known as the Grand-Couronné—that line of hills which sweeps south-eastward toward Luné-

ville, and against which the on-rushing tide of the German advance was checked. It was, in fact, at a particular high spot seen from the road below, that the September invasion of 1914 came finally to an abrupt end; it was here that the French turned and formed themselves into as impassable a wall as the Grand-Couronné itself, upon which they stood. In those early days, the countryside must have worn a very different look from that which it now had, for none of the later insignia of war had yet come into being, and the shell-swept road which we were passing over with comparative safety, must have been clearly open to view, running as it did, through the low-lying meadowlands—an easy mark from the hilltops. But now, as we got farther north, this road was so heavily camouflaged that, while I had seen many “curtained roads” before, this one seemed to out-curtain them all. Miles and miles of loose-flapping, sagging, greyish canvas, draped dismally on tall poles set up at intervals along the roadside, and overhead, transverse lines of the same greyish canvas stretched banner-like, yet how unlike festivity! We moved through endless reaches of the grey unsightliness, a kind of dismal nightmare. And the dust of that much-travelled road! Clouds of dust, greyer than the flapping canvas. We passed detachments of troops, from time to time, the men with hair and caps and shoulders powdered white, even their eyelashes a heavy grey with it. Grey, grey—everything was grey within those curtained walls, and I began to feel that I was dreaming, that I was somewhere in “a land east of the moon”.

In the villages we passed through, life was struggling on courageously; the women still did their now ragged washing at the village fountain; a few pale children made a pretence of playing in the streets, where ruined houses gave a precarious shelter; a dog or two wandered aimlessly about. At Dieulouard we stopped, and I made a few necessary enquiries about prospective work in the neighbourhood, and had a look in at some of the houses; then on we dashed, into the unofficial lap of our journey. The country seemed to get sadder, the farther we went, though all the time I knew that it was really beautiful. Perhaps it was the feeling of aching suspense that must have been in the very air—the suspense of all those years; the burning desire to push forward, the galling necessity to sit still, merely holding on. About five miles out of Pont-à-Mousson we came to a large sign: “*Eteignez les Lumières*”—this was about as close as lights could be used safely, and it told us that we were getting nearer to the actual front line.

We reached Pont-à-Mousson at last—that old garrison town with the great bridge which the French had destroyed, but which had once joined the two halves lying on opposite banks of the river, the temporary, wooden construction which now replaced the solid masonry, looking like a flimsy cobweb. The poor, shattered houses and torn streets, told of the countless bombardments which, for four long years, had played such havoc here. High on the hill overlooking the town from the east, stood the ancient hill-fortress—Mousson. And how many wars it had looked down upon through the centuries! To the north-west was the crest of Bois-le-Prêtre, that far-famed hill with its many thousands of heroic French dead lying buried there. Just across the river I was shown where

a section of the German lines lay. I could not see this, but I was told that sometimes when a shell fell short and landed in the river itself instead of on some house in the town, quantities of fish would be killed and would come floating up to the surface, and that the old men and women of the town, regardless of danger, would row out into the open and gather them up, in full sight of the enemy.

Twenty minutes was to be the limit of our stay, for although our visit was unofficial, it was under strict surveillance, so we had to move quickly in order to see all we could in that short time. Of course, we kept as much in the shadow as possible—uniforms are excellent targets when trenches are near—and we spoke little, and in low voices. Turning a corner suddenly, we came upon a strange-looking mechanism, above which was written, both in French and in English: "Ware gas" alarm. Put on your respirators," or something like that, and I felt three pairs of eyes smilingly fixed on me. But I remembered the advice of my tall Kentuckian, and smiled back, defiantly. One or two shells went shrieking over our heads as we wandered around, and I think our escorts were wishing that the twenty minutes were over and their responsibilities finished; but their chief promise had not yet been fulfilled. The officer in whose charge we were knew this, and he also knew that I was not going to let him off! So at last he made a sign to an N. C. O. whom I had already noticed waiting about as it were in the offing. The man saluting, came forward instantly and, in answer to a few low words: "*Oui, mon colonel,*" I heard him say, and he disappeared. A few moments later I saw him reappear and salute again.

"Come!" said Colonel de B—. "We are going to cross an open place; please follow me closely and rapidly; do not linger, do not speak, but look to your left as you get well into the open—not far off you will see the German trenches, and if your eyes are sharp you *might* see some sign of movement in them. But I beseech you, do not speak, do not linger. Come!"

We went silently forward, at first in the shadow of a kind of arcade, which turned suddenly into a small, open square. Colonel de B— looked round at us once more, to impose complete silence, and for the first time I saw, by the look in his face, that this trip which was giving *us* so much pleasure, was costing him something. He had, of course, a sense of responsibility which we did not have—this piloting womenfolk about within the range of gun-fire was not to his liking, and I knew he would be glad when he had got us both safely out of Pont-à-Mousson.

Following him we advanced rapidly, quietly, single-file, and when we were free of the walls, I looked to the left, and there they were—they seemed within a stone's throw—the German front line trenches. The fact that I could not actually distinguish the enemy which peopled that long, thin trench, made little difference; I knew the Germans were there. I suppose it would not have been considered much of a sight to those who had lived always in close touch with the front line, but I had not been so near since the Belgian days when the advancing Germans seemed all-conquering; now, we knew them to be as good as beaten, and I was looking at them again! Had I known that within the space of one short

week they would be gone from that particular spot altogether, I should have thought even more of that fleeting sight than I did.

We got safely to the other side of the small square and under the lee of the opposite protecting arcade, and we rapidly turned a corner, and moved down a side street. But evidently we had been sighted, for we heard the crack of rifle fire, and immediately several shells came screaming again over our heads, and *this* time Colonel de B— said we must leave at once. The twenty minutes was not quite up, but he had fulfilled his promise, and I was not going to be so miserly as to exact the full pound of flesh, so we followed obediently, got quickly into the waiting car, shot forward to the accompaniment of another bursting shell, somewhere to the rear of us, and in a few minutes were safely out of Pont-à-Mousson, and speeding south again along the highroad, back to Nancy.

Colonel de B—, who had been rather more than usually stiff and military for the last quarter of an hour, now began to unbend a little, and, leaning back against the cushion of the car, he smilingly turned to me.

"*Enfin!*" he laughed; but when I protested that that one little word was capable of many interpretations, and asked him to explain, he only laughed at me again—and that was all I could ever get out of him!

A few days later came the St. Mihiel offensive and I spent a couple of days in Toul doing canteen work. How well I remember the drive over there, late in the evening (it must have been September 12th or 13th I suppose), with other workers at Nancy who had been asked to lend a helping hand in that seething cauldron. For some reason there was bad traffic congestion that night, and as our camion was held up by the roadside for a time, some of us got out to see what there was to be seen. The roar of distant artillery thundered over and around us in the semi-darkness, the great guns flinging their lightning flashes far out across the sky. Off somewhere to the north was the hot glare of burning villages, and I remember how the strange, shifting light with the stealthily moving shadows, gave a sense of unreality to what seemed like whole armies of dim figures which came and went, weaving rhythmically in and out, as though they were taking their part in a vast *Danse Macabre*. In Toul, for those few noisy, hectic hours, there were plenty of odd jobs for us all, if it were nothing more than washing plates or slicing bread, but, while I remember few details, I brought away with me a bewildered feeling of jumble and tumult and chaos which I have never really understood. It was not at all the same impression as that which I got at Verdun, for instance, where there was, of course, terrific congestion but never the least confusion—at least I never saw any. I think something must have gone much awry, temporarily in any case, with the Transport Branch of the American Army. But whatever the cause or the explanation, I shall always associate Toul with a frightful jumble of commissariat lorries, ambulances filled with wounded, ammunition wagons, limbers and mules, in a solid jam. We all know what a fine piece of work the American Army accomplished in demolishing that seemingly indestructible St. Mihiel salient, a relic of the early German successes, and what an important factor it was to France to have the great railway system which had been tied up for so long,

freed at last; but I have often wished that I could have an explanation of the unimaginable traffic confusion that night, especially in view of the fact that the St. Mihiel offensive was not the result of an instant necessity, but was supposedly a well thought-out military plan. I am the more inclined to speak of this because so many books written by Americans (particularly by American women) at that time, take every occasion to run down the French in Lorraine and to extol the Americans,—to such an extent that it is quite exasperating. The French never did anything; it was always the Americans who led the way, showing them how things should be done! As a matter of fact, I was by no means the only American in Toul who knew that something went dreadfully wrong that night.

I went on working for another month at all kinds of things—dispensary units, canteens, anything that came along. But always there was that growing feeling of change, of uncertainty, of a rapid breaking up, and I was glad that my work remained fluid, so that I might be ready for the unexpected, should it arrive. I had, of course, never forgotten my early hope that I might see King Albert come riding back into his own again; that I might manage in some way to get to Brussels at the time of his entry. I could never forget all I had seen that little country suffer during the first terrible year, and I longed to take part in its reinstatement; to see for myself the streets of Brussels freed from the hated grey-green uniforms. But the time was not yet ripe.

So those last few weeks flew by, and I found myself less and less in Nancy, and more and more in Lunéville, till at last I moved over there altogether. That is how it happened that I was a witness of what was to me one of the most unforgettable episodes of the whole War—the unlooked-for, sudden appearance, after long years of captivity, of a small group of British prisoners.

It must have been about the third week in October, and it was late one afternoon; the days were short, and a chill dusk was closing in, bringing a certain creeping melancholy. A few of us were returning from our work, and as we passed along a somewhat empty street, we came suddenly upon them—that phantom-like, small group—half standing, half leaning, hardly able to do even that; feebly chattering with a death-grip exhaustion; starved until they were little more than shadows; emaciated beyond belief, some almost naked—a group of six, all told. They did not know where they were; almost they did not care, they were so spent; yet pride of race, or sheer grit, had sustained them all through that ghastly ordeal. They, with many others, had been unofficially kicked out of their German Internment Camp, their captors no doubt realizing that, the fight being lost in any case, some food might be saved by a premature discharge of some of their prisoners. This “discharge” amounted, in fact, to an unwarrantable and ignoble expulsion, peculiarly dishonouring to the captors, and as it was the British who were always the most hated, it was they who were exposed to the greatest hardships. I cannot now remember from which Internment Camp these particular men had come, for later we had many more such shocking sights; but after nearly four years of life in a German prison, where their shoes had rotted off their feet, where their clothes had fallen in tatters from their sore-

infested bodies, weak from the starvation diet of German prison food (thin soup, a brew of acorns, and a little sour, black bread), old beyond their years from gnawing misery, they had, one night, been taken to the Camp exit, just as they were, and, without the least provision, set adrift in the enemy country, to find their way back to their lines as best they could; to walk unheard-of miles across an unknown, unfriendly land, without shoes (old rags or paper sandals tied with string to their bleeding feet), without food, almost without hope—save for that unwavering pride of race. To beg their way of the Germans! To walk—they could hardly crawl! But though half dazed with the suddenness of what had come upon them, with the most general idea only of the road that they should follow, they just “faced West”, as one of them said afterwards, adding, “and, of course, that had *two* meanings for us; we knew it was a matter of life or death.” I still shudder when I think of the long, unspeakable torture. Jeered at, spat upon, vilified, they staggered on, the stronger supporting the weaker, until at last they came tottering into Lunéville—only six of them left out of the original company. It would be impossible to exaggerate the fearful condition of those boys as we saw them huddled there that evening, the wind blowing their rags about them—one had on a woman’s skirt which he had dragged around him to cover his nakedness—their shaking hands, palsied with strain and effort, death in their eyes. So we came upon them—these living skeletons, these spectre-like creatures with the broken frames—but with the unbroken spirit!

One of our party took in the situation at a glance. Being a doctor, he knew that unless rest and medical care were given at once, every one of those six men would die—though it did not take a doctor’s eye to be assured of this. He went quickly over to where they were, and spoke to them. He told them that they were now within the Allied lines, and that they were safe, and were to come with him—oh, only a few steps farther, and after that they could rest. Yet even when they heard this, their self-restraint, their grip upon themselves held fast—and it nearly broke your heart! The one who seemed to be in charge, with an unconscious dignity which even then did not forsake him, tried to smile his thanks, but I saw his bloodless, tight-drawn lips strain back over his teeth like those of a dying man. And they were so grateful, so pitifully, so unbelievably grateful—you could not bear it! So those ragged, sore-infested, almost dying men, stumbled and lurched after the doctor as they followed him a little way down the street, and there they received the tenderest care that Lunéville and their French comrades-in-arms could give them. Two of them died, despite this care, however; but the others were pulled through.

There are many things for which I earnestly hope I shall never be so faithless as to forgive the Germans—no, not as long as I live—and not the least of them is for the sufferings of those English boys who came reeling into Lunéville that dark October evening. The memory of it cuts like a knife, and I hope it always will; and I hope too that one day, little as they would wish to ask it for themselves, I shall be able to take my share in redressing that monstrous outrage.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Student seemed depressed, and the Philosopher noticed it. "You look," he said, "as if you had been visiting the business section of New York. Don't do such things. The last I heard from that quarter was of a man who cheered himself up by reading the obituary notices in the daily papers, to assure himself that some people still are lucky!"

"Nine-tenths of it is psychic, as was suggested at the Convention", the Historian commented; "a nightmare, *mob* nightmare. You remember what Emerson called 'Borrowing':

"Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived!"

"We are slow to learn", said the Engineer. "Could any truth be more evident than the observation of Epictetus, centuries ago, that 'men are disturbed, not by things themselves, but by their opinions or thoughts concerning those things'?"

"While you are quoting", said another, "in spite of its being hackneyed, don't forget this:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

"We need hackneyed doctrine nowadays", the Philosopher declared; "that is, if by hackneyed you mean oft-repeated and old and simple and obvious. Part of the trouble with the world is that it threw over-board the 'old-fashioned' and 'shop-worn' axioms about 'Waste not, want not', 'Saving is a greater art than gaining', and so forth, in favour of 'Spend, spend, spend for the good of Trade'—as if Trade were a member of the Trinity—and 'Buy to-day and pay here-after'. But of all the hackneyed axioms that New York needs to remember at present, I should choose, 'Courage leads to heaven, fear to death'."

"You will agree with me, however," said the Ancient, "that though courage is essential, it is not enough. People need faith in something besides faith in money, if they are to face its loss courageously. Low ideals have much to do with existing conditions,—practically, and as direct cause; not merely theoretically. No man can control a thing, whether that thing be animate or inanimate, so long as he is *under* it; and as most people were under the obsession of money in 1929—making and spending it, or longing to do both—inevitably

they are under it to-day. The world has, indeed, come to look upon money as the key to happiness, with happiness itself as the normal, legitimate concomitant of human life. I cannot see how such illusions could result in anything but disaster; and the more wide-spread the illusions, the more universal the disaster was bound to be,—disaster in the sense in which a glutton uses that word when, expecting to enjoy another sumptuous repast, and then another, his stomach suddenly rebels, and leaves him prostrate."

"I find it intensely interesting as well as helpful", the Historian now remarked, "to compare the Buddhist with the Christian approach to life; and, in both cases, I mean the approach of sincere believers. I have brought with me some notes on the subject, and, if you like, I will give you the quotations which make specific comparison possible."

As we most gladly accepted this offer, the Historian continued:

"Though many Christians would deny this, Buddhism and Christianity, it seems to me, begin with the same fundamental proposition, namely, as the Buddha said: 'Birth is attended with pain, decay is painful, disease is painful, death is painful. Union with the unpleasant is painful, painful is separation from the pleasant; and any craving that is unsatisfied, that too is painful. In brief, the five aggregates which spring from attachment (the conditions of individuality and their cause) are painful.' In the *Samyutta Nikaya* he is quoted as saying: 'Which, O Bhikkhus [monks or disciples], think you is the greater; the tears which you have poured out, wailing and lamenting on this long pilgrimage . . . joined to the unloved, separated from the loved; or the waters of the Four Great Seas?'

"'Pessimism', would be the comment of unenlightened Christians, most of whom proceed as if the Christian Master, instead of saying, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his *cross* daily, and follow me', had said, 'Life is a joy-ride; come along'. We know what St. James thought about it: 'For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.' It would be easy enough to multiply texts; but if, instead, we try to look squarely at the facts, I do not see how we can escape the conclusion that nearly all lives, in terms of pleasure and pain, justify the Buddha's teaching. It is Kali Yuga, the Iron or Black Age: what else can we expect? How can a world, which is full of sin and selfishness, fail to be full of misery? Men cling desperately to the belief that they *ought* to be happy; and they are right: but they will not pay the price; they expect to obtain happiness on their own terms, as the fruit, not of self-denial, but of self-indulgence. Men will not learn except as the result of bitter, prolonged, and constantly repeated suffering—life after life; so the entire human race, with the exception of the few who have gained liberation, are bound to the 'sorrowful weary Wheel', as the Orphic ritual declared.

"Granting the truth of that fundamental proposition, we come to the question: what is the way of escape? What is the *cure* for this condition? It is at this point that *exoteric* Buddhism and *exoteric* Christianity, seem to part company. Exoteric Buddhism says in effect: to cure the condition, you must remove

its cause, and, 'This, O Bhikkhus, is the Noble Truth of the Cause of suffering: Thirst (*Tanhâ*), that leads to re-birth, accompanied by pleasure and lust, finding its delight here and there, namely, thirst for pleasure, thirst for sensation, thirst for prosperity'; and, 'This, O Bhikkhus, is the Noble Truth of the Path which leads to the cessation of suffering: that holy eightfold Path, that is to say, Right Belief, Right Aspiration, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Means of Livelihood, Right Endeavour, Right Recollection, Right Meditation.'

"Practically, if a man in great distress had gone to the Buddha for comfort or support, that Master would have explained to him the Law of Life, and would have told him to forget his own sorrows in the sorrows of others—in the even greater sorrows of others—thus developing universal love and compassion, and lifting himself above self-love and self-pity. If the man had obeyed, he would have been led in due course to an understanding of *esoteric* Buddhism, which is based entirely upon self-immolation for the sake of others, for Love's sake, and which is identical with esoteric Christianity, whose supreme exponent, for Love's sake, and 'for the joy that was set before him,' 'endured the Cross, despising the shame'. Superficially, however, even here there is a difference, because it is evident that the Master Christ endured the Cross for love of his Father, at least as much as for love of his own and his Father's children, while, so far as the books of Buddhism take us, including so profound a treatise as *The Voice of the Silence*, it might be inferred that compassion for suffering humanity is the sole motive of those who, by leaving self behind, become part of that 'Guardian Wall', 'built by the hands of many Masters of Compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented', which 'shields mankind, since man is man, protecting it from further and far greater misery and sorrow'. The reconciliation is found in the actual practice of those who have followed the teaching of Buddhism to its source in the Great Lodge,—the members of which are Theosophists.

"But let me return to my comparison of the first approach, or exoteric expression, of these two great religions. It is far from my purpose to laud one at the expense of the other. They were 'revelations' to totally different peoples, whose need and temperament were as unlike as the climatic and other physical conditions in which they lived. It would be as foolish to ask all the races of mankind to eat and dress alike, as to adopt the same religious method. In any case, Buddhism, in its first stages, demands a large measure of disillusionment, of interior withdrawal from life, and in one sense may be described as a negative (feminine) rather than a positive (masculine) procedure. It is a Way of Escape, intended to lead to a method of attack and to Victory, rather than a method of attack, incidentally (not as objective) resulting in escape, and, by ceaseless pushing of the attack, in Victory,—which I take to be the Christian Master's solution. Even so, the orthodox Christian's resignation to, or acceptance of, the Divine Will, as a rule is thoroughly negative, and does not differ materially from the orthodox Buddhist's attitude. It is only when the Buddhist feels the power of Compassion stirring within him; only when

the Christian feels the power of Love stirring within him, that either becomes in any degree positively religious. The Buddhist, if he would follow in the footsteps of his Master, must learn to let 'his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of Love, and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around, and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of Love, far-reaching, grown great, and beyond measure. Just as a mighty trumpeter makes himself heard—and that without difficulty—in all the four directions, even so, of all things that have shape or life, there is not one that he passes by or leaves aside, but regards them all with mind set free, and deep-felt love'. In that way is the 'dire heresy of separateness' overcome.

"I confess it is not a method I should find congenial, because, if I happened to think of Trotsky or Stalin or Bernard Shaw or quite a number of other people in the course of my 'pervasion', my desire would be, not to love them, but quietly, painlessly, to remove them—to another world; and I am convinced that my desire would be righteous, as they are in no sense my personal enemies, but the enemies of the entire human race. That, however, has nothing to do with the abstract merits of the two systems!

"In the case of the Christian, if he would follow in the footsteps of his Master, he must learn, not merely to accept the Divine Will, but to love and adore it; he must see in his Master's will for him, the epitome of wisdom, of love, of beauty; he must not merely welcome it, but must go out to meet it. Even when he knows that for him it will mean cruel suffering, he must set his face stedfastly 'to go to Jerusalem', and become at last able to say that with desire hath he desired to eat the Passover as his Master ate it."

"But suppose a man is faced with financial ruin, and that others are dependent upon him: what should be his inner attitude, what his objective?" It was the Student who asked this question.

"In the first place", the Historian answered, "he should realize that if others are dependent upon him, he owes them a duty, and that he can perform this duty only by means of money. Even if no one should be dependent upon him, he owes it to his own manhood and to his own soul, not to become a burden on his relatives or friends. In the second place, if a student of Theosophy, he should realize that his money ought to serve as a physical weapon in the hands of the Lodge. From every standpoint, therefore, it must be his duty to *fight* to conserve what he has, and to acquire more, if he should need more in order to fulfil his obligations, or to use his opportunities for service, adequately.

"People sometimes make the mistake of supposing that because threatened with defeat, they should at once accept defeat as 'the Will of God'. This, of course, is utterly wrong,—just as wrong as to use the word Karma as though it were synonymous with Kismet. If in danger of defeat, it is clearly our Karma to be in that position; but we can meet our Karma like cowards, or we can meet it like men; we can see in it an opportunity, and in that sense a gift, or we can see in it an excuse for retreat and collapse. Karmically, and from the

standpoint of the soul, it is more important that we should never surrender than that we should survive, but it is more important still that we should attack and never cease to attack, going down, if we must go down, striking a last blow with all the life left in us. The ravens fed Elijah because he was a man, not because he was hungry."

"Are you talking Buddhism or Christianity or Theosophy?" asked our visitor.

"I am talking all three, when all three are properly understood", the Historian answered. "There are plenty of Buddhists, sincere but dead-letter interpreters of their sacred texts, who would find what I have said, utterly foreign to their traditions—and inclinations; but, among others, there are a few Rajputs, one in particular (and Buddha himself was of the Warrior caste), who are *not* dead-letter interpreters, and are known as Masters or Adepts in the innermost circles of Buddhism, whose doctrine is the same for instance, as that of the author of *Light on the Path*; and you will remember his definition of the only kind of man who can hope to attain the inner wisdom: 'Only he who is untamable, who cannot be dominated, who knows he has to play the lord over men, over facts, over all things save his own divinity.' Not much 'submission' about that!

"There are perhaps not many people who have the time, or sufficient education, to study history advantageously, that is, to draw from it personal and practical lessons; but there can be no excuse for a failure to learn from events recorded in the daily press during quite recent years. The revolution in Russia took place in 1917, and has been discussed ever since. The Czar and his family were murdered by the present rulers of Russia in July, 1918. Everyone knows that he was a deeply religious man, a sincere Christian. The fact remains that it was his misunderstanding of Christianity (the fruit, as always, of his own inherent weaknesses) which was responsible, not only for his own death, but for the deaths of those he loved, and for the torture and murder of countless thousands of men and women who stood for whatever civilization Russia had possessed. Like Louis XVI of France (another good and intensely patriotic man), the Czar had chance after chance to destroy those who were fomenting revolution. Both the French King and the Russian Emperor, by the execution of a few hundred demagogues, could have saved thousands of innocent lives, including their own. Instead, the message of the Czar to the French Ambassador—which happens to represent also the attitude of Louis XVI—shows clearly how befogged he was: 'Tell the Ambassador of France (M. Paléologue) that this terrible war will need an expiatory victim, and that I shall be that victim.' He was willing to sacrifice his life; he was not willing to say 'No' to his wife, whom he loved and deeply pitied (a noble, devout, and self-sacrificing woman, of rare refinement and great strength of character, most unfortunately blinded by her maternal devotion and self-reproach,—her boy's hemophilia being an inheritance from her family); and although willing, up to a certain point, to say 'No' to the revolutionaries, he was totally unwilling to kill them before they killed him,—as it was his obvious duty to do. It is very much worse than

useless merely to say 'No' to a burglar; and the man who, knowing that his bedroom-window is being 'jimmied', turns on the light, seizes his gun, and asks 'Who's there?' *before firing*,—may leave a widow to pay for his funeral, but is more likely to have caused her murder also, within a second or two of his own."

"What did you mean by saying that the Czar's misunderstanding of Christianity was the fruit of his own inherent weaknesses?"

"I meant that invariably we read ourselves into the beliefs we accept; that a man unconsciously adapts his religion to fit his conduct,—and that this is as true of those who call themselves Theosophists as of all others. Have you not known members of the Society who have done things in the name of family or social or community 'duty', which have left you almost dumb with amazement? Do you know any follower of any religion or philosophy whose interpretation of its moral and disciplinary code is not a reflection of his own will and desire—easy for him, or exacting, as his own love of comfort, or of self-discipline, may determine? And do you not realize that inevitably, in the course of time, disobedience to the best that he sees must result in intellectual as well as moral blindness? One thing is certain: if a student of Theosophy is not true to his ideals now, he need not expect to know anything of Theosophy in his next incarnation. . . . But that is travelling rather far afield from the unfortunate Czar. Physically, he was fearless; he was generous, kind, honest, utterly unpretentious, a man of culture and great personal charm, the best of fathers and most loyal of husbands (one of the few men in Russia who was unswervingly loyal to the Allies *on principle*); yet, with all his virtues, he had an excess of humility,—and we know that the excess of a virtue becomes a vice. From the day of his father's premature death, he felt crushed by a sense of his inability to govern, of his inadequacy as a Czar. He had heroic endurance. From first to last, in spite of all the insults, deprivations and outrages with which the cowardly Bolsheviks tormented him, and, worse, tormented his wife and young daughters,—not a word of complaint escaped him. This means, as I see it, that he had an excess of what is known as 'Christian fortitude', just as he had an excess of 'Christian forgiveness'. His virtues were negative, not positive. Physically courageous, he was in some ways a moral coward. He lacked utterly the spirit of attack, of aggression, of dominance; and this was curious, because his father was a phenomenally strong man, both in body and soul, and his mother has been described as 'vivacious, very decided and positive . . . intelligent, well-read, with a surprisingly quick brain and a keen sense of humour', a woman with 'fearless courage, strength of character, and downright frankness'. It shows once more that children, instead of inheriting the qualities of their parents, often reverse them, and become their opposites.

"But again, this is a digression from our main subject, though it has all served to bring out ideas as to the spirit in which the present 'depression' should be met."

"There is one thing I should like to speak of before we go home", the Recorder now said. "Directly in line with what was said at the Convention about

the outrageous cost to the taxpayer of the veterans of the World War¹, a National Economy League has since been formed by a group of men whose patriotism and disinterestedness cannot be questioned,—the same group, for the most part, that started the Plattsburg and other Training Camps in 1917. The address of this League is 1 Pershing Square, New York. It is circulating a Petition 'to the President and the Congress for the Elimination of Expenditures for Veterans of the Spanish-American and World Wars not in Fact Suffering from Disabilities Incurred in Service.' The Petition asks 'for the reduction of the Federal expenditures by not less than \$450,000,000 annually which these reforms would effect.' This saving would more than balance the national budget, yet, because of the approaching elections, no one in office, and none of the leaders of the Congress, has had the courage or the honesty to advocate its adoption. 'Millions for the War Disabled and not one cent for Political Pensions'—meaning, for the purchase of votes—is the slogan of the League. Copies of its Petition for signature, may be obtained by writing to the address I have given. Everyone must surely realize that America is being taxed to death, and that the bureaucracy in Washington and throughout the country has become a vampire which is sucking the life-blood of all classes of the people. This is not a political question; it is a matter of principle. I understand that one out of every ten of the population is a Federal or State employee, or pensioner.

"As you know, I feel very strongly that work for Theosophy comes first, and that we should not fritter away our time and energies on lesser things,—the reason for this being that Theosophy deals with the fundamental principles which should govern in politics, in art, and in every other field of human progress and endeavour. External events and movements are important only in so far as they illustrate the right or wrong application of principles. None the less, especially as it would take only a few minutes to send for, read, sign, and perhaps obtain the signatures of a few friends to that Petition, I think it may properly be included as a theosophical activity."

T.

¹ The EDITORS add the following quotation from a special article in the *New York Times* of June 5th, 1932:

"At a time when there is clamor for immediate payment of the 'soldiers' bonus,' it is illuminating to compare what the various governments have done for the relief of World War veterans and their dependents. From the standpoint of annual outlay for this purpose, the United States leads the world: its appropriations for veterans exceed those of all the chief belligerents combined, despite the fact that the number of men it mobilized and its total casualties were far below those of these other nations.

"The leading combatant nations, Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy, together with our neighbour Canada, will spend this year for so-called 'veterans' relief' a total of about \$891,190,360, or some 10 per cent less than the government at Washington. The ranking is as follows:

	Men Mobilized	Dead and Wounded	This Year's Relief Bill
United States	4,355,000	360,300	\$1,072,064,527
Germany	13,000,000	6,111,862	298,690,000
France	8,410,000	5,623,000	286,722,000
Great Britain	6,600,000	3,000,000	174,802,060
Italy	5,615,000	1,597,000	69,853,300
Canada	619,636	232,045	61,123,000

"The cost of relief in America, as compared with that of other countries, is attributable to two factors: political pressure of the veterans themselves, and a refusal on the part of Congress to limit aid only to the wounded and the dependents of those who died in action. Thus all who were mobilized are entitled to free hospital and dental care and to a twenty-year bonus certificate on which they may receive cash at maturity, with loans in the meantime."



CONVENTION 1922*

FRIENDS—there is something my heart for a long time past has been saying to yours, and to-day I am moved to voice it.

You have all been told that for the first time in the world's history, our Movement has been carried over the cycle. You all know, therefore, that every year which has passed since, let us say, 1901, has been different from any year that has ever been before; that in each of those years we have advanced steadily, steadily into the enemy's country; that in a certain sense they were years we had no business to have.

You have not supposed, of course, in considering this matter—and I am sure you must often have considered it—that the Dark Powers have taken this quietly, have submitted tamely. On the contrary, they have fought with all their strength to resist it; they have devised in every way to circumvent it; and as on this plane their power is greater—as we are obliged, as it were, to fight with one hand behind our backs—the struggle has not been easy. But so far, by the grace of Heaven, they have not succeeded; we have continued to advance.

O yes, we have had helpers from the other side; if we had not, we could not have done it,—humbly, gratefully, we acknowledge that. But they also are handicapped here by the evil and darkness in our own hearts—traitors in the camp—and what they have done they have done at frightful cost.

Thwarted on the inner plane, the force and fury of the Black Lodge boiled over on the outer plane, and we had the Great War—a faint reflection of what was taking place on the inner plane—and the Great War was not won, remember. Germany was not beaten, though she could have been, save that the Allies lacked that grace of Final Perseverance,—for all their courage, that crowning, final courage—what Napoleon called “four o'clock in the morning courage.” They had not the faith or the vision for that; they harboured too many delusions, and so they failed when victory was almost in their grasp.

*The Branch of The Theosophical Society in Caracas, Venezuela, always enterprising, reprinted this (from the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY of July, 1922) in leaflet form for distribution on the day of the recent T. S. Convention. Copies of the leaflet were sent to some members in New York, at whose request we reprint it here, ten years after its original publication.—EDITORS.

Let us learn the lesson, and pray for that grace of Final Perseverance as we pray for nothing else. The spiritual warrior must fight when he is blind and stricken and dead, when his feet are washed in the last drop of his heart's blood, when his life is utterly dissolved. For if he cannot fight in this condition he can never win. Victory comes, and comes *only*, as the crown of complete self-giving—of devotion to a cause so passionately loved as to make that giving cheap. Pray, I say therefore, for the grace of Final Perseverance.

Much has been said recently of the need for chélas, for the Movement to develop chélas,—we know that at this time chélas cannot come over to us. Presently many of us who worked here before the cycle turned, will have passed away. There are those who have been on the front line, without one moment's rest day or night, all these years. They cannot last for ever—and the fight must go on. *We must continue to advance*; we cannot stop. The Dark Powers would have been content to crush us, years back. Not now! In turn they would rush forward like a mighty flood, using our acquired momentum. If you need some picture of what it would be like, look at Russia,—and the agony would be that Those who trusted us, *because* They trusted us, would have failed. None of us could endure that!

Now do you see what I mean—what my heart has been saying to your hearts all this while? Stop whining and snivelling in the stuffy corners of your life, and come out boldly, gladly, into the hardships of this glorious warfare. Stop thinking about yourselves, your pains, your trials, your feelings, least of all your conveniences. Think of Them and of Their sacrifices—which alone are the reasons that you are alive to-day, and not merely whirling dust specks in space—and in Their names and for Their sakes, each one his own, fight to redeem a dying world: and give, give, give everything!

Then do you know what will happen? For the first time, *for the first time*, you will know what peace is, the peace that passeth understanding, the peace which the Master can only give to His dearly beloved disciple who is as Himself, the peace They know in the midst of Their toil and never-ending conflict.

In reality, facing our own hearts, what does it matter what becomes of us, so long as Their cause triumphs? We can see so clearly that that is the only thing worth while. Reward! aye indeed, reward enough—if some day, *all* laid down, we shall catch the echo of that far distant cry:—

“Sounds as if some fair city were one voice
Around a King returning from his wars.”

That is the spirit of chélaship; that is what makes a man a chéla.

* * * * *

In God's name come over and help us. The need is so great!

K.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Several days before the Convention, notices were mailed to inform members that "because the starting-point of the Washington Parade, to be held on April 30th, has been changed to the Washington Arch, and because the side streets near Fifth Avenue in that neighbourhood will be packed with sections of the Parade, including bands, it will be impossible to hold the Convention of The Theosophical Society at 64 Washington Mews as originally planned and announced. In this emergency, a member of the New York Branch has placed at the disposal of the officers of the Society an unoccupied house at Riverdale-on-Hudson, where the morning and afternoon sessions of the Convention will be held. The New York Branch will provide motor omnibuses to take members and delegates to and from Riverdale."

The Convention assembled accordingly.

Morning Session

The Convention was called to order on Saturday, April 30th, 1932, at 10.30 a. m. Mr. Hargrove was elected Temporary Chairman, and appointed a Committee on Credentials consisting of Mr. H. B. Mitchell, Treasurer T. S., Miss I. E. Perkins, Secretary T. S., and Dr. Torrey.

While the Committee was at work, the Temporary Chairman welcomed the delegates and members, and spoke of the great pleasure all felt "in being assembled once more in a Convention of The Theosophical Society." It was impossible, however, he said, to recognize that pleasure without at the same time recalling "our great loss in the death of Mr. Charles Johnston, who, for over a quarter of a century, was Chairman of our Executive Committee, and who, at Convention after Convention until last year, welcomed us at these assemblies. . . . You know how you feel; you can at least imagine how those feel who were so closely associated with him in the Work for forty years or longer."

The Committee on Credentials then submitted its report. This having been accepted, and the Committee discharged with thanks, the permanent organization of the Convention was effected by the election of Mr. H. B. Mitchell, President of the New York Branch, as Permanent Chairman, Miss Perkins as Permanent Secretary, and Miss J. Chickering as Assistant Secretary.

ADDRESS OF THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN

THE CHAIRMAN: It is my privilege as Permanent Chairman—and one that I greatly value—to speak, at the opening of the Convention, of what I believe it would be well for us to have uppermost in our minds during our proceedings. As the years pass and the cycles turn, and we steadily penetrate deeper and deeper into uncharted territory, it becomes more and more important for us to check our course by reference back to the early directions we received, and to the original principles upon which, and the purposes for which, the Theosophical Society was founded, so that we may know whether we are really moving toward our appointed goal or have been in some way diverted from it.

Our responsibility is very grave. Many, if not all, of us here to-day have good reason to

believe the statements, made by the outer founders of the Society, that they were acting, in so doing, only as the agents of the Great Lodge of Masters; and that Theosophy, as we know it, is a re-giving to the world of parts of that ancient wisdom of which the Masters are the custodians. We have been the recipients of that gift, in part at least; and to the extent that we have received it and know of Theosophy, to that extent we have been joined with the Great Lodge of Masters as custodians of their wisdom,—as trustees of the world for the knowledge of the things that pertain to immortal life; for the preservation of that knowledge and for its right use. In our hands, to preserve or to throw away, to make or to mar, is this new incarnation of an age-old movement—the age-old effort of the great of soul to aid their younger brethren. In our hands to-day is the harvest of the sacrifice and labour, the love and devotion of our predecessors; and in seeking guidance for the right use of our heritage, we cannot do better than look back to what they have left on record of their purposes, and of the purposes of the Masters whom they served.

Perhaps I should pause here to say what we are always so careful to say when we have visitors—though surely it should need no saying among ourselves—that each member can speak only for himself in matters of opinion and belief, and that though I speak from the Chairman's table, I have no more power than any other member to commit the Society to any one view of its principles and purposes. No one need accept anything of what I have to say; yet I can claim, as can all, your courteous hearing for considerations that seem to me of moment.

We all know the stated purposes of the Society—know them so well that perhaps their very familiarity has become an obscurant of some of the implications they should have for us, and which a new approach or a more detached view would reveal. Let us leave them aside for a moment therefore, and think first of what has been called the Maha Chohan's letter—a letter written by the Head of the Lodge, fifty-one years ago, setting forth something of what it was hoped that the Society might accomplish. Among its many notable phrases there is one that we should never forget: "The Theosophical Society was chosen as the corner stone, the foundation of the future religions of humanity."

The letter has been published several times. It was republished in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for January, 1911, in Mr. Johnston's "Notes and Comments", where he was writing on "The Future of The Theosophical Society". The Society had then just completed its thirty-fifth year, and Mr. Johnston used this statement of the Masters' aims as a standard by which to determine its actual achievements as of that time. Since then twenty-one years have passed—three seven-year cycles—and, believing as we do in cyclic law, it is very fitting that we should look back to-day to the same standards that he used then, and make use of the same quotations.

"The corner stone of the future religions of humanity". We, who have worked long in the Society, have seen its shaping. Those who have joined us in later years have seen at least a part of its shaping. In the history of the Society have been taught, one by one, the great lessons that must underlie every real religion; and as we review, in the retrospect of fifty-seven years, the events and forces that have made us what we are, we can see how they have graven deep into our consciousness the fundamental principles and basic truths that are requisite for the religious life. The corner has been chiselled square and true.

Do not let us be content merely to generalize. Let us look closely enough to be sure that we recognize what we see. Beginning at the beginning, what is it that we see? How did the Movement originate, its purposes gain a hearing, and the Theosophical Society come to be formed? The answer is clear: by H.P.B.'s phenomena. We often hear those phenomena questioned. Sometimes, even by some of the Society's own members, it has been regretted that they had been thought necessary; and it has seemed to some that they struck a wrong note at the very inception of the Movement, derogatory to the dignity and seriousness of the theosophic teaching. It is the same unconsciously materialistic attitude that minimizes the place of miracle in Christianity, and tends to present Christ's life and teaching in terms of mere kindness, humanitarianism, long-suffering gentleness and self-sacrifice. But the turning of water into wine at the wedding feast, the giving sight to the blind, the raising of Lazarus from the dead, the single-handed cleansing of the temple and domination of the rabble,—these are not accidental intrusions into the drama of the soul; they are of its very essence.

Look to what religion we will, we shall find miracle at its root; not alone because it tends to validate or support the claims of that one religion, but because it is essential to the demands of religion itself—religion as such—teaching and illustrating a fundamental requisite of the religious life: the ability to face and to achieve what the world holds impossible. The truth is that every real religion is founded on the principle that spiritual law transcends natural law, that all things are possible to the Divine, and that the man who reaches toward and who attains the spiritual life, gains powers that are not possessed by the natural life. The ability to face courageously—undaunted and undismayed—the impossible, and so facing it to achieve it, is the foundation of religion. The very first step upon the Path calls for a heroism that will essay what it knows it cannot of itself do; that will put away the natural in reliance upon the spiritual. Perhaps this is a statement that some will question; but as each man considers it, he will find that it is true.

This was the first step. The next was its logical consequence: the enunciation of the existence of Masters, the great principle of the perfectibility of man; that the world has not reached the limit of human attainment nor the destined goal of the evolution of the soul, but that it is literally possible so to live and grow as to fulfil the command of the Western Master: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect". It was the doctrine that mankind had not only a "Father" in the heavens, but Elder Brothers there and here, "the august hierarchy of just men made perfect, who watch over the destinies of humanity", the "Lords of Karma", but accessible to mankind. It is not possible to over-emphasize the importance of that last phrase. "The kingdom of heaven is *at hand*", within reach, here and now. Not only does the Lodge exist, but the way to it is open: open to us, to all who whole-heartedly aspire. All who share the Masters' aims, all who wish to work for their cause, can work for it; and, in working, find guidance, companionship, help and teaching. Chêlaship exists, and can be attained.

These first two steps in the formation of our Society—these first two principles of the religious life, which our history inculcates—are, as we see, very positive things: the claiming of powers; first, the power of courage and undaunted will to achieve the impossible; second, the power of communion and service with the great of soul; the claiming of the right—no, not the "right", the aspirant has no "rights", but—the *will* to labour in the Masters' cause, and the faith that by fidelity in such labour will come, through their grace, knowledge of them and of their teaching.

The third step in our history was, from one point of view, negative where the first two had been positive; that is, it was outwardly against something as the others had been for something. But from another point of view, and in reality, it was as far from negative as anything well could be. It was a most aggressive attack upon all that enslaved the soul of man and held it back from the pathway of the spirit. It was a taking up of arms, and an entering into battle with the world, for the salvation of the world; and it was, in reality, but a projecting outward of the inner warfare that the first two steps require the aspirant to wage against himself. There is no claiming of powers but by conquest; and no conquest without conflict. That conflict must be against the evil in oneself, before it can be successful against the evil in others. Consider all against which H.P.B. hurled herself, single handed and undaunted, in the early days of our Movement: the dogmatism of religion, the materialism of science, the prejudices of ignorance and superstition, the provincialisms of society and caste. Church, state, science, entrenched custom,—nothing of falsity, nothing of evil, nothing that trammelled the spirit of man, was free from her attack.

Have we not proved our point? Could the religious life dispense with any of these great lessons that have been taught us from the beginning of our history? Read them simply in terms of courage: the courage to put aside natural law for spiritual law; the courage to essay the "impossible"; the courage to stand alone, to discipline and conquer self in the service of what is greater than self; the courage to attack the wrong and the false wherever they are found, and to combat the world for the salvation of the world. Must not these be proper part of the "corner stone" of all future religions, even as they have been of every religion of the past?

Let us turn back now to our stated objects, examining them, in the light of the Maha Chohan's letter, for their significance in the foundation of religion. "To form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity." What religion was ever concerned with the individual alone? Was there ever one that did not call upon each man to labour for others, to spend himself for the good of all mankind, for the triumph of right over wrong, of the greater self over the lesser? We must recognize that the religious consciousness is a shared and collective consciousness; its adventure a common adventure, one that concerns the whole race and is undertaken for the whole race. It starts from that sense of solidarity as its basis; it leads up to it as its goal; and it uses it as a means of passing from its base to its goal. So it has been said that Buddha reached enlightenment through the efforts of a million men. So all, who have attained, have attained *for* others and by the help of others. Brotherhood, solidarity, unity, harmony, synthesis, sympathy and tolerance,—they were watchwords given us by H.P.B. and Judge, and we have never ceased to stress them; though they are echoed back to us from the world in strange and ghastly fashion, having been made the opposites of all we mean by them. There is a vast difference between the theosophic ideal of brotherhood and that of the world. To us the brotherhood of man stands only, and can only be found and realized, in the fatherhood of God; to large sections of the world it is acclaimed as a substitute for all thought of the Divine. To us it is a brotherhood of the spirit, reached and known as the life of the spirit triumphs over the life of the separate and separating personality. To the world it most commonly stands for a denial of the spirit and of every law of spiritual being. To the world it means a dragging down to one dead level; to us it means a lifting up to height after height in endless succession. "Liberty, *equality*, fraternity",—by the world, "brothers" are conceived as all of the same age, all standing on the same level; but with us, our very concept of brotherhood was given us by the "Elder Brothers", by the Masters themselves, so that from the beginning it has meant to us a brotherhood in which there were "younger" and "older", in which we were included with those infinitely above us, who stooped to lift us. It is but the psychic counterfeit of brotherhood that implies democracy; true brotherhood involves aristocracy, and the hierarchical principle.

Does this seem paradoxical? Theosophy embraces paradoxes and rests upon them as the piers of a bridge rest upon the opposite banks of a stream. Its platform is the most democratic in the world. The spiritual world, the brotherhood of the spirit, whose nucleus the Society seeks to form, is open to every one, "without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour". Be he sweeper or king, the Path is open to him; and, for each, takes its start from precisely where he is, leading upward, without limit, to the heights. But there *are* heights, and their existence is the reason for the Path. It does not turn meaninglessly through a swamp, losing itself in one dead level; it rises steadily from height to height; and on each we find those waiting for us who reach down a hand to help us up, and who call themselves our "brothers".

Consider our subsidiary objects: "The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man." The religions of the future must know and conserve tradition, must gather up and bring forward the attainment of the past; but also they must investigate for themselves, must stand firm and unshakable on first-hand personal experience. Religion is first and foremost an experimental science, and its laws must be put to the proof of experiment. It is very needful to learn from the experience of others, to listen and store in memory what we hear; but we must be able to do more than merely repeat what we have heard. Faith is requisite; but it must be the faith that leads to and supports experiment. To believe in the finer forces of nature and in the undeveloped, latent powers of man,—yes, surely yes,—but belief is not enough unless or until it leads us to put our faith to the test by living it; by trusting ourselves to the laws of the spirit rather than of the flesh, and by calling forth and exercising the powers of the spirit latent within us. Let us never confuse belief with knowledge; and let us never be content until we can speak of the things of life and the spirit with the first-hand knowledge of personal experience.

Mr. Johnston, in his "Notes and Comments" of twenty-one years ago, makes it very clear

that The Theosophical Society will not have accomplished its task until it has accomplished this. Then, as now, it is easy to point to changes in the tenor of the world's thought, suggesting a growth in tolerance and of scientific and religious breadth. Some of us think to-day that it might be better for the world were such tolerance less in evidence; for tolerance based upon ignorance and indifference is not gain but loss. Nevertheless there has been gain in many directions, and it is easy to see it; but as Mr. Johnston pointed out, we have only to think of the Maha Chohan's letter in order to see how much more must still be done. Let me quote one paragraph, as true to-day as when Mr. Johnston wrote it.

"Broadly, what has to be done would seem to be this, and the task is as tremendous as it is inspiring: We must come to understand, by direct and authentic experience, the verity of the spiritual world, of spiritual law, of the spiritual man, so that we can give an account of them as trustworthy as a skilled botanist could give of the plants in a suburban garden. We must be able to tell these things because we have seen and known them. Only thus can men be once more taught to believe and know the things of their immortality. Only thus can the great burden of evil be lifted, by showing the divine reasonableness, potency and immediate presence of the immortal good. We have to some extent popularized the lore of spiritual things. There remain spiritual things themselves, to be learned, not from tradition and hearsay, but in their living reality, so that they can be taught for the saving and illumining of mankind."

There is a four-fold description of Theosophy which has become very familiar to many, since it was given us years ago: "Intellectually an attitude, practically a method, ethically a spirit, religiously a life". Sometimes it has been thought that the "life" was not so much part of the Society itself as of that to which the Society led, so that, if one were talking of the T. S. as such, one might properly confine oneself to the first three—the attitude, method and spirit. I do not think that view can be wisely held to-day; and I hope to return to this point and show that only as the life is lived can the Society live,—live, that is, in any true sense. But let us now begin at the beginning and see what the theosophic attitude and method have to teach us of foundation principles.

We all know the attitude and method which the Society inculcates: the looking toward the centre, which centre is found where views converge—not where they diverge. Many different opinions can thus point to the truth, though they point in different or even opposite directions, as the spokes of a wheel point to the nave; and by stressing agreements, rather than disagreements, synthesizing rather than dissecting, we can draw nearer to the truth. Let us again borrow an illustration of Mr. Johnston's. He asks us to think of a globe—such as is used to teach a child geography. We take it in our hands and look at it. If we see the region round the north pole, the south pole is hidden from us. If we turn it round to see the south pole, the north pole vanishes. We can see England only by losing sight of Australia. Whatever side we look at, the other side is hidden. No one view-point can show us, at one time, all the solid truth. To see it all, we need to see from many different angles; and if this is to be done at one time, it must be done by many eyes. Therefore we put an observer to the north and another to the south, and others around the equator, so that, between them all, the whole surface of the globe is seen; and if these different observers will have faith and confidence in each other, and put their observations together, each man may see how his own partial view fits into the concept of the whole. That is what our Society does, and what distinguishes its methods from those of most other societies. Our discussions are based upon the assumption that every honest view, however limited, may still be, from its own angle, a true view, and so have something of truth to give to us all.

Mr. Johnston makes his illustration very graphic; and the more we reflect upon it, the more we may learn from it—particularly of how we can (and must) aid one another in our initial search for truth, and how necessary are mutual faith and confidence and loyalty in all that concerns religion. As the brighter the light, the deeper is the shadow which it casts, so, by the association of opposites, the very graphicness of this illustration leaves upon the mind the outlines for another—of the same form, but of reversed content. We see what at first appears to be the same round globe, at which many men are gazing from different angles; but now each man holds a lighted candle, whose light, falling on the surface of the globe, causes it to glitter

and become glamorous and reflective, so that the lines and colours graven on it disappear. The beholders no longer see the actual globe, not even a real map of the real earth, where at least the true contours of England and Australia and the other countries of the world might be traced. What each sees is a glamorous shining, and in the midst of it the reflection of his own countenance, lit by the light which he himself carries, and in belittled and distorted perspective,—as a spherical mirror does belittle and distort, and as does the mirror of the world. Each man sees but an image of himself, of his false and lesser self, which he takes to be his real self, and which, no less, he takes to be a real map of the real world. This is the Maya, the glamour, of the personal self and of the world. Where it exists, it nullifies the theosophic method; for no two beholders are looking at the same thing and none is looking at anything more real than his own fancies of himself. Not unity, but dissension must result. Synthesis here would be meaningless; it could yield but a composite picture of the delusions of as many nightmares as there were beholders. We have passed from the world of truth to that of psychic fancy. No truth can be found in that way; no wisdom or religion live where the light of self is dominant.

This brings me to the second part of what I wish to say; and just as I, personally, owe so much, in what I have said, to Mr. Johnston's "Notes and Comments" and other articles, so, in what I want to speak of now, I owe more than I can ever express to Mr. Griscom's thought and writings, and to the many, many talks we had together. We all remember Mr. Griscom's articles in the *QUARTERLY*,—the "Elementary Articles", the articles on the Theosophical Movement in other centuries, the biographical sketches of saints and seers, and analyses and comparative studies of the rules of discipleship as found in the world's great religions. It is of these last that I wish particularly to speak, reminding you of how Mr. Griscom pointed out that, wherever found, these rules were startlingly the same. Whether we turn to the *Bhagavad Gita* or the *Imitation of Christ*, to Shankaracharya's *Crest Jewel of Wisdom* or to the *Vinaya Texts* of Buddhism, however different the form and imagery, the essence of the teaching is exactly the same: He who would be a disciple, he who would enter the path of liberation, he who would know and serve the Truth and the Masters, or any Cause whatsoever, must learn to love and gain the power of love; and to gain the power of love he must free it from the chains of self. The secret of Truth and Religion and Immortality, of Chelaship and service, is as simple as that: to strip away the glamour and lusts and chains of self, that we may gain the power of love and of whole-hearted self-giving to the object of our love. That is the theme and the object of all ascetical rules, of the rules of all the religious Orders of every race and time. Mr. Griscom summed them all in three words (as in monasticism they were summed in the three vows): renunciation, purification, obedience; or, in the terms of the three vows, poverty, chastity, obedience.

Think of the rules of *Light on the Path*, with its opening sentence: "These rules are written for all disciples: Attend you to them." "Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness. . . . Kill out ambition. Kill out desire of life. Kill out desire of comfort. Work as those work who are ambitious. . . ." One by one we are bidden to free ourselves from all that fosters the "great heresy of separateness", that wraps us in glamour and shuts us away from the real, that holds us impotent, the slaves of desire and of fear. And it is the same, as Mr. Griscom said, whatever be the devotional book or religious treatise that we select. It is the same, too, in our own experience—the book that is always open to us but which we so rarely really read. Page after page points to the same causes of our mistakes, our failures, our griefs and hurts. Always it comes back to something of self,—to some neglect of the discipline that might free us from self, some breach of these rules, or some refusal to believe that they are necessary for us. Why are feelings hurt by what may be said or done to us? Because some fancied right has been violated or denied. The poor in spirit does not think he has "rights". Why do we misjudge men and situations? Because of the mirage of our fears and desires: the projection of what lies within the self upon what lies without the self. Why do our powers fail us, the mind flag and the hand weaken? Because they have not been trained in obedience. He who has accepted the "three vows" is freed from a great mass of suffering and error and impotence.

He has begun to leave behind him the world of illusions and stands at the threshold of the world of the real.

Do we not now see that if the Society would live to accomplish its purposes, and to fulfil the high destiny of which the Maha Chohan wrote, we cannot dispense it from the "religious life"? It cannot be enough to adopt an intellectual attitude and practical method, or even the ethical spirit which Theosophy inspires and which at least desires to love and to serve, to turn from self and to give self. There must be more than the desire; there must be the power and the accomplishment. There must be the life; and until that life is ours we dare not trust ourselves, dare not take into our own hands what we love and would preserve. So long as we are wrapped in self, while we are vain, ambitious, clinging to rights and swayed by hopes and fears and personal desires, so long shall we be unconsciously and unintentionally traitors to the causes we profess. Until we have achieved the rules of discipleship, in their deep inner reality, we cannot be loyal, cannot be trusted, and dare not trust ourselves. We may love the Movement, but we shall betray it,—unless we move with it to the "life" which is its reason and its goal. The religious "life" is necessary; and to it we are called more and more insistently as the cycles turn. Only so can we achieve the powers that we need—the power of devotion, the power of self-giving, the power of loyalty, the supreme power of love.

Let us think of these things which we have called to mind: our work, our purpose, the purpose for which we, as a Society, were called into existence by the great Lodge of Masters, the purpose for which Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, our predecessors in the past and our companions in the present, have laboured and sacrificed and poured themselves out in self-giving of all they had and were, the purpose and work which have now come to us and for which we stand to-day responsible: to become "the corner stone, the foundation of the future religions of humanity".

All things that are born come to birth in the same way. The theosophical doctrine of correspondences shows us that whether it be the birth of an infant or a universe, of a Manvantara, or the creation of mankind, or the founding of the future religions of humanity, all must come into being in the same essential way. That way has been outlined for us in Madame Blavatsky's writings. It may help us to consider it and to see what guidance it may have for us.

It is described as a dual process, a dual gift—the giving of the form, and the giving of the life or spirit to animate it. We remember what is said in *The Secret Doctrine* of the Lunar Pitris and the Solar Pitris. The Lunar Pitris gave their *chhayas*; the Solar Pitris breathed life into them. Out of the past has been given us the *chhaya*, the mould or model, the image or ideal, which must somehow be filled, made living and real with a life that will make it the basis of the future religions of the race. It is not a new mould; it is as old as the ages, and was given us by the Masters, who are the custodians of the wisdom and achievements of the ages. It was filled and made living for us also by gift from the Masters, but by a gift called down, like fire from heaven, by the love and devotion within the Society,—the devotion of those who, seeking chélaship, attaining chélaship, took that mould for their rule of life and filled it with their own life, and so, by induction, with life from above. It was not always done perfectly, not without spot or blemish; they had not attained the end of the Path; but they had attained its beginning, in their *love* and in their *will*; and it is in love and will that the truth of things lies.

There is the reality—the real life and being of our Society. They filled the mould, the *chhaya*, made it solid, gave it substance from their own substance, life from their own life, spirit from their own spirit; and so enabled the great Lodge to give it of *their* spirit and *their* life. And because of what was thus done, through the power of evocation, of selflessness and devotion, the Theosophical Movement was carried over the turn of the cycle and is here to-day, fifty-seven years since its birth in this incarnation, thirty-two years further than it was ever carried before. So it has come into our hands; and we too, if we are to keep it alive, must gain the power of evoking and re-evoking that on which it lives.

Our trust imposes a two-fold demand. On the one hand we must preserve the *chhaya*, on the other we must ceaselessly vivify it anew. We must preserve the teaching whole, and pure, and undistorted. We can do this only as we ourselves master it. We must make sure we understand, make sure we let nothing slip away neglected and forgotten. But study alone

will not preserve even the *chhaya*. It must be *lived* as well as studied, must be taken into our life and made part of our being. If there be any truth which you know, but nevertheless ignore, any injunction which you have received but do not strive to obey, having rejected it from your will you will inevitably strive to reject it from your mind. Unconsciously, if not consciously, you will try to forget it; and you will succeed. It will become lost, because not used. In this way the *chhaya*, which you received whole and complete, will become fragmentary and incomplete, unsymmetric and so distorted,—a monstrosity, lacking essential limbs or features, instead of the perfect man to which future religions should lead the race.

Therefore, although we must study and take every means open to us to gain a true understanding of Theosophy, in order that we may preserve the knowledge of it in the world and be able to pass it on to our successors, we must realize that we cannot succeed, even in this half of our task, unless we strive with our whole hearts to fulfil also the other half,—to make our knowledge *living* knowledge, by filling it with our own life and love and will. If we do this, if we give ourselves whole-heartedly and with all that we are, disciplining and exercising ourselves so that we may be able to give more, freeing our wills and the powers of our nature from their slavery to self, and thus gaining the power to love, and by love to evoke the divine fire from above,—if we kindle our wills by this fire, and hold them fiery, firm and unflagging, refusing to be daunted by what seems the impossible, never wavering in faith, indomitable in effort and perseverance, then it matters not what else may come to the Society or to us, we shall achieve. We shall be true to our trust; and the Movement—now in our hands—will live, to fulfil its high destiny. It is to this that we are called to-day.

The Chairman then called for the report of the Executive Committee.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MR. HARGROVE: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members*, I am beginning to think that the Washington parade was a blessing in disguise—as most obstacles and most difficulties are. It is indeed a blessing to be in a place where one can make oneself heard, and where one almost wishes not to make oneself heard so that one might enjoy something of the stillness and the silence of nature. As we are talking among ourselves, I feel free to say I suspect that some of you came here this morning quite prepared to see Saint-Germain or his equivalent walk into our midst and sit down. And why not? Why not? All of you are familiar with the story of H.P.B. who erupted, unexpectedly, at a meeting in London, arriving from Paris, and, as she put it, following her occult nose to the law chambers of somebody whose name I have forgotten. Dr. Keightley saw her on that occasion for the first time. Things that happened then, may happen again. But one step at a time. It may be that the first step has been taken. In any case, even if the outer event does not seem to happen, let us be perfectly sure of the inner reality.

None of this is any part of the report of the Executive Committee, but the truth is that the Executive Committee has very little to report. I shall not refer again at this stage to our loss of Mr. Johnston. To fill the vacancies caused by his death, it is my duty to announce that your Committee elected Mr. Saxe as a member, elected me to serve as its Chairman, and Professor Mitchell as Vice-Chairman.

So far as other things are concerned, we have had no troubles, no upheavals, no disturbances—partly because we have not looked for them. A great many people go through life seeming to be looking for troubles. In any case, strict obedience to the warning in the *Gita* that the duty of another is full of danger, has saved your Committee from what might have developed into quite a lot of conversation, if not trouble—and really, conversation sometimes is equivalent to trouble.

There was a very active correspondence among other societies calling themselves theosophical, in which we were invited to participate. Point Loma, instructed by a Mahatma to do so, invited us and invited Adyar, and invited everybody else, to assemble on White Lotus Day at Point Loma. And Adyar (in other words, Mrs. Besant), by order of the Maha Chohan—because a Mahatma would not do, as Point Loma had used that already—Mrs. Besant

accepted the invitation. This worried Point Loma, made it nervous—it may have thought Mrs. Besant would bring the Maha Chohan along! At any rate, Mr. Leadbeater was to be brought along, so Mr. G. de Purucker, who calls himself "Theosophical Leader and Teacher", had himself interviewed, and explained that he did not want Leadbeater. That made trouble, so the Maha Chohan changed his mind, and the acceptance was withdrawn. We were invited, but we just sat still—quite still—and watched the other people entertain themselves. So there was no trouble so far as we were concerned.

Mr. Box, as President of the Los Angeles Branch, received the following invitation from a joint committee for White Lotus Day, addressed to the "New York Lodge" Theosophical Society, American Bank Building, Los Angeles. It reads:

"Dear Fellow Theosophists: In commemoration of the death of our revered founder, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the New Century Lodge of Point Loma and the Los Angeles Lodge of Adyar are planning to hold a White Lotus Day Memorial Meeting, Sunday, May 8, 1932, at 8 p. m., at 504 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles, California. As H.P.B. brought to us all the divine gift of Theosophy, we thought it appropriate that all Theosophists should unite in giving homage to her, our Teacher. We sincerely trust that you will join us. In case that you are holding a similar meeting in your own headquarters, we would appreciate it if you could send a representative of your Lodge to be present with us, and, if possible, give one of the customary readings.—Fraternally yours, Joint Committee for White Lotus Day Celebration, By Theron R. Winston, Chairman."

Mr. Box came to the conclusion that he ought to reply. So he called a meeting of his members, who, I am glad to say, endorsed his proposed letter. He wrote:

"Dear Mr. Winston: In reply to your letter of April 14th, we the members of the Pacific Branch of The Theosophical Society beg to remind your Committee that the Adyar organization, of which some of you must necessarily be a part, still stands back of Mrs. Besant's foul betrayal of William Q. Judge, which was practically a betrayal of H.P.B. too, since they were, and still are, inseparable. Therefore, the effect of the attendance of any one of us at your memorial meeting would be but an endorsing and re-enforcing of that double betrayal, as the Point Loma organization is now doing; this, whatever we, or you, or others might then say in praise of H.P.B., and, for our part, we suggest that one of you read this letter at that meeting.—Yours truly, The members of the Pacific Branch of The Theosophical Society, per W. H. Box, President."

[Applause.] I am glad you like it: so do I.

Of course, all of our members, during the past year, have suffered more or less by reason of the present financial depression. That is inevitable. It is hardly to be expected that members of The Theosophical Society, by some miracle, should be made exceptions to the general rule. There is no reason why they should be. Everybody has suffered. Everyone's income has been greatly reduced. But there have been no complaints. The suffering, whatever it may have been, has been accepted with splendid courage so far as I am aware, and everyone is doing his very best to help others—sometimes by valiant endurance, sometimes by direct contributions; occasionally by employing labour which otherwise would not have been employed, often at considerable sacrifice.

I want to speak, if I may, of certain fundamental principles of Theosophy which cannot be emphasized too often. This is in line with what Professor Mitchell has just said. I think it is part of the function of your Executive Committee not merely to supervise the general management of the Society between Conventions, but to do what we can to keep alive a clear understanding of the purposes of the Society and of the principles upon which it is based. I am going to read the following, because I want to make it part of the record, and there is no need to elaborate it. It is a brief, clear-cut statement of a vital theosophical principle. "The trouble with the modern world, what lies at the root of all its confusion and contradictions, is, briefly put, this: A failure to consider life in terms of spiritual value, and, growing out of this, the consideration of life in terms of *rights*,—a right to life, a right to freedom, a right to happiness, and so forth. No view of life, no civilization, no government based on a theory of rights can ever succeed or endure; they are doomed,—carrying their own seeds of destruc-

tion. Instead, they must be based on a theory of *duties*, each class and each condition having its own, but all springing from the same principles,—of reverence, obedience, self-sacrifice, and devotion to the tasks of the individual environment and station."

Great emphasis was laid upon the same idea at the last Convention, and I think at the Convention before last. But repetition is necessary. We ought to repeat the same thought, in some form or other, Convention after Convention, so that no one will have the slightest chance to forget it. Then every one of us, between Conventions, ought to do what he can to bring that great truth to the attention of our acquaintances. There are not many directions in which we can afford to be dogmatic—very few, except when it comes to principles—but *there* is a principle for which we must fight to the last ditch.

There is another point, and that is the need of all students of Theosophy to find the hair-line between faith and superstition. We must not forget that we are human; that, far too often, we are personalities, with all the limitations and tendencies inherent in personality, and that we are liable to err. Faith and superstition: we must have faith, but we must not be superstitious, and there is always a tendency to be either superstitious or skeptical,—the opposite poles of the same thing on the same plane. The rank materialist, as was said not long ago at a New York Branch meeting, is identical, in essence, with the man who is credulous.

The method of Theosophy, in one respect, is exactly the same as the method of science. A student of chemistry should choose a professor in whom he has confidence, and should listen to the teaching of that professor, and should obey his orders, and should carry out the experiments as indicated or prescribed by his professor. Now if the student of chemistry, as occasionally happens, confuses things that he has heard, with things that he has done and has proved—he will be making a very serious mistake. Suppose, for instance, that because his professor has told him something, he asserts, for that and for no other reason, that he *knows* so and so is the truth: actually, he does not know anything of the kind, unless he has put it to the test, unless he has experimented. Once he has experimented and has gained first-hand knowledge, he may claim to *know*,—as, for instance, that three chemical elements in combination will produce a substance of such and such a kind.

The same principle applies in the study of Theosophy. Those whose habit it is to think themselves wiser than their instructors, will never learn. On the other hand, those who think that because they have read something in *The Secret Doctrine*, they *know*, should try to realize that they do not know anything at all, except that H.P.B. said it, and that they *will* know something only if they will do as H.P.B. prescribed, and make the experiment, and so find out from first-hand experience that she was telling us the truth. Faith is absolutely necessary, but it must be the right kind of faith and not the wrong kind; it must not be the kind that is comparable to swallowing a mental pill. We must think and meditate; we must dig into our own experience for analogies; if we cannot find spiritual analogies in our experience, we must find them in lower nature, on the principle of *Demon est Deus inversus*: for things must be *acted upon*, as well as believed. That is of supreme importance. It is the man who mistakes book-learning for knowledge, who is dogmatic; and dogmatism is in bad taste and is detestable.

Mr. Judge was constantly telling us to "use discrimination always", not to accept statements merely because they are made. For instance, somebody says: "In view of the fact that H.P.B. states the Kumaras are identical with the Destroyers, would it not follow that the reason we grow senile so rapidly and go to pieces physically is because we have too much of the Kumaras in us—what are we going to do about that?" There are students who would at once accept the premise that H.P.B. said the Kumaras are the same as the Destroyers,—though, so far as I am aware, she said nothing of the kind. Moral: be sure of your facts; challenge statements, and when they are accompanied with "H.P.B. said", ask for chapter and verse,—and then be sure she did not say next to the opposite on the following page, which frequently happens,—her blessed effort to keep us straight.

We must not allow *The Secret Doctrine* or *Isis* or the *Mahatma Letters* to become a sort of dead-letter Bible. When it comes to the *Mahatma Letters*, I wish to go further, because,

in simple fact, that book is thoroughly misleading. Those Letters should never have been published. It was a most dishonourable proceeding, and the book inevitably has the Karma of that betrayal. Those letters were written to certain individuals, at a certain time, for certain specific purposes. It is stated in them that they must never be published, and then someone, having obtained them after the death of Sinnett, took it upon himself to think, not only that he knew better than the writers (whoever they were), but that he had the right to violate their expressed wishes. The book contains letters supposed to have been written by the Master M. and the Master K. H., which are as foreign to the purpose and spirit of those Masters as anything conceivably could be. There is no need to go into details at a Convention. Perhaps some day it may be written about. But there is no question whatsoever about the facts. I can give you one instance. There is a letter signed K. H. in which Sinnett is asked to edit a newspaper to be published in India, and to pretend to a certain attitude which he did not actually have—quite the opposite; to pretend that he was sympathetic to a certain party in India, in order to raise money for the newspaper's publication. Of course, any one who could suppose that a Master could make such a contemptible and dishonourable suggestion, would prove that his understanding of the Masters was a minus quantity. Fortunately, it so happens that H.P.B. wrote at the same time to Sinnett (published in her *Letters*), saying that if Sinnett were to listen to any such proposition, it would be, from her point of view, utterly wrong and outrageous.

Let us, then, avoid blind acceptance of statements made in books. Do not let us deceive ourselves and imagine that we know something because we have read something. We must work these things out in terms of first-hand experience. For too much of the time we are personalities, and personalities have a tendency to materialize everything. We must beware of that in ourselves. The universe is not a mechanism; it is a poem. I do not mean a jazz poem, not *vers libre*; but a poem, based necessarily upon the laws of rhythm, of sound, of music. *The Secret Doctrine* will never be understood, except as a great poem. It contains many references to science and to all sorts of things; but these are only incidental. It is a poem, because it describes the universe truly, and the universe is a poem. We have had enough of the mechanical interpretation of history, of life, and, incidentally, of Karma. Most people, when told that "rigid justice rules the world", immediately see scales and weights: here is a sin, and there a penalty, and one equals the other. That is not Theosophy! Karma is perfect justice, but poetic justice—thank heaven! where should we be, otherwise? You remember what H.P.B. says in the Notes to the *Voice of the Silence* about the wall formed by living Masters, who keep away from us and from the world the evil Karma which humanity has built up—and we among humanity. What does that mean if not a temporary "vicarious atonement"? And how can you reconcile the idea of vicarious atonement with a mechanical interpretation of Karma? How reconcile the mechanical interpretation of Karma with the facts of life as you know them? For instance, the self-sacrifice of a mother, saving her child from all kinds of evils by the power of her unselfish love. She has the right to give out of her own Karma, to contribute,—to save, to help, to spare, and she does it just as Masters do it. Do you suppose we are all judged on our "merits"? No, fortunately we are not!

It has often seemed to me that, so far as women go, the more worthless the child, the more the mother cares for the child. Often the same is true of husbands and brothers—the more worthless, the more loved. Perhaps we men, instead of feeling superior, should be thankful. And perhaps the Masters partake of feminine nature to that extent, combining in themselves all perfections; and perhaps that is why some of us are here this morning. Pity has a great deal to do with love in some cases—for there are all kinds of love, just as there are all kinds of people, all kinds of universes, and all kinds of universes within this universe. It is part of the splendour and glory of life that it is so. To all appearance, we are personalities and no more,—and often, I fear, very unpleasant. I should say that almost any personality must be that, just because it is personality. But these personalities are veils, or hiding-places. You may remember one of the Threnodies of Pindar, in which he quotes from the Orphic Mysteries, and where he sings: "I am a child of Earth and of Starry Heaven, but my race is of Heaven, and it is from the pure that I come". That is true of us: in spite of faults and

failings, and in spite of personality, *that* is what we are. It is from the starry heavens that we came forth, and it is to the starry heavens that we are destined to return. So we must learn to look behind the appearances of things, to look into the heart of things, into the soul of things, to listen to that divine poem which every soul among us sings.

You know what Emerson said: every man must become a new-born bard of the Holy Ghost. Yet it is not a question of *becoming*; we *are* that thing, and we must enter into that world of dream—the dream which is the only reality—and find ourselves there, living instead of asleep.

Just one word more—practical rather than theoretical. We have been told these things from the very beginning, and when the next Lodge Messenger comes (something that we think about a great deal), I really cannot believe that he will give us any more “instruction”. We have had so much instruction,—and, alas! have done so little about it. You will remember that in *Isis* and again in *The Secret Doctrine*, H.P.B. speaks of Vishnu “thinking of himself as the father of the world”. She adds, This thinking of oneself as this, that or the other is the chief factor in the production of every kind of psychic or even physical phenomena. In what way do we think of ourselves? Are we or are we not perpetually identifying ourselves, perhaps with the body, its pains, its deficiencies; or with the mind or with our emotions, instead of identifying ourselves with that child of the starry heavens? What we need is to think of ourselves as *being what we are*. More than that, we need to see ourselves as doing that which we know we ought to do. Too much emphasis is laid sometimes on the will. Far more use needs to be made of the imagination. Some French writer on psychology pointed out that if you want to get up in the morning promptly, see yourself the night before as springing out of bed,—rather than, by mere effort of will, trying to decide that you will do so.

That is the practical suggestion that I have to make: use imagination more. See yourself as doing the thing that you want to do, that your own higher nature tells you that you ought to do—and it will become easy, instead of difficult, to do it. Remember H.P.B.’s original advice, repeated constantly ever since: that if you want to produce magical phenomena within yourself, think of yourself as being this, that or the other, see yourself as doing, thinking, feeling, this, that or the other. It is a method based upon faith, upon conviction; but if ever we are to escape from the bonds of the personality and its limitations, from wrong self-identification and from all the folly that goes with it, there is only one way in which that can be accomplished,—the way of right self-identification, of deep, immovable faith in that which we really are. By making that faith vivid and constant, we can become consciously alive in the world of reality, in the world of Masters and the Lodge.

The report of the Executive Committee having been accepted with thanks, the Chairman called on Miss Perkins to report as Secretary T. S.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T. S. FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 30TH, 1932

MISS PERKINS: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* I have the honour to submit the following report:

BRANCH ACTIVITIES

In the survey of Branch work, the reports of which have been full of interest, it seems fitting to speak chiefly of Branches not represented here by delegates, since from the delegates we shall hope for personal reports, later. Let us start with England, where the difficulties of present conditions are greatly intensified by the disrepute attaching to Theosophy there because the name is associated with the Adyar Society and with other pseudo-theosophical organizations. The Newcastle Branch, which has carried on its usual lines of work, with sustained interest, notes, regretfully, that this is the third successive year when the Society records the death of one of its older members; this year, Mr. Johnston; last year, Dr. Keightley; the preceding, Col. Knoff: all of them remembered with deep gratitude. On Convention day, the Branch meets “to get more in touch with things”. Personal distribution is made of the sum which would be sent to Headquarters for dues, had not the Executive Committee directed that the European Branches should, instead, devote the amount to Allied relief work; one

portion went to the family of a stranger who after four years' war-service subscribed, from an Army hospital, for the *QUARTERLY* which he had found in some library—his wife wrote, "You are the only ones from whom I have ever had anything". The Norfolk, being a Branch that meets only through correspondence, takes a stated portion of some book for a month's study; each member writes comments and asks questions that are answered by all the others—an interchange which, they say, "has created greater unity and comradeship, one advantage of the correspondence plan being that personalities do not enter into it". They devote the month of April to preparation for Convention, and August to study of the Convention Report. The New York Reports are circulated and greatly appreciated. Their book of the year, *Letters that have Helped Me*, Vol. II, has been of special interest in connection with the letters from Mr. Judge appearing in the *QUARTERLY*; they feel that more life has been evident this year, greater interest, and more thoughtful study. The Branch in South Shields reports the presence of many inquirers at their public meetings; in their meetings for members they are "seeking to help each other to live the theosophic life and to create a centre of right thought"; on Convention Sunday they are to hold a special meeting to which they have invited the members of our near-by Branches. In Whitley Bay, the Branch has completed the *Key to Theosophy*, and begun *The Secret Doctrine* at the request of their newer members; they are working earnestly, striving to learn, and to help one another to live up to their ideals. Beside the information contained in the Reports of the New York Branch meetings, members welcome in them an opportunity to unite with their fellows in oneness of purpose; and have resolved that on Convention day all members shall be there, in thought. Gateshead Branch has one of the Whitley Bay members for its President; they report that they are getting well grounded in Theosophy.

On the Continent, members consider it part of their duty to learn the language in which the Masters chose to transmit the teaching, through H.P.B. and subsequently. Regarding the Branch in Arvika, the newly-elected President writes: "Most of us wish above all to *live* the theosophic life, to increase our devotion to the Cause; the encouraging factors we see, are the love we already have for it and for each other". Mention is made of the widow of the founder of the Branch who, in spite of her eighty years, writes to them every week and, from her distant home, follows their studies. Mr. Johnston's visit of many years ago is still a vivid memory. "We have", the writer says, "his articles and scriptures, things which never die. Mrs. Amy Zetterquist has left us too, but we may be thankful for all we get from such persons—and that *they have lived*." In Oslo, half the meetings are public and half for members; they have completed their study of Mr. Griscom's "Elementary Articles", and have taken up the Convention Report and the fortnightly ones from New York. They begin and end meetings with a period of silence; the reading of a selection from "Fragments" always precedes their discussion, which is devoted to some phase of the art of "living the life". The Aussig Branch has studied the Reports of Convention and of New York meetings, the *QUARTERLY* articles on H.P.B., and Mr. Griscom's "Letters to Students"; those letters have given them new incitement and courage in their united endeavour to help all Germans by striking hard at what is German in themselves, conquering their wrong tendencies, striving to "grow holy". Regarding the purposes of Germany, they say: "It is very madness for the Allied nations to discuss equalization of armament with Germany and countries that are her partisans, without considering moral defects and their previous experiences. The best way for us to help the Lodge under such circumstances seems to be to discern the real character of the German nature in all domains of life,—recalling that 'to see is to enable others to see; to repent is to bring others to repentance'. A German Catholic magazine, *Die Allgemeine Rundschau*, has published four special issues about the Belgian cruelties; its editor made a pilgrimage to the well-known Belgian villages where the worst crimes were perpetrated, and published the evidence he collected. There was also a remarkable article on Goethe, giving his significant opinions about his own nation, some of which are very bitter for German ears." The Secretary of one of the Berlin study classes, which has maintained its meetings throughout the year, writes: "As far as our country is concerned, there has been no improvement; the veil of darkness is growing more and more dense,—no repentance." From another Berlin study

class comes expression of gratitude for having been taught to see the moral guilt of their nation; they declare: "We cannot say how thankful we are to the editors of the *QUARTERLY* and all workers for it; especially in the 'Screen of Time', we have seen what has occurred in our country as we could never have seen it except for those clear statements of the issue."

Turning to American Branches: In Cincinnati, they meet weekly, studying on alternate evenings *The Secret Doctrine* and *Patanjali's Yoga Sutras*; both have proved of vital interest. Satisfactory attendance has been maintained, the Branch library, over which Miss Hohnstedt presides, is in active use, and in spite of hardships their work is going forward, steadfastly. The Middletown Branch, a small band of devoted members, has had a number of inquirers to whom books and other help have been given; their immediate effort is to make as much united progress as may be possible. Mr. Box reports that the Branch in Los Angeles has continued the study of Mr. Johnston's edition of the *Yoga Sutras*. "In Books III and IV", he writes, "we find much that we do not understand about the highest levels of consciousness; yet this shows clearly that only so far as our own increasing effort takes us toward the higher life of which they treat, can we draw nearer to the Masters of whom they give a glimpse: this we regard as the season's lesson." The *Yoga Sutras* has also been studied by the Branch in Denver, desiring "to cement Mr. Johnston's close relation to the Branch, and to express its appreciation and deep regard". Their discussions have included Professor Mitchell's *Meditation*; material from the *QUARTERLY*; and the New York Reports, of which they say: "Beside the interest of their subject matter, acquaintance with the names of those speaking is beginning to create [among newer members] a sense of solidarity with the Society as a whole; they have become more responsible in relation to our own meetings: this the older members regard as the greatest accomplishment of the year." The Toronto Branch report comes from Mr. Harris, a member of our Executive Committee, who records that their fortnightly meetings were carried on through the summer, at the request of members; chief attention being given to the devotional aspects of Theosophy, in which the New York Reports have been of great help. He writes: "The most encouraging feature has been the real effort to study Theosophy as a guide in life which supplies the incentive to right living, which many have failed to find elsewhere. Most members take active part in the meetings; many books are being lent."

The Branch in Caracas, Venezuela, is deserving of the highest credit for their self-sacrificing publication of *El Teósofo*, which invariably contains matter of value and which is a real contribution to Theosophy itself, as well as to the Spanish-speaking world.

HEADQUARTERS' ACTIVITIES

Theosophical Quarterly

With the July number, our magazine will enter its XXXth volume. From a modest beginning in 1903, Mr. Clement Griscom had built a periodical of such worth and standing that on his sudden death at the close of 1918, his associates found its continuance both a necessity and a fitting memorial of his devoted service. Thus, for 29 years the Movement has had an organ in which its original purpose, spirit, and aim are embodied with ever increasing clarity of presentation, and with an intensity of devotion which expresses the life exfoliating from within the Society. Ten invaluable volumes of *The Path* record Mr. Judge's work; the productive term of the two magazines started by H.P.B. was even shorter, for her ideals were abandoned when she had to leave their editorial expression to others. The 29 volumes of our magazine are a still more remarkable achievement, in that they cover the first quarter of the century when there could not be the same kind of outpouring that characterizes the last quarter. It is the few who plan and produce the magazine—inspiring other few to contribute all they can: we of the rank and file are the beneficiaries, and may therefore, with no shade of self-gratulation, openly rejoice in such a periodical. Many are the readers who turn to this magazine for light—as one wrote, "I would not miss any of its numbers; their incentive and inspiration is greatly needed as the confusion of existence increases, making right thought and action difficult to determine". A wide range of possible readers is reached through the libraries which make our issues accessible in their periodical room; and an edition on "imperishable paper", the gift of a member, is preserved in libraries at the principal world centres; the donor

hopes that in future days the *QUARTERLY* may there speak to the hearts of men, servants of the Movement in past ages, who will be groping their way back.

Book Department

While the Book Department is a separate organization, the Society not being responsible for obligations it may incur, its object in publishing books is to be of help to the Work. Were this generally understood, some members would be better supplied with books needed in their studies. Financial difficulties need be no barrier to securing our books, for if the one desired costs \$1.50, and 50 cents is all the member can spend, arrangements can be made through a special fund, already in operation in the Secretary's office, for the purchase of needed books. During this year there has been the customary sale of books, somewhat diminished in volume because of the financial depression. Special interest in the books by Mr. Charles Johnston was shown in the months following his death.

Secretary's Office

This winter many letters have been received from members who wished to pay tribute to the memory of Mr. Johnston and to give some expression to their gratitude; it is evident that his loss is widely and deeply felt; also that many are sensible of the additional load that must now be carried by the remaining older members, for there was frequent record of determination to contribute one's very best to the Society, through the right performance of daily duty.

An important addition to our "travelling library" is a bound set of the early volumes of the *QUARTERLY* which have long been out of print. There must be many members who have never had opportunity to read these—and now it is offered to them. In addition, there is at the disposition of members a set of the volumes of *The Path*, temporarily loaned for that purpose. Since transportation charges may be paid by those who borrow from this library, there need be no hesitation about using these facilities.

There are many to whom the Society is indebted for work gladly undertaken on its behalf—too many to be named here, but all are gratefully remembered. The Assistant Secretary, whose stenographic notes give us such full record of the Convention addresses, also takes notes of the New York Branch meetings; these are condensed by another member, skilled in the art of laying hold upon essentials and reproducing the atmosphere of each meeting. Certain parts of the distribution work for each issue of our magazine were again done by the two who have assumed this for a number of years. With great generosity, a member secured funds from which to pay the salary of a competent stenographic assistant in the Secretary's office; and another member repeated, through this office, a special contribution to the general T.S. fund—more than covering the sum which dues from foreign members formerly brought into the treasury. The Secretary is grateful for so much help; is grateful, above all, for the great privilege of serving the Society as Secretary, with the resultant opportunity not only to observe how our ship is steered and handled in all kinds of weather, but to seek guidance and counsel from those older members, who are so ready to give of their best to the humblest among us if he be seeking to learn in order to serve the Theosophical Movement.

Respectfully submitted,

ISABEL E. PERKINS,

Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

The thanks and appreciation of the Convention having unanimously been voted to the Secretary, for all the services which she so faithfully renders, the Chairman announced the appointment of the three standing committees as follows:

Committee on Nominations: Dr. Clark (Chairman), Mr. LaDow, Mrs. Regan.

Committee on Letters of Greeting: Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell (Chairman), Mr. Kobbé, Mrs. Armstrong.

Committee on Resolutions: Mr. Hargrove (Chairman), Dr. Torrey, Miss Hohnstedt.

The Convention then adjourned until the afternoon session, all members and delegates being invited to lunch as guests of the New York Branch.

Afternoon Session

The first business being the Report of the Treasurer, Mr. Hargrove took the Chair, Mr. H. B. Mitchell then submitting his report as follows:

REPORT OF THE TREASURER T. S.

APRIL 25TH, 1931—APRIL 30TH, 1932

<i>Receipts</i>		<i>Disbursements</i>	
Current Dues.....	\$337.41	Printing and mailing the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY (4 numbers).....	\$3,718.92
General Contributions and Donations to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.....	869.82	Stationery and Supplies.....	76.56
Subscriptions to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY and Propaganda Fund.....	1,976.22	Printing.....	122.75
Special Contributions.....	900.00	Rent.....	150.00
Special: Refund of Rent.....	150.00	Telephone and Miscellaneous...	112.56
	<u>4,233.45</u>		
1933 Dues, prepaid.....	196.00		
Total Receipts.....	4,429.45	Total Disbursements.....	4,180.79
Balance, April 25th, 1931.....	226.86	Balance, April 30th, 1932.....	475.52
	<u>\$4,656.31</u>		<u>\$4,656.31</u>
<i>Assets</i>		<i>Liabilities</i>	
On deposit, Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company, April 30th, 1932.....	\$475.52	1933 Dues, prepaid.....	\$196.00
		Excess of Assets over Liabilities.	279.52
			<u>\$475.52</u>

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL,
Treasurer, The Theosophical Society.

The Treasurer, after expressing his thanks to the Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Kobbé, called the attention of delegates to the discrepancy between the cost of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY and the price at which it was sold. "I do not think", he said, "that it is sound business or sound morals or sound Theosophy to sell for twenty-five cents, what it costs forty-six cents to manufacture, with the cost of postage in addition. As you know, nobody is paid anything in the making of the QUARTERLY, except the printer." He suggested that the annual dues of the Society should be maintained at \$2.00, but that a separate charge of \$2.00 a year, or fifty cents a copy, should be made for the Society's magazine.

MR. HARGROVE reminded members that if anyone cannot afford to pay his dues, he need only inform the Treasurer or the Secretary of his inability, whereupon his dues would at once be remitted, without impairment to his standing as a member; and that exactly the same principle would apply to a subscription to the QUARTERLY. "Poverty is no disgrace, and to be ashamed to ask for a remission of payment would be a surrender to false pride."

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL moved that the subscription to the QUARTERLY be \$2.00 for members and non-members alike; that members shall be under no obligation to subscribe, especially if English be not their native tongue, and that annual dues to the Society shall be as in the past, \$2.00 a year, although non-American members should continue to transmit their dues to some responsible organization for the relief of Allied soldiers or sailors who were disabled during the Great War. He added that this change should go into effect at once, except for non-member subscribers; in their case, following the usual custom, they should be notified of the increased rate prior to the expiration of their subscription. He expressed the hope that if any members should find it impossible to pay the additional \$2.00 for the QUARTERLY, they would notify the Secretary promptly, for otherwise Headquarters would be put to the trouble and expense of writing to inquire the cause of any delay in payment. Inability to pay could

not be assumed by the Secretary; there should be frank, prompt and explicit statement, when necessary, of financial stringency.

This motion, having been seconded, was discussed by Mr. Ganson, Mr. LaDow, Mr. Saxe, and Dr. Woodworth, and, when put to the vote, was carried unanimously. The Treasurer's report was then formally accepted, with thanks to the Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer, after which Mr. H. B. Mitchell resumed the chair and called for the report of the Committee on Nominations.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS

DR. CLARK presented the following nominations: for the two vacancies on the Executive Committee, Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell and Mr. Auchincloss to succeed themselves; for Secretary T. S., Miss Perkins; for Assistant Secretary, Miss Chickering; for Treasurer, Mr. H. B. Mitchell; for Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Kobbé.

It was voted that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot for the election of officers as nominated, and that the Committee be discharged with thanks.

The report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting was then called for.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LETTERS OF GREETING

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: You will remember the "Fragment" that speaks of the chéla taken up to a high point and shown the darkness of the world—then little points of light appear, with connecting lines between them. I like to think of these greetings as coming from centres of light all over the world, lines of light from them to this Convention.

Mr. Mitchell then read, amid frequent applause, the letters and other greetings to the Convention, extracts from which are printed at the end of the Convention report.

The report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting having been duly accepted with the thanks of the Convention, the report of the Committee on Resolutions was called for.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

MR. HARGROVE: This is going to be a very brief report, so far as the Chairman of the Committee is concerned, but there are certain resolutions that must be put before you. I am going to ask Dr. Torrey to represent the Committee, and to speak for the Committee; its Chairman, later on, may perhaps have the privilege of speaking as a member of the New York Branch, if there is time, though there are a number of people present from whom we want to hear. No formal resolutions have been sent in by Branches, therefore it was not necessary for your Committee to have a very long conference, because we agreed automatically and, let us say, from habit, upon the following:

First, that the Chairman of the Executive Committee be authorized and requested to acknowledge, on behalf of this Convention, the letters of greeting to which we have had the great pleasure of listening.

Second, that the officers of the Society be authorized to visit the Branches.

Third, that the thanks of the Convention be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality shown during the Convention.

These resolutions were carried unanimously.

DR. TORREY: At these Conventions it is a custom to take note of the thought of the world, and particularly as regards its approach to the Theosophical philosophy expounded by Madame Blavatsky and others. So at this time I wish to speak of a scientific matter whose note was sounded in an editorial in last October's number of the *QUARTERLY*.

It appears that not long ago Dr. Alexis Carrel contributed an article to the Journal, *Science*, in which he points out that the science of cytology has not made the advance commensurate with the great labours which have been expended upon it, and suggests that this unfortunate situation is due to the fundamental error of treating the cell as though it were dissociated from its environment. That the fact to which he refers is true, any biologist can bear witness. Our text-books abound with pictures of the ideal cell where, within a closed cellulose membrane, is represented a full equipment of nucleus, chloroplasts, chondriosomes and the other cytological

elements. Indeed, it is even uncommon for the student to be told that the separate protoplasts of the plant cells are actually connected by minute plasma chains which pierce the rigid cellulose walls.

This dissociation and abstraction of the cell from its true place in the environment of the body is but another instance of the disease of Nineteenth Century science. It was a time of "hardness, primness and precise limitation of ideas"—a time of limited exactitudes in which the measure of the intellect was regarded as the measure of reality. Faced with a complex system, either physical or mental, the mind dissociates it into its simplest elements and proceeds to study each element separately. Then it reverses the order of its activity and through synthesis strives to create the original situation. But unfortunately the original situation is, in this way, never really recreated. For in order that the mind may grasp the simple elements of the situation it has reduced them to their central foci or points. It deliberately rejects all that tends to obscure the precision of the view. As a consequence, all that makes for true significance in the elements; all the values which we attribute to the things of the world, such as better or worse, socially beneficent or inimical, pleasant or unpleasant—in a word the "field" which surrounds the elements as well as the totality—falls out of sight, and in the synthetic reconstruction we have only a mechanical aggregation of discrete parts.

I am very sure that we have here the basis for the age-long quarrel between the scientist and the intuitionist. The latter affirms that science kills everything which it touches; the former retorts that the intuitionist drifts about in a cloud of vagueness and rhapsody.

The matter is definitely paradoxical, and the practical solution, as in most cases of the sort, is to choose "a seat which is neither too high nor too low". The Nineteenth Century chose its seat too low. Having analyzed matter into hard, massy, impenetrable particles (which it never could have done had it not deliberately neglected the *field* of the atom), it built the universe out of separate atoms and was forced to import the "logical fiction" of an ether to explain interaction. Such a view will not explain the chemical compound even, to say nothing of life and mind. Mechanism in biology was the outcome of the view which holds that the whole is equal to the sum of its parts.

Dr. Carrel's paper marks a growing tendency to recognize that no element of a system lives to itself alone. As the editorial in the *QUARTERLY* suggests, it attacks the "dire heresy of separateness". The cell is only the focus upon which play the forces of the whole organism. The lymph in which it is bathed and which forms its liquid medium of exchange with the blood, is never for two seconds the same, since it is constantly being altered by the secretions of the cell itself and by the secretions and excretions of every other cell in the body. The changing electrolyte content of the lymph alters the permeability of the cell membranes and is evidenced by increased or decreased metabolism. In addition to this, the cell, as Carrel points out, is the result of what it has passed through individually and racially; so there is a temporal as well as a spatial factor in the environment.

All this comes close to a doctrine which is appearing in modern biology and which is variously known as Holism (a term used by General Jan Smuts), or Emergent Evolution. Some of us may have known it as the Hierarchical Principle. In the words of General Smuts: "A Whole is a synthesis or unity of parts, so close that it affects the activities and interactions of those parts, impresses on them a special character, and makes them different from what they would have been in a combination devoid of such unity or synthesis. It is a complex of parts but so close and intimate, so unified that the characters and relations and activities of the parts are affected and changed by the synthesis".

In this concept lies one of our most intimate Theosophical doctrines. It is neither more nor less than the doctrine of the Unity of Being. Implicit in it is the teaching of the Lodge and its Wholeness, as well as the relations of Masters and chélas. A study of natural wholes will reveal the key to the mystery of the organism.

Biological science, then, is approaching in hesitant fashion this fundamental Theosophical doctrine. Her present position, however, is scarcely advanced beyond the recognition of the physical environment as the field of the organism. We have noted this in Dr. Carrel's contribution. He sees, indeed, that the time factor as well as the chemico-physical properties of

the environment, is involved in the matter, but the importance of the time factor in the present world-field was recognized by Laplace over a hundred years ago when he wrote: "Nous devons donc envisager l'état présent de l'univers comme l'effet de son état antérieur."

A second illustration will indicate how the principle of Holism is making headway in various biological fields.

One of the aspects of biology is what we call ecology. It is the study which concerns itself with plants or animals in relation to their physical and biological environments. The plant ecologist saw very early that his unit of study should be the plant community,—that is, a group of plants living under a well defined condition of climate and soil. Such, for example, are the salt-marsh formation, the sand-dune formation, the Arctic-tundra formation. I am sure that the earlier concept of the formation was, as a philosopher would say, nominalistic. It was only a useful classificatory term for a mechanical assemblage of plants in a given environment. The study consisted in refined measurements of soil and water factors, in taxonomic identifications of the plants, and in the formulation of a host of barbarous terms for old facts. In other words, the whole method of study was of the analytic-synthetic type.

Some ten years ago Clements put forward the suggestion, regarded at that time as fanciful, that the formation is an organism; that is, Clements had come to the holistic conception of the formation, just as Carrel has come to it for the tissue. In his own words: "The concept of the complex organism was formulated as a logical consequence of recognizing that the development of the community is an organic process, carried on by means of functions and resulting in structures, essentially as in the individual plant or animal. The community thus came to be regarded as something more than the mere sum of its parts, as an entity in which the component individuals bear much the same relation to themselves and the whole as do the cells of metaphyte or metazoön. To biologists such a view appeared novel and startling when first proposed, and it was in consequence much criticized. In spite of this it is steadily gaining a wider acceptance and by dynamic ecologists generally is recognized as the corner stone of developmental ecology. This recognition has been hastened by its more or less independent use as the basic idea in the philosophical system of the emergent evolutionists."

So, in its own notion, science has made a new discovery. Through the New Physics the bolder spirits such as General Smuts are drawing close to the Theosophical position. They have recognized a space-time continuum and have seen that the organism has its wholeness in the new medium—that it is, so to speak, a hyperspatial entity, and that its "field" embraces conditions of existence which cannot be grasped through sensuous experience. The human senses, moreover, do not report accurately even that which is amenable to their reach, since, as has so often been pointed out, the perceiving mind is limited by desire. Furthermore, with the recognition of the organic nature of all Wholes, the fact of cyclic law as the method of all development is slowly coming to the fore.

Yet the scientist is still far from the Theosophical position. Though he recognizes the fact that organic evolution continually creates new wholes, he does not recognize the prœexistence of the thing created. Life, to him, is creative along the border of the advancing time wave. He has yet to understand the words of Krishna: "With one portion of Myself I establish this whole universe, yet remain separate."

The report of the Committee on Resolutions having been accepted with the thanks of the Convention, the Chairman called on Mr. Rivero to speak for the Rama Venezuela of Caracas.

MR. RIVERO: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members*, This is again the propitious day, the great solar day! The Venezuela Branch has done me the high honour of designating me as its delegate to "this assembly of men and gods". I have accepted humbly and with emotion the noble charge, realizing the high opportunity, the high responsibility it represents,—animated deeply by intense, disinterested fervour in serving the Masters.

With that character, therefore, and in that spirit, I have to-day the privilege of greeting the members of The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled, with the fraternal voice of their Venezuelan companions.

For some time I have been residing in this country, and know of the works of my Branch only through its organ, *El Teósofo*, and through the correspondence I have exchanged with my fellow-members in Caracas. I have just received a summary of the work done during the official year in behalf of the Great Cause, by the members of the Branch, and I am permitted to speak to you clearly in their name. My exposition here will be by no means a mere broadcasting, for my heart is ever a true receiver of the wave initiated by the effort of my companions, as if I were present there with them. This has been, in truth, an unprecedented experience for me. But is not Theosophy the total experience of life, whose synthesis includes in itself all consciousness, from its least significant manifestation to the most transcendental? Consequently, I am going to talk to you of the work of my Branch, lived by my companions there in one form, and by me, with them in spirit, in another.

To begin with, *El Teósofo* is opening a cycle of pre-Colombian investigations, of a mystic-religious character, with its study of the *Popol Vuh*. Quetzalcoatl is mentioned more to-day and one feels him nearer,—even the painters have placed him on their canvas; and Junapup and Ixbalamque, the heroes of the book, are thought of as living gods.

Among the collective studies undertaken by the members, I should mention (a) The letters of Mr. Judge to Mr. Hargrove and the luminous commentaries of the recipient, all of which form in one firm harmonious entity the historical epilogue of The Theosophical Society as seen from within, and superbly reveal how much we owe to Judge. In this connection, my fellow-members have asked me to let you know that in spite of the immense spiritual love for the figure of Judge, awakened in us by that admirable account in the columns of the *QUARTERLY*, in our Branch it was impossible to make that love any greater, for there it had already reached the apex of its fullness. Gratitude is the root of our Branch. (b) The three fundamental objects of The Theosophical Society—golden triangle of all activity, individual and universal—always are of a renewed actuality for our members. (c) The themes on the perpetual war between Good and Evil with its black progeny—extreme socialism and its horrifying sequels, for example—arouse frequently the most alert consideration. (d) The reports of the meetings of the New York Branch are read and fruitfully commented upon. The Venezuela Branch looks upon the New York Branch as on a guide, and endeavours to follow its direction and its programme. (e) Finally, at the meetings of our members, they read *Light on the Path* in the original,—and almost all continue with ardour to learn English.

Further, among the events of the Branch there stands out the commemoration of the centenary of the birth of H.P.B. It is opportune to mention also the homage rendered on that occasion to the glory of the Masters' Messenger by the important journals of Caracas, in pages of the warmest admiration. It was perhaps the only Capital of the whole world where, in that manner, she received a tribute so spontaneously significant.

An event of profound repercussion for the Branch was the passing of Mr. Johnston, whom many of the Venezuelan members had the rare privilege of knowing and loving. The Branch is grateful to him for that synthesis of his life in accepting with his death the will of the Master, as well as for his worthy resolution "to begin all over again". That is the legacy of his spiritual testament. May the intrepid servant repose in the militant peace and the eloquent silence of the Masters, while we hail him with the very words of the *Popol Vuh* that he cited, for our stimulation, in the first edition of *El Teósofo*: "Let the seeds germinate! Let the dawn arise!"

I could speak at greater length of the activities of the Branch, but I do not want to take advantage of your kind attention. Permit me only, for my companions ask it, to touch on one final point of profound significance for the Venezuelan members. It is this: they understand that at the head of every vital activity is one of the Masters of the Lodge as its representative and as its perfect incarnation. His work consists of awakening the human soul by means of his august guidance, by which is realized that evolutionary line in the heart of man. Our companions of Caracas direct me to tell you that, the two nights of meeting on which such a subject was discussed, inspiration rained upon them like a Pentecostal descent. Each member had discovered how his own destiny conducted him to an ideal, and how the Lodge of Masters was the sum divine of all the ideals of the heart of man.

In conclusion, if the Venezuela Branch could be represented by a sign, it would be that of

the swastika: perpetual motion; if by a motto, "Routine is the stupefier of Theosophy"; if by an immediate programme: The Lodge requires that we make ourselves disciples. Let us respond!

This is the propitious day, the great solar day!

THE CHAIRMAN: I do not know how many of us have had the privilege which has been mine, of actually seeing the magazine which the members of the Venezuela Branch produce. It is the greatest tribute to them that they *can* produce such a magazine. I think all of us feel a debt of gratitude to them, and of very sincere appreciation of the work that they are doing. [Applause.]

MISS HOHNSTEDT (Cincinnati): Like Mr. Rivero, I feel it a great privilege to be here, and realize the responsibility that is laid upon me. I think Conventions are always a time of solemnity, when our love and loyalty to the Masters is confirmed. I have with me something written by my brother which I was to read: "At a meeting last summer, when the work for the season was outlined, the members felt they would like to have a deeper understanding of Theosophy. A systematic study was suggested, and Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras*, translated by Mr. Johnston, was unanimously chosen. This, in connection with *The Secret Doctrine*, which we have been studying for a number of years, seems to supply our needs, particularly and generally. At that time it was pointed out that, owing to conditions existing in the material world, the faith, will, intelligence and endurance of every member would be tested during the coming season. Happily, our knowledge of Theosophy has enabled us to meet these conditions with confidence, and to see somewhat the guiding hand of the Masters behind the affairs of the world."

MRS. ROSE (Providence): I am asked to bring greetings from those members of the Hope Branch who could not come. I think their regret was perhaps more than in any other year, but it was not possible for them to come. We have felt the strain on our small section of the firing-line, perhaps more than usual. During the past year we have been exceedingly grateful for the reports of the New York Branch meetings. We have used the reports for the main part of the work in our class; we have used, in addition, some of the articles on the Holy Spirit in the old *QUARTERLIES*. What the Branch feels at the present time is gratitude that we know even a little of Theosophy; and to express something of that gratitude, we have tried to keep a cheerful face and not be downed by this wall of depression which seems at times almost tangible. My last word is: *gratitude*.

The Pacific Branch of Los Angeles was represented by Mr. Saxe, who read the following extract from a letter from Mr. Walter H. Box: "In any event, what we should most like is that, at the Convention, you think of us as often as you can, and, of course, hold us as near to your heart as you can; this, as we do the same for you and for all who will be there, as well as for those who like ourselves will not be able to attend. . . . I have imagined there will be more than one heartfelt, appreciative mention of Mr. Johnston; and if that should be so, and you care to speak for us, will you please say as from us all: that we beg and beg as, doubtless, every one who knew him has done, for a 'double portion' of his spirit, of his vision, power, and love, —of his 'mantle', as its simile was to Elisha at the passing and glorification of Elijah; this, as well as for an ever-increasing or overflowing measure of the inner light, life, and fire which must have burst forth radiant and vicarious and compelling from the Lodge to both far and near, at *his* passing; because he was as he was, as Cavé's January 'Fragment' so plainly shows. So that we may love and serve as *he* did." Mr. Saxe added, "I think hearing this will make us all wish more than ever that Mr. Box could have been here."

The invitation to speak was then extended to any other delegates who might care to address the Convention. As none volunteered, the Chairman said that "this Convention should not, because of shortness of time, curtail what we usually hear from the Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions on the state of the world". [Applause.]

MR. HARGROVE: I should suppose you would have had sense enough to be tired of the state of the world! However, so far as the state of the world means the so-called financial depression, the conviction of most of us is that nine-tenths of it is due to psychic causes. In this country,

the situation is not the same as it is in certain parts of Europe, because there is no doubt that, physically speaking, the wealth is here, the labour is here, the gold is here. (By wealth, I mean the natural wealth,—the corn, the wheat, the metals, the timber, and so forth.) Those in combination, ought to produce business, and one of the primary reasons that they do not produce business at the present time is a psychic fear that possesses so many people, which is merely nervous reaction, after the unnatural “boom” period which culminated and disappeared toward the end of 1929.

However true that may be, I want to suggest this for your consideration: If this country had done the right thing after the Great War, if it had recognized that its loans to the Allied countries had been made, not as business loans, but as a form of apology for not having entered into the war before,—I do not believe, myself, that there would have been any depression. There would have been nothing like the existing depression in the Allied countries. There would have been no such unwholesome “boom” as we had here in 1929. My point is not a political point, but the fact that if we try to do the right thing nationally, politically, and in our own lives, the results will take care of themselves. It is when we consider matters in terms of expediency that we become confused and almost inevitably do the wrong thing. After the Armistice, or in the beginning of 1919, if this country had considered solely what was the *right* thing to do in connection with these huge sums of money that England, France, Italy and other countries owe us; if this country had been ashamed of its long neutrality, and of its failure to take part at once in that war, which was a war for civilization, a war for justice, a war for righteousness,—there could have been only one decision; and, as I say, I do not believe there would have been a crisis in Europe to-day, or even in this country.

Another mistake was made, as I venture to see it, and that was the adoption of the theory that the present generation must be taxed sufficiently to pay for the war. Was that war fought only for the benefit of the present generation? Was it not fought for the benefit of future generations also? After the Napoleonic wars, on the theory that England had been right in fighting them, English statesmen agreed that the next dozen generations should, if necessary, help to pay for them.

In the case of the Great War, there was deplorable confusion of thought in this country as to why it was fought at all. The war began at the end of July, 1914. We were at once told, and were told with increasing emphasis, to be neutral in thought and in act,—told officially. Some people even tried to *be* neutral, I suppose—it should have been very difficult—while others were actively pro-German, and a few as actively pro-Ally. The country as a whole tried to make whatever money it could, by supplying ammunition, raw materials, foods and so forth to the Allies, and also to Germany when it could get things through. There were terrific outcries when the Allies interfered, as it was declared, with “the freedom of the seas”. What right, it was asked, had England or France to prevent this country from selling munitions, food or anything else to Germany? So it went on, with complete failure, except on the part of a very few, to see the real issue, to understand what it was all about. Not until April, 1917, was there a sort of last-minute waking-up to the idea that when all was said and done this country *was* concerned as to the outcome of the war—a brand new revelation, apparently. The sinking of the “Lusitania” had not precipitated our entrance into the war. It irritated people, but in itself was not regarded as a reason for war. No, it was instinctively felt at long last that Germany had become a danger even to this country, and that the American voter was sufficiently irritated to be willing to go to war—no recognition, even at that time, of what it was all about. “To make the world safe for democracy”! I do not believe a man in any army fought for any such reason. The idea was invented in Washington. It was not a human motive; it was—I was going to say a professors’ motive, but stopped in time! Fortunately, the professors here present will know exactly what I mean. Naturally enough, as the result of a complete lack of understanding, this country adopted the attitude, when the war was over, that it had to collect all it possibly could from the Allies; who had fought throughout those terrible years without the slightest help from us—millions of lives of the Allies sacrificed, as against less than a hundred thousand of Americans killed.

Another physical cause: while England has the Dole, we have our War Veterans. That is

one of the worst of scandals. We are asked to worry about scandals in New York, but what is going on in New York is child's play in comparison with the great American Dole system. From a carefully prepared statement in *The New York Times*, we learn that for the benefit of World War veterans, this country has paid out five and a half billions of dollars since the Armistice; and that sum does not include the interest on the money that has been borrowed in order to do it; nor does it include a billion and a quarter already advanced in the form of loans, nor two billions, three hundred and ninety millions of issued service certificates that are going to be redeemed sooner or later. So things have come to a point where, even on a five-and-a-half billion basis (only about half of what has been spent), the annual expenditure on World War veterans to-day amounts to one fourth of the total expenditure for all Government services. Things have been carried to this extraordinary point because, while the original bills were bad enough, politicians, wanting to catch a few more votes, have "improved" on those original bills. At the present time, under an amendment of 1930, a veteran injured by a taxi-cab in Forty-third Street, acquires privileges similar to those of a veteran wounded by gunfire in the Argonne. As long as a veteran lives, if he crushes his finger in his daily work, he acquires at least as much as a veteran wounded in the Argonne! When the country is vampirized like that, how can you expect it to be prosperous?

Those are three blunders which I think contribute largely to the physical causes of the present depression: the insistence on the repayment of Allied war loans, the folly of trying to force the present generation to meet all the costs of the war instead of distributing the cost over future generations, and this iniquitous "steal" that has been perpetrated by politicians in order to get the votes of the organized body of veterans.

People find it very difficult, somehow, to recognize facts. The world as a whole simply will not look at a fact, when an emotion of any kind is not in line with the fact. Take the question of disarmament: you know the feeling there is in this country for disarmament, and that Mr. Stimson is in Europe at the present time, working for disarmament. You know the feeling that France is an obstacle to disarmament; that her criticism of it is wicked, and must necessarily mean evil and hidden and imperialistic designs, though all that France asks is that we take the facts into consideration. America says: Look at us! "Look at our example: there is Canada, and that vast frontier-line with no forts, no guns: have we an army of half a million men, protecting ourselves against her!" America seems to think this an analogy for the situation in Europe, when the fact is that France has been invaded by Germany at least ten times in the last few hundred years.

What does disarmament mean? Suppose two men are neighbours, and that one of them owns one gun, and the other, three; suppose the man with three guns is compelled to surrender two, or even that both men are persuaded to surrender all their guns: is peace between them assured? If one of the men by nature is a robber and a thief, will he not take advantage of this "disarmament", provide himself with weapons surreptitiously, and attack his neighbour unawares? Not long ago I saw two taxi-cab drivers, not standing up and fighting, but rolling over one another on the pavement, blind with rage, trying to gouge out one another's eyes. They had no weapons except their hands.

Obviously people are going to fight if they feel like fighting, and you can go through all the motions of so-called disarmament without accomplishing a thing,—except an added exposure of peace-loving, treaty-observing, law-abiding nations, to attack. The disarmament programme is a complete refusal to recognize facts, and as it is one of the purposes of Theosophy to help us honestly to look facts in the face—not to deceive ourselves, not to permit ourselves to be hypnotized by shibboleths—it is important that we, as members of the Society, should never lose sight of the truth in this connection.

I should like to add something on a very different subject, if I may. I realize once in a while that some of us are growing older, and also that, as we grow older, life does not of necessity become easier. I connect that with what Mr. Johnston said about the last year of his life having been the most fruitful of any. My subject is Purgatory. What are the facts there? Every religion in the world teaches that, after death, man passes through a state or condition in which he is purified, before he can enter into the full possession of his higher consciousness.

There is only one exception to that general rule, and that is the Low Church section of the Protestant Churches, and they repudiate Purgatory for purely historical reasons. There was a time, as you know, when the Roman Catholic Church used the doctrine of Purgatory to collect money from the deluded, by the sale of "indulgences". That led to a revolt and to a reaction, and as part of the reaction, the extreme Protestant washed his hands of Purgatory,—said there is no Purgatory. But such sweeping gestures do not touch the facts. Buddhists, Hindus, Zoroastrians, Mohammedans believe in Purgatory, in some form or other. Even Protestants do, although they will not call it by that name. One of the books on theology which the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country requires to be read by candidates for the Ministry, was written by a Danish clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Martensen, a Lutheran. He has much to say about "the Intermediate State," as "a realm of progressive development, in which souls are prepared and matured for the final judgment", and he frankly admits that his objection to the term, Purgatory, arises from its abuse by the Roman Catholics,—an objection which I, for one, cannot regard as blameworthy.

All the great religions agree—esoterically in any case—that Purgatory, or purification, can be experienced here, while incarnated, as well as on the other side after death; and Purgatory, according to those who have "been there" (and there are plenty of people who have "been there"—Saint Catherine of Genoa perhaps the best known among them),—Purgatory is a process of purification which may become akin to a state of ecstasy, because of what is being achieved. Purification: a state of longing for the love not yet realized, for the vision not yet seen; intense suffering, yes, but suffering with open arms, pain welcomed, and in any case endured gladly because, somehow, to long is to possess; to desire to love, is to love; to suffer intensely, for love's sake, is to know love. Therefore, if life becomes harder, as it may become harder, there are two ways of looking at it: we can think of it, if we choose, as "bad Karma"; can think that we are "hardly put upon". That would be a feeble attitude. But we can think of it differently. Whose life has been perfect, whose personality is so transparent and clear that it will transmit the full light of the soul? Is it not better to welcome the purifying process in this life, rather than accept it only on the other side? Sooner or later it cannot be escaped. How can it be? Purification must take place. I am not speaking, of course, of the major purification, which leads to the "terrace of enlightenment." Reincarnation takes care of that, by providing purification extending over many, many lives. I am speaking now of what might be called the intermediate process: getting rid of the worst of the lower strata of the present personality, so as to be able, when we come to die, to see the truth once more, to see before us our real selves and the real selves of other people, to be able to pass those gates with open eyes, and to greet our friends when we get there. I speak of it because there is comfort and courage in the thought that the sufferings of the present are as nothing compared with what we ought to be able to achieve by means of that suffering; and that if more suffering awaits us, instead of anticipating it with dread, we should see in it an expression of the everlasting mercy, a provision by that mercy for our enlightenment and true joy.

The standing committees having been discharged with thanks, and the thanks of the Convention having been voted to its officers, the Convention adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,

Secretary of Convention.

JULIA CHICKERING,

Assistant Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

AUSSIG, CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

To the Members in Convention Assembled: In the name of the Branch I am asked to send you our warmest greetings with heartfelt thanks, wishes and hopes for the future in all works for the Masters.

It was told us that Mr. Judge used to say that if, as a result of his life's work, he were to know when dying that as many as seven people had understood him, he would feel that his work had been a success; but of course he meant to bring seven people into conscious discipleship.

All our efforts may be directed to that great success of him and his followers, to grow in that living power that can bring dry bones to life.

May the blessing of the Masters come over all members of the Society.

HERMANN ZERNDT,
President, Aussig Branch.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Once again it is my privilege to convey to you our heartiest greetings and good wishes; we shall be with you in heart and mind on this occasion, bridging the distance of physical separateness, for the special meeting we held on Convention Day last year was so successful—spiritually speaking—that we decided to make it a permanent institution. May you then feel our aspiration, our determined will to give, to serve, to the utmost, as we shall be grateful and joyous for the inspiration and encouragement it may be our privilege to receive.

We eagerly look forward to your deliberations each year, and we feel sure that the same warrior spirit, the same stand for truth and righteousness will prevail, as it has done so magnificently in the past. The call to arms was never greater, and when a valiant chieftain has fought the good fight, has kept the faith, and finished his course, it is for us more vigorously to press on to the objective that lies ahead. We therefore heartily welcome this gathering together of the individual spiritual force of the Society, that our souls may be stirred and refreshed for the warfare at our gates. We can appreciate the opportunity for retrospection that the lessons of the past may be learned, as we would seek those keynotes for the future which vision and understanding alone provide.

Let us then awake and come to life as we have never done before. Let us gird on our armour for the fray, and determine that we will be more worthy warriors in so great a Cause; that "from the stronghold of our Souls we will chase all our foes away—ambition, anger, hatred, e'en to the shadow of desire." In some such way as this can we alone repay the debt of loving service rendered, of consecration and self-sacrifice made manifest. In this spirit we gladly send our humble contribution of disinterested effort, of "embodiment", during the past year, and our best wishes, to the Convention. We trust that your deliberations may be strong in faith and purpose and blessed with the Masters' insight. It cannot, then, fail to be a day of joyful and thankful remembrance and an inspiration for the days to come.

E. HOWARD LINCOLN,
President.

AYLSHAM, ENGLAND.

Mrs. Bagnell wrote: As you know, our Norfolk Branch, for the last few years, has tried by means of a special study in April to prepare for Convention, so that we may be more fitted to take part in it spiritually and mentally, as we are not able to be there in person. I believe that we all find this very helpful, and when the comments on the special study come in, they are generally the best of the year.

In many ways this must be a sad Convention, for there are gaps in the ranks of our Leaders that must be painfully felt; but Convention, unless there is something very wrong with it, can never be anything but an occasion of deep gladness, of gratitude and rejoicing, and I am sure that this one will be the same as all the others have been. Indeed I am sure that it will be better still, for each succeeding one must be that; and I hope and pray that it may be a very wonderful one, and that its spirit will not only be felt all through the T. S., but will permeate the whole world and help greatly the work that the Masters are striving to do in it. It seems a very sick world just now, and one that needs help badly, but I think the very fact that so many nations are suffering acutely at present is really an encouraging sign, for it is only by

suffering, by a real agony, that they can hope to rise out of the slough of materialism in which they have been sunk, and to regain spiritual light and life.

... In all the tangled welter of world events, it seems to me that we must always try to see the working of the Lodge, and what it is trying to do for the nations; and so it would appear that much which at the time seemed a catastrophe, is being turned wholly to good.

Our Norfolk Branch, by a happy coincidence, began a study of Vol. II of *Letters that have Helped Me* about the same time as the Letters of Mr. Judge appeared in the *QUARTERLY*, and of course the latter have been of inestimable help to us. They have made much in the history of the T. S. far more clear than ever before, to those who did not actually live through it from the beginning, and it is impossible not to feel the most ardent gratitude to Mr. Judge for all he did for the Movement, and for all he suffered for it; and an intense desire to do one's best to help in carrying on the work for which he literally gave his life.

In sending our greetings and good wishes to members assembled in Convention, I feel sure that all our members here will be resolved to send out to it all the aspiration, all the spirit of unity and true spiritual brotherhood of which they are capable, so that in a very real sense they may be present, and later on may be able to grasp and to put into practice all that is given out in it.

Miss Bagnell wrote:—At this time our thoughts turn constantly towards Convention, and there is now the desire to prepare for it by every means in our power. Recently I read, in the February number of *Blackwood's*, an article which gave a vivid account of a hazardous enterprise undertaken in the true spirit of brotherhood. The task entrusted to a band of some twenty Englishmen, under a splendid leader, was to establish and hold a movable frontier in North Eastern India, and to maintain order among a set of debased native tribes, in the jungle. The work, which called on the utmost resources of courage, loyalty and endurance, from one and all, was accomplished by the united response of the band to the plan of the leader. Such a narrative gives us some understanding of the close ties which unite comrades-in-arms engaged in any true adventure, and it served to illustrate vividly, for me, that bond which underlies the Brotherhood in the T. S. To maintain the frontier line, to hold the outposts of Empire, is a task which must demand incessant vigilance, the result of long and arduous training, gladly undertaken.

There is always, of course, the reverse of the picture, and I find this illustrated in a verse of the prophet Baruch which I can never read without a pang of regret: "Young men have seen the light, and dwelt upon earth, but the way of discipline they have not known, nor understood the paths thereof." The regret comes, of course, for the opportunity wasted through weakness of will, through failure to concentrate on the essential discipline which is provided by the adventure of daily life.

So, whether we read the narratives of adventure with enthusiasm, or the account of failure with regret, both must evoke a renewed determination to concentrate energy on that discipline which is the basis of effective, united action.

At Convention time our thoughts are brought to a focus, in the union of intention and aspiration. May we all gain that illumination of the understanding, which will enable us (individually and as a whole) to work out the details of the task set us.

Our heartfelt good wishes go to Headquarters, and to all who will meet in Convention, whether present in New York, or united in heart throughout the world. May the Masters find true response from one and all, both at Convention time and in all the year that follows.

OSLO, NORWAY.

To the Secretary T.S.: To-day (April 9th) it is three weeks only, and the day of our annual Convention will have come once more. To me, as surely for many others amongst our members, it appears as if each coming Convention is of growing significance, and such surely must also be the fact, seeing that we are all striving towards a goal, and once in the course of *time* this goal shall be attained, presupposing only that we never cease striving. And so we may trust that with each coming Convention we are nearer our goal. On the other hand we are

feeling, I think, that this goal is beyond time and in a sense we may be there every moment. Such a feeling we have in our higher moments, when all within and without is Silence and our hearts are going in love to all being. I think the Convention day is a day when we all are striving in common to unite in this feeling in which there is no sentimentality, but surely a *Prayer*: Thy Kingdom come! Thy will be done! and in every single member the *Prayer*: May I too be faithful to my trust in the coming year and more and more from moment to moment! Then once the moment shall come when the said feeling is no more limited by time, but having found our Master we understand and realize words such as these: "My meat is to do the will of him who sent me, and to finish his work". And *then* we are living in Eternity, although working still in time.

We intend to have a meeting on the Convention day, and surely we shall with you remember also our "living dead ones", amongst whom is this year also to be numbered Mr. Charles Johnston. And I trust our hearts will go with thanks to all who give their life to our Cause, whether they are in or outside this body of earth. Kindly forward to all members in Convention assembled the sincere greetings of the Oslo Branch.

HENNING DAHL,

Chairman, Oslo Branch.

TORONTO, CANADA.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Toronto Branch sends fraternal greetings and best wishes for a most successful Convention.

At the very end of the *Key* we read: "If the present attempt, in the form of our Society, succeeds better than its predecessors have done, then it will be in existence as an organized, living and healthy body when the time comes for the effort of the twentieth century. The general condition of men's minds and hearts will have been improved and purified by the spread of its teachings, and, as I have said, their prejudices and dogmatic illusions will have been, to some extent at least, removed. Not only so, but besides a large and accessible literature ready to men's hands, the next impulse will find a numerous and *united* body of people ready to welcome the new torch-bearer of Truth. He will find the minds of men prepared for his message, a language ready for him in which to clothe the new truths he brings, an organization awaiting his arrival, which will remove the mechanical, material obstacles and difficulties from his path. Think how much one, to whom such an opportunity is given, could accomplish."

Yes! Let us think of it and work for it; for does not the making of this splendid ideal into a living reality depend much on our efforts to-day?

There is a saying which is not always true, but is in this case, that nothing succeeds like success. Thanks to our leaders, and the sincere efforts of members everywhere, there is no doubt that The Theosophical Society has had a fair measure of success. In life, success often means failure, one reason being that while the outer man has succeeded, it has been at the cost of the inner; high ideals have been sacrificed to expediency. This is not true of the T.S., and we have cause for thankfulness in the fact. But let us remember that the moment we attempt to rest in the success we have attained, that moment we commence to die.

It is always a great pleasure to read the greetings received from foreign lands where English is not the national language. We think of the different modes of life, and in some cases, limited opportunities as compared with ours, to whom even the use of the language in which so much of our literature is written is a great advantage; and yet do we not feel in their message a language common to us all—the language of the Soul? Salutations to them all.

It has been said of Gautama Buddha that he rose on the shoulders of a million men. We may apply this even to our Convention. The smallest efforts for Theosophy, if sincere and from our hearts, all go to the building up of that force which helps make possible the success which attends these Conventions. One pictures in one's imagination the continuation of these annual gatherings unto that time when the new Messenger arrives. What a Goal to work for!

ALBERT J. HARRIS,

Secretary.

WHITLEY BAY, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: the members of the Whitley Bay Branch send fraternal greetings. As the date of the Convention draws nearer, we have the feeling of travellers returning after a long voyage. We seem to have gone out on a voyage of discovery since the last Convention, and at last we have returned home to the meeting place of kindred souls. We have a sense of completeness, of unity, which brings with it a feeling of serenity and peace, and underlying it all is gratitude and appreciation, that as members of The Theosophical Society we belong to something great, something really worthwhile, something which is true and is therefore everlasting. The Wisdom Religion requires a definite attitude towards life, and this requires definite knowledge, and the hours of Convention give us renewed energy for another voyage of discovery and aspiration, with the confirmed knowledge that we are going in the right direction.

Further, we know that this directed aspiration of the members, or even of one member, into the realms of spiritual consciousness, will draw all of us nearer the ideal of Universal Brotherhood through the gateway of the Lodge. To-day we are standing with you shoulder to shoulder, facing in the direction of this gateway, and with hope that the Convention will again mark another step forward in our pilgrimage.

FREDK. A. ROSS,
President, Blavatsky Lodge.

BERLIN-WILMERSDORF, GERMANY.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Once again that you are congregated for a solemn purpose we beg to transmit to you our heartiest greetings and sincerest wishes for a successful Convention.

We are looking back upon a year of quiet and harmonious work. In this connection we avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by this day to express our deepest gratitude towards all contributors to the QUARTERLY who have given us through its columns every support and enlightenment.

With all friends united at the Convention we think at this hour—with our hearts filled with gratitude—of our leader Mr. Johnston, for us gone home too early, to whom we German members feel especially indebted. His spirit and labour educated us to that spiritual heroism, not even to complain at his death. What a consolation is our belief in the living dead, which fills us with renewed vigour to follow them through the door thus opened!

We are still occupied with the study of the Convention report of 1931, which keeps our hearts and minds open for the influx of its wisdom.

The darkness about us is getting more dense every day; the spirit of opposition is growing; the will "to make reparation" is, to the majority of our people, equal to High Treason. Maybe the ever-growing sorrow and despair will bring about a change, and lead all those who are of good will on to the Right Path.

Our hearts are turned to the Masters. We pray that They may help us—in spite of the darkness surrounding us—to do our work in accordance with Their Will. Convention-Day will find our hearts and souls united with yours!

On behalf of the Wilmersdorfer Study Class,

OSKAR STOLL.
ALFRED FRIEDEWALD.

POST-RAUBLING, GERMANY.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: In knowledge of the great privilege and favour it is to share in spirit, heart and mind on this occasion, we send fraternal greetings and good wishes for a successful Convention in 1932.

Afflicted and heavy of heart, we must report that, in Germany, there is no spark or sign of turning to God and his Law, through repentance and expiation, but quite the opposite.

Permit us to speak of Mr. Charles Johnston, whom we came to know personally in 1911. His visit at that time left a continued impression,—the spark in our hearts, which came from

his heart. During the catastrophe of the World War, as darkness overcame us, this spark was living, and although it was almost impossible to see the truth, the interior voice told us: "Mr. Charles Johnston and his friends cannot be wrong; he is right, he is right". The spark became a light by which to see "the waving Colours on the walls": that advance H.P.B. and W. Q. Judge; that advance Jeanne d'Arc 500 years before. We are deeply thankful to all these Messengers of the Lodge, deeply thankful to Mr. Johnston, as members living in Germany, to whom he was once of such great help, and is also to-day. We believe we owe it to him that we are to-day still members of the T.S. We feel painfully his loss in the visible world, but must turn this into devotion and humility, into enthusiasm for the invisible world, thus following his example to us, and accomplishing the will of the Masters and their workers, and becoming worthy of those "waving Colours on the walls".

MAX KOLB.
ELSE KOLB.

TRIESTE, ITALY.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled, New York: Dear Fellow Members, Since my last greeting, the world's affairs have become every day worse by the absolute spiritual blindness of mankind. Not one can distinguish between the good and the bad, and compromise with the Black Forces is our every-day experience.

I look far over the ocean to you with the hope that the spark of heavenly light may not be permitted to perish and may become in the future the flame, which shall help mankind to find again the hidden Path to the Higher Self, at present completely lost and forgotten.

We are at this time with you, heart and soul, and are sure that the blessings of Convention will be felt by all Members present or far-away.

A. PLINIO.
TH. PLINIO.

HAMBURG, GERMANY.

While recently reading a book bearing on psychical matters, I came across the following challenge in a discussion between the two opponents:—"If he is in touch with angelic beings, let him give us a philosophy which is higher than mortal mind can evolve". Although it had no allusion to Theosophy, it struck me, on reviewing what I had read in the past 12 months, as applicable to Mme. Blavatsky: That is just what H.P.B. did! The Theosophical philosophy brings to mankind the most beautiful conception of Life, here and hereafter,—the understanding of its sublime character merely being limited by our own limitations. Even the little glimpse I have so far succeeded in obtaining, has been sufficient to convince me of that.

Thinking of the loss of my Father, in the light of Theosophy, and the death of Mr. Johnston and Dr. Keightley, and what was written in the *QUARTERLY* on these occasions, not to mention the articles in connection with the Centenary of the birth of H.P.B., the book "In Memory of H.P.B.", etc.—Theosophy certainly removes altogether the terrible sting of Death. That alone would be sufficient to wish and pray that mankind would and could accept the comfort and understanding offered in the doctrines given forth in the Wisdom Religion.

HARRY KNOFF.

ONEAL, ARKANSAS.

To the Secretary T. S.: Next Saturday will be Convention day, a day we all look forward to as a day of great privileges to those able to attend; also to those whose hearts and thoughts are true to the purposes of the Movement, and to the Ideal set before us. And if our privileges are great, greater are our responsibilities as representatives in the outer world of the Great White Lodge,—and to the extent that we assimilate the Lodge Ideal, and serve its purposes, we are its representatives.

I just wanted to send a word of sincere greetings to all members at Convention; and how proud I shall be to know of the Unity of heart and purpose which will characterize this most important of all Conventions! I feel that great events are approaching, and may appear sooner than some of us expect.

No need for me to praise the QUARTERLY,—I do not know how to do so—to me, each issue is better than the last; I can but try to be grateful for its teaching, and its influence in the world.

I very greatly appreciate "Reports of proceedings of the N. Y. Branch Meetings".

"Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you", is said to be the "rule and doctrine of Masters of Wisdom",—may it be ours also.

WM. E. MULLINAX.

AUSSIG, CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

To the Secretary T. S.: You may believe me this letter I am sending to you comes out of a heart full, full of thankfulness. Thankfulness and love I wish to give with all the longing of my soul, for all the great help and kindness that I have received between Christmas and now. But my gift is small and humble I know—I will trust it to that Master who fed five thousand people with only five barley loaves and two small fishes. It was all his disciples were able to produce—but by his blessing the food was multiplied and the Master stilled the hunger of so many people.

In this way I have faith and trust in the coming Convention, and like the Christian disciples I give all my thankfulness, all my love—as much as I am able—to the great Masters and combatants,—to H. P. Blavatsky, to Mr. Judge, to Mr. Griscom, to Mr. Johnston, and to the leaders of the Society in this time in the outer world—all, all I have so much to thank, including the QUARTERLY.

My letter would not be quite clear to me, if I did not think also of one thing to which every Convention points; it is: to grow into a real combatant for Masters! May the light of the Convention help us in this during the coming year, so that if the Master were to come to us, he may find us watching, and fighting with light and understanding—soldiers in reality!

MARIE WILLKOMM.

Delegates and members showed deep interest in the reading of Letters of Greeting, including, in addition to the foregoing, letters from Mr. Arthur W. Barrett (Massachusetts); Mr. Birger Elwing (Texas); Miss Evans and Miss Wallace, President and Secretary of the Branch in Denver; Miss Eleanor Evans (England); Miss Anna Fjæstad (Sweden); Miss Gorich and Mrs. Box (California); Mr. Herman F. Hohnstedt, President of the Branch in Cincinnati; Miss E. Howe (England); Mr. O. Ihrke (Germany); Mr. R. Jäger, Treasurer of the Aussig Branch, Czechoslovakia; Mr. González Jiménez, Secretary of the Branch in Caracas; Miss Jennie B. Tuttle (California); Mr. Richard Walther (Germany); Mr. Percy W. Ward, Secretary of the Branch in Gateshead, England; Mr. Friedrich Weber (Germany); Mrs. Rossie Jane Whittle, Secretary of the Branch in Middletown; Mr. Franz Willkomm (Czechoslovakia); cablegrams from Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Bagnell and Miss Bagnell; from Mrs. Raymond (Japan), and telegrams from Captain E. W. Hamlen and Mrs. H. P. Moser.



REVIEWS

General Botany for Colleges, by Dr. R. E. Torrey, Assistant Professor of Botany, Massachusetts State College; The Century Biological Series, Century Co., New York; price, \$3.50.

This book was written by an expert who undoubtedly understands his subject as few do, and who owes his understanding in large measure, we believe, to his refusal to regard his "field" as isolated from the rest of the universe,—the stultifying habit of most specialists. The result is a treatise which cannot fail to be of interest and value to everyone who would study life as a whole, as well as to those who make a special study of Botany. Dr. Torrey's conclusion expresses the hope that readers will have derived from his pages a better, deeper, broader vision of evolutionary processes. He adds: "It is not possible or desirable that all of us should become botanists, and in this book the needs of the cultured humanist have been kept in mind, as well as those of the scientist. All of us are human beings first and scientists afterwards, and the laws of evolution which we have seen written in the plant world are the laws of evolution of all life—of your life and of mine. In studying these laws in their universal application you may, if you will, find some of the deepest satisfactions which life has to offer, and, as the years go by, you may slowly win to the concept of a living, organic universe whose highest values are not alien to those of human nature." T.

The Secret of the Golden Flower, a Chinese Book of Life, translated and explained by Richard Wilhelm, with a European Commentary by C. G. Jung; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London, 1931; price, 12s. 6d. net.

The late Richard Wilhelm was a German Sinologue who must have had exceptional endowments, for according to his friend, Dr. Jung, he became "a pupil of a Chinese master of the old school" and "an initiate in the psychology of Chinese yoga." He explains that *The Secret of the Golden Flower* comes from an "esoteric circle" and that it is based upon an oral tradition going back to the Eighth Century. It is supposed to record the instructions of Lü Yen, one of the Eight Taoist Immortals and the reputed founder of the religion of the Golden Elixir of Life. In its actual state, however, the little treatise is clearly a fusion and a mixture of many elements. There seems to have been a deliberate attempt to blend certain Taoist and Buddhist metaphysical teachings. There are also passages which might be Chinese translations of some Indian tantric work on Hatha Yoga or Pranayama. This is not surprising, when one recalls the history of Northern Buddhism. The pure Mahayana doctrines have been frequently travestied by partisans of tantric magic, and when the great Buddhist missionaries entered China they were followed by other missionaries who did not teach Buddhism but a perversion of it. It would have been miraculous if the Chinese had always chosen rightly between the two.

The book offers another difficulty. It is written in a cipher which is susceptible to various interpretations. One must pay due tribute to Wilhelm for the way in which he has unravelled a consistent metaphysical scheme from its sentences. Thus he identifies the "Golden Flower" with the elixir of life, the secret of immortality. "Each individual contains a central monad which, at the moment of conception, splits into life and essence, *ming* and *hsing*. . . . In the personal bodily existence of the individual they are represented by two other polarities,

a *p'o* soul (or *anima*) and a *hun* soul (or *animus*). All during the life of the individual these two are in conflict, each striving for mastery. At death they separate. . . . The *anima* sinks to earth as *kuei*, a ghost being. The *animus* rises and becomes *shên*, a revealing spirit or god. . . . If the life-forces flow downward . . . into the outer world, the *anima* is victorious over the *animus*; no 'spirit-body' or 'Golden Flower' is developed and, at death, the ego is lost. If the life-forces are led through the 'back-flowing' process, that is, conserved and made to 'rise' instead of allowed to dissipate, the *animus* has been victorious, and the ego persists after death. . . . A man who holds to the way of conservation all through life may reach the stage of the 'Golden Flower', which then frees the ego from the conflict of the opposites, and it again becomes part of *Tao*, the undivided Great One" (p. 73). There are remarkable analogies between these concepts and the theosophical teaching concerning Buddhi-Manas and Kama-Manas, the spiritual and animal souls in man.

The work prescribes certain yoga exercises which are intended to initiate the process of the "interiorization" and immortalization of the ego. One may give the Chinese "esotericists" the benefit of the doubt and assume that they attributed a mystical and spiritual meaning to the description of these exercises. But the practices outlined in the text can only be described as tantric, in so far as they are ostensibly concerned with the methods of stimulating certain nerve-centres in the physical body. The literal and obvious meaning of the words suggests that the "Golden Flower" may be cultivated by the control of the breath and by "fixing one's thinking on the point which lies exactly between the two eyes." The dangerous illusions which are nourished by such injunctions are fortunately lessened by the incompleteness of the instructions, as also by the fact that the average Western reader will not have the slightest idea as to what it is all about.

Dr. Jung, the Swiss psychiatrist, has his own private key to the cipher of this "Book of Life". He has the highest praise for the Chinese sages whom he greets as brother-psychiatrists. Their object, he believes, was the same as his,—to reconcile and to harmonize the demands of the subconscious instinctive self with the demands of the self-conscious and rational ego. The psychic conditions which accompany the process of reconciliation "are expressed symbolically in our text, and in the very symbols which, for many years, have been well-known to me in my practice" (p. 93). He is not concerned with the possible objective reality of the "Golden Flower" or with the actual technique of Chinese yoga, for he has the circumscribed mind of the specialist and tends to assimilate only that aspect of an idea which can be adapted to his specialty. It follows that Dr. Jung's commentary is a very interesting revelation of Dr. Jung's theories, but that it has very little to do with the mysterious reaches of consciousness to which the Chinese book points, because those reaches are beyond the narrow domain which the psychiatrist lights up with his little lantern.

There is one point which cannot be passed over in silence. Speaking of the Occidental who ruins body and spirit in the attempt to take over Oriental yoga practices, Dr. Jung says that "Theosophy is our best example of this mistake" (p. 79). It is a regrettable fact that many people who call themselves Theosophists have by their behaviour given others a very false view of Theosophy. Dr. Jung may rest assured that members of The Theosophical Society founded by Madame Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge are not in the habit of practising Hatha Yoga anywhere at any time, for they have too much respect for the Wisdom of the East to imagine that it can be acquired in this way.

S.V.L.

Moral and Religious Aphorisms, by Benjamin Whichcote; Elkin Mathews and Marrot, London, 1931; price 7s. 6d.

After an interval of nearly two hundred years, this devotional treasure of the seventeenth century is republished. An introduction by Dean Inge—in his better manner, entirely free from "modernistic" suggestions—gives the historical setting of the book, and indicates its value. In seventeenth century England, there arose two groups of men—laymen and ecclesiastics in each group—who inherited the Renaissance tradition (see "Eastern Influences in Mediæval Christendom", THEOSOPIICAL QUARTERLY, April, 1932), and made it their endeavour to win recognition for the *realities* of Christian thought and life as distinct from theological

dogma. "They tried to knit again the threads which had been severed by the long isolation of the West from the East" (p. IV). One group, Royalist and High Church, centred at Oxford, around Lord Falkland; the other, Puritan and Low Church, worked at the sister university, Cambridge, and hence is known as the Cambridge Platonists. Dr. Benjamin Whichcote (1609-1683) was the leader of the second group. As head of Emmanuel College (Cambridge), Whichcote directed his own pupils to the study of Plato and Plotinus, for the elucidation of St. Paul, his general aim being to "recall the Church to her old loving nurse, the Platonic philosophy" (p. VI). The influence of that seventeenth century movement was silent, but potent, and "no one can doubt", Dean Inge writes, "that Coleridge and Wordsworth were in the line of succession" (p. IX).

As a result of the unusual stand made at Oxford and at Cambridge, for *experience* as distinct from *dogma*, in the last quarter of the seventeenth century there were produced many works of a mystical character. Sermons of Bishop William Beveridge (1637-1708) are one example. Another example is a small treatise entitled *The Life of God in the Soul of Man*, by Henry Scougal (1650-1678), an obscure Scotch clergyman who died in his twenty-eighth year. That the writings of Beveridge and of Scougal should be studied by the brothers Wesley (John was born 1703) while students at Oxford, is not surprising. It does surprise, however, to learn that Scougal's tiny volume was carried to Virginia by Scotch emigrants, was noticed there by Anglican missionaries who had the book reprinted at Philadelphia, first in 1725, and again in 1795. A copy of that later edition found its way to Emerson (born 1803, one century after John Wesley), who studied, marked, and annotated it. Truly, as Tennyson has so beautifully said, "the whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Books by Whichcote are scarce, and could hardly be expected to circulate widely. The present edition gives an opportunity to obtain, "in black and white", from an orthodox Anglican ecclesiastic, words that support and reinforce certain theosophical teachings,—for example: "Both Heaven and Hell have their foundations within us. Heaven is an internal reconciliation to the nature of God, and to the rule of Righteousness. The guilt of conscience, and enmity to Righteousness, is the inward state of Hell. The guilt of conscience is the fuel of Hell."

Some sermons by Whichcote and his associates were republished in 1901 (after one hundred and sixty years) by the Clarendon Press, under the title, *The Cambridge Platonists*, E. T. Campagnac being the editor. Those interested in the subject should watch in old book shops for that volume, which now is out of print.

C.

The Vision of God: The Christian Doctrine of the Summum Bonum; The Bampton Lectures for 1928, by the Rev. Kenneth E. Kirk; Longmans, Green & Co., 1931; price, \$10.00.

This book is of great interest and value. It is addressed to serious students of Christian thought; and though its method is that of German "thoroughness", it fortunately is without German pedantry, and contains justly severe strictures on some German scholarship. The unfolding of Christian history at its very heart and centre—the Vision of God—draws us closer to the hidden springs of merely outward action, and so, for students of Theosophy, gives something of a perspective of Lodge activities and Lodge achievements. The literature covered is enormous; there are acute critiques of ancient and modern writers; fundamental principles are not lost to sight in the wealth of illustrative detail; and, as a result, the final conclusion, so far as it goes, gathers irresistible force: "Worship stands out as the only means by which service can be purged of a self-centredness which renders it all but unserviceable; and the doctrine that man's first duty is to look towards God in the spirit of worship, which is the fundamental truth implied in the Christian thought of the vision of God, receives its vindication" (p. 463). At a time when many in the Theosophical Movement are looking for "God-instructed men to lead the nations", the formal and conspicuous reassertion in Christian terms of such a need for Vision first, and only then of "service", is important and significant.

Nevertheless, the limitations imposed by certain fundamental conceptions in this outstanding book, would almost certainly bring about once again the rejection of men of true

Vision, and the denial of their message, if they should appear conspicuously among us to-day. These eight lectures, elaborated after delivery, survey the history of Christian thought and action on the main purpose and avowed aim of all Christian endeavour. That purpose, and that end, are epitomized in the phrase, "The Vision of God". This ideal is all-embracing, because it includes "salvation", it includes "the kingdom", it involves "eternal life" (p. 466). "The pure in heart shall see God", and, as Irenæus paraphrased: "The glory of God is a living man; and the life of man is the vision of God". But what was meant by "seeing God"? And above all, by what discipline and course of life might such a vision be attained?

Christianity, like Hinduism or Buddhism, has provided many answers, from extremes of mere Formalism to extremes of Asceticism and Mysticism, arising out of the widely varying mental and spiritual degrees of development of its followers. Looking back over nineteen hundred years of Christian thought and experiment, Dr. Kirk is convinced that a compromise between the extremes of mysticism on one side, and of a mere Protestant "system of moral law" (p. 429) on the other, has evolved the highest conception yet conceived of what the Vision of God should really be. It may now be seen as proved from the Christian experience so ably traced in this book, that a rich and fruitful life in the world, a life of true "service", cannot be attained unless based on "worship", and actuated first and foremost by the high and true experience of some Vision of God. This is an advance on the earlier attitude of the Church;—but Dr. Kirk fails to point out that this earlier attitude was in itself a compromise, was what virtually amounted to a lowering of its colours. When persecutions ceased, and men became Christians by a simple affirmation of adherence and the administration of an outer rite of baptism, the high ascetic ideals and rigorous discipline of, let us say, a St. Paul, were utterly beyond the understanding, let alone the attainment, of the worldly majority. An almost inevitable consequence was the acceptance of a "double standard" or "two lives"—the active and the contemplative—rendered classic in St. Augustine's "Two Cities" (p. 330),—though it is noteworthy that this compromise was rejected by the Theosophical Schools at Alexandria, and notably by the theosopher Clement of Alexandria (p. 314). Already men were perforce acting in the light of their own best knowledge, because full and higher understanding of the Master Christ's teaching had been overlaid. The Buddha had founded his Order—a specially selected group within the Buddhist community, which latter, like the Christian community, split up into churches—and the highest mystical teachings, and Vision, could be sought and found in the Order by those desirous of devoting their lives to that end. But Christianity failed to maintain outwardly the original foundation of the Master Christ. In the course of time, the exoteric Religious Orders provided a partial substitute; but these were one and all founded by men—however wise and devout—and were, moreover, regulated and supervised by the ecclesiastical hierarchy, their rules and discipline modified by its decrees. A thousand years of actual experiment with monasticism followed, during which time the Contemplative Life was held up as the only safe way and true means of attaining the Vision of God in this life. But the actual institution was not an unqualified success; corruption became scandalous; and the very nature of the ideal excluded the ordinary man and tended to deny him the possibility of genuine, independent attainment. The experiment of the "Two Lives"—the life dedicated to Vision, and the life dedicated to action—was seen to be inadequate. In effect, both, each in its own way, had become largely "Formalist". So finally Benedict XIV officially proclaimed, what Bernard of Clairvaux and Ignatius Loyola first popularly taught, that the "Mixed Life" was the ideal life, conforming to the teaching and example of Christ himself.

But here a new difficulty had to be met; and Dr. Kirk does not solve the problem: he meets it—with virtually all the Churchmen of to-day—by a compromise. Because the Church as a whole cannot vicariously transmit its own highest vision (as still exemplified by its contemplatives and "mixed-life" religious), the practical ideal of the Mixed Life has been lowered to accommodate the limitations and demands of the majority of men, who are worldly-minded and who intend to remain so. Moreover, where, to-day, are there Churchmen who dare to appeal to actual *vision*, to first-hand experience? What reception would they get if they did? Where are the seers officially recognized as such? It is true, as Dr. Kirk concludes, that:

"Like can only be seen by like—it is therefore only as worship creates in him some likeness to the character of Jesus that the Christian can achieve his goal" (p. 467)—but the ideal of a possible achievement is actually as limited as the words "some likeness" are indefinite. The Vision of God has been, for practical purposes, lowered to the level of an ordinary man's comprehension. Fortunately, Dr. Kirk not only does not decry, he staunchly maintains the validity and desirability of higher, of mystical, experience. But he can only see Plato's doctrine of "reminiscence" as "mythical" (p. 212); he describes "Christian gnosticism and the theosophies of contemporary paganism" as "not so much an endemic disease" as "an epidemic of the whole of contemporary thought" (p. 212); and, sympathetic as he means to be, he is so led away by modern hard-headed "scholarship" that he writes: "The most generous appreciation of Philo, or the apocalyptists, or the mysteries, or the 'Hermetica', must admit that here and there at least they may have been victims of illusion—it was not always God with whom they had communion, when they thought they saw Him. . . . Sometimes they merely reproduce the conventional jargon of contemporary theosophies. . . . Their quest was primarily a selfish one; their motive to secure for themselves, either here or hereafter, an all-absorbing religious experience. For reasons which become clearer as we proceed, the Church undertook the amazing task of transforming this self-centred cult of the divine into an ideal of disinterested worship and service. In doing so she altered the entire doctrine of the vision of God" (p. 54).

This last statement is a true one, though its writer fails to appreciate its significance. Of Occultism he knows nothing; for him it is completely swallowed up in its counterfeits. Insisting that the counterfeits are the only real, it becomes inconceivable that Christ should be an Occultist, with all that that implies. Because he does not see the logical necessity of a Lodge of Masters—of "just men made perfect"—even in the sense of a vital and acting communion of saints, with its corollary of chelaship and the path of discipleship; because he denies reincarnation; and because he sees a man's opportunity here only in terms of one life, Dr. Kirk can write about "turning the other cheek, about taking no thought for the morrow, about laying up no treasure on earth, about forsaking parents and possessions, about bearing the cross", as extremes: "The spirit which pervades them constitutes an *erratic block* in the teaching of Jesus whose provenance—other than his direct intuition of supernatural truth—must for the moment remain unknown" (p. 63); or again: "S. Luke included the wife among the list of persons whom the disciple must 'hate', or 'leave'—a very *sinister* addition to the Marcan source" (p. 75; italics in both instances ours). How could it be otherwise? Rule out Theosophy—"The Wisdom of God and the Power of God"—rule out Masters as custodians and interpreters of that Wisdom, rule out the full significance of the Incarnation in the light of the ancient teaching of Avatars, rule out the training of chelaship and the inner development and age-long evolution of the spiritual man as the goal of human evolution, rule out the very possibility of coming to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven for the simple reason that there really are no such mysteries to know—at least not here and now—and why should not common sense and an enlightened worldly wisdom pronounce judgment on the extreme intuitions of "supernatural truth", vaunting the elimination of inexplicable or inconvenient texts as "higher criticism"; and why should one's vision be directed *wholly* away from "this" world, and centred *wholly* in that "other" world?

One puts down this book grateful to the author for his intellectual integrity, his stimulating erudition, his life-long labours, his sound worldly sense. But with the light of Theosophy, as restated and interpreted for us by Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, this book makes one realize anew the present-day need for Theosophy itself, and why it was that the Movement of this century re-emphasized just the teachings that it has. There is something tragic in the thought that so much labour, such erudition linked with sterling honesty of purpose, should, for lack of certain keys which were the common property of the priesthoods two millenniums ago, serve to confirm Churchmen in the rightness of their ignorance. One comes to realize also something of the magnitude of the task the Lodge has undertaken in striving to show men a way out, and "to make men wish to walk in it when shown".

S.

Ancient Civilizations of the Andes, by Philip Ainsworth Means; Scribners, 1931; price, \$7.50.

One has fascinating but vague notions about the Incas. One has heard that they had a great Empire, that they built magnificent forts, and temples where they worshipped the Sun under the image of a huge disk of pure gold, and that their buried treasure is still undiscovered.

If one should wish to find out everything so far known about the civilizations of the Andes, the Empire of the Chimus and the Empire of the Incas, he should read Mr. Means' book. At a time when the body politic of the West seems so sick, it is helpful to read of the rise and fall of ancient nations. Mr. Means draws some very interesting comparisons and contrasts between their problems and our own. His book is written in a charming style, with a gaiety and humour all too rare in archæologists.

ST. C. LAD.

Thought Transference (or What?) in Birds, by Edmund Selous; London, Constable & Company; price, 7s. 6d.

Based on years of exceedingly careful and thoughtful observation, this little volume studies the collective or mass movements of birds, and comes to the inescapable conclusion that: "Thought-transference, so it seems to me, in so far as it can be held to explain, is the *only* explanatory hypothesis that can be offered" (p. 61). The author goes even further in his most suggestive hypotheses: "I am considering only the problem of collective action, and would ask how is it possible for an extended troop of hundreds of birds to rise all together from the ground, at one and the same instant, as though threaded on a labyrinthine wire, except through an impulse acting upon them in their entirety, as upon one individual? At the least there must be thought-transference, but perhaps it is even something more, the units of which the flock is composed seeming here to take the place of the different cells in the brain of such single units, so that the impulse to action comes, as one may say, from the flock brain to the flock body" (pp. 42-3). He argues also that if thought-transference can be shown to exist in nature independently of man, it removes all scientific prejudice against its appearance in man as a normally possible development of his faculties. By way of commentary on this unusually interesting book, we might quote Madame Blavatsky (*Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge*, I, p. 13): "Even on this plane of ours there are other and various intellects, besides those of man, in creatures visible and invisible, from minds of subjective high and low Beings to objective animals and the lowest organisms, in short, 'from the Deva to the elephant, from the elemental to the ant'. Now, in relation to its own plane of conception and perception, the ant has as good an intellect as we have ourselves, and a better one; for though it cannot express it in words, yet, over and above instinct, the ant shows very high reasoning powers, as all of us know. Thus, finding on our own plane—if we credit the teachings of Occultism—so many and such varied states of consciousness and intelligence, we have no right to take into consideration and account only our own human consciousness, as though no other existed outside of it."

Q.

The Samaritans of Molokai, by Charles Dutton; Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, 1931; price, \$3.00.

Most people have heard of the leper colony on Molokai, one of the Hawaiian Islands, but few realize that they have heard of it because of the heroic work of Father Damien and Joseph Dutton, who transformed it from a veritable hell into the "model leper colony of the world". All of us have a private collection of heroes whom we love personally, and we shall place these two men in our own.

Father Damien, a Belgian priest, hearing of the horrible state of the lepers exiled on Molokai, volunteered to go to them and left that very day on his mission. He found the lepers living in almost indescribable conditions of misery, starvation, filth and degradation. Entirely alone, he organized the colony, built them houses, tended their wounds, ministered to their needs, material and spiritual, and wrested from the authorities food, clothing and supplies. He himself contracted leprosy. When he discovered it, he simply began his morning sermon "We lepers", instead of "Brothers", as before.

Joseph Dutton was an American who had served with a magnificent record in the Civil

War. Reading of the work of Damien and of the needs of the lepers, he went at once to Molokai. For practically forty years he never left the colony. He says, "Seek a vacation? Why, I have a vacation all the time, every blessed moment of the time, every moment of all these blessed years, in doing what I like, what I think my soul needs. Anything else would be slavery." He did not contract the disease, but lived to the age of eighty-seven to carry on the work. When he died in 1931, the colony had become what it is now, as healthy and pleasant a place as possible in such circumstances.

Students of Theosophy can read this book with profit, for they may learn from the lives of Father Damien and Brother Dutton something of the qualities required in the work of the Great Lodge.

ST. C. LAD.

The Person of Evolution, by W. D. Lighthall, LL.D. (McGill); Macmillan, 1930; price, \$2.00.

Dr. Lighthall has adopted, as a working hypothesis, the idea that the living organism is a "model of the make-up of the known universe". His "Person of Evolution" is a sort of Planetary Spirit, the synthesis and united life of all creatures upon this earth. But though it is a synthesis, it is also to be regarded as a defined and individual consciousness. It is, therefore, both transcendent and immanent, unknowable by all lesser entities because it is, in a sense, distinct from them, but also knowable in as much as it is "so closely associated with the individual self as to raise the question of a larger Self" (p. 26). As the physical body of an animal or plant is both a colony of cells and an organized unit, so the "Person of Evolution" is both a Person and a colony of many lesser persons. He avoids theological implications by refusing to identify the "Person of Evolution" with Deity, but he is convinced that it is a "Directive Power", a "vast consciousness-structure [in the universe] operating upon and through its physical structure, whose urge is towards the achievement of measureless happiness" (p. 106). It provides "a new element for guidance in discussions of the nature of the Outer Universe. The physicists are naturally limited to structure and order, the biologists to conditions of terrestrial life. The Directive Power comes straight out of the outer universe and gives meaning, intelligence and resource to Energy" (p. 200).

Dr. Lighthall's theory has many affinities with certain fundamental tenets of mystical philosophy. Mystics and occultists have always affirmed that "the universe is everywhere conscious and organized in higher and higher circles of life, of which the nearest to us is our globe itself, of which we and all things upon it are organs". However, the arguments of the mystic are more convincing than Dr. Lighthall's, because the mystic bases his assertions upon the data of a genuine science of consciousness. Dr. Lighthall seeks the main support of his thesis in modern physics and biology. It is impossible to "prove" the fact of consciousness by any reference to the data of these sciences, for the simple reason that the modern scientist deliberately disregards consciousness as a factor in his calculations. His purpose, which he effectively achieves within certain limits, is to record and to measure the phenomena of the objective world. There is only one way of gaining certitude about any state of consciousness, and that is to have an immediate experience of that state in one's own consciousness.

However, Dr. Lighthall has written an interesting and valuable book. He has failed to prove his theory, but this does not mean that his theory is not a good one. Above all, he has proved that he possesses the precious faculty of intellectual intuition.

V. S.

Fragments, Volume One, by Cavé; Quarterly Book Department, New York; price, \$1.50.

All students of Theosophy will welcome a new edition of this book. The Mosher Press has been very successful in duplicating the original edition which was printed by the DeVinne Press of New York. To cover the cost, the price of each of the three volumes of *Fragments* has been raised to \$1.50. There can be no need to speak here of the immense value of these little treatises on discipleship and the spiritual life. It is a hopeful sign that there is a steady demand for all three volumes.

E.T.H.

QUESTIONS OF MANDEALIM ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 371.—*When striving to escape from a stereotyped "saying of prayers" into real praying, to whom should one speak,—to the Logos, or the Higher Self, or each to his own Master if he knows who He is?*

ANSWER.—Prayer presupposes, always, the recognition of a power higher than oneself. The real concern of the one who prays is not the name by which to identify this power, but to turn the prayer, which with the ordinary man is merely *petition*, into *will* prayer. This demands, not the craven asking of a Higher Power to do this or that in behalf of the one who prays, but postulates, on his part, a desire to share in the will of that Power, and an unflinching determination to carry out that will in whatever degree it may be indicated. As he loves and seeks to do this will, it will be revealed to him. As he makes his co-operation conscious and continuous, he will begin to distinguish to *What* or to *Whom* he speaks, through having earned the right to such knowledge.

Such is the attitude and prayer of the disciple. He does not attempt to shift his responsibility as does the ordinary man of the world. He does not ask some Power arbitrarily to solve his problems for him. He co-operates manfully and whole-heartedly in working them out. To the extent to which he co-operates, he puts himself on a footing with his comrades of the Inner World, and comes to know them as they are. G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—The simpler one keeps it, the better. Real prayer is communion, an interchange. If one is striving to escape from mere repetition of words into real praying, one is only, in a sense, at the starting-point of effort. At that stage, is it conceivable that there can be communion with the Logos? At that stage, too, fancied communion with the Higher Self may turn out to be only a brisk interchange of words with the Lower Nature.

The first step would appear to be identification with the Higher Self, the constant holding of the thought that, in the words of Mr. Judge, "I am the Higher Self". The ensuing step, whether or not that identification is final and complete, would be the attempt to reach one's own Master, whether or not one knows who he is; and, having made that attempt, the third step would be to listen.

Stereotyped prayers, the following of ritual and the repetition of words hallowed and sanctified by the aspiration and devotion of countless numbers of people, possess a reality and an efficacy of their own. They can be used to concentrate the attention, and the reality in them fortifies the effort, until there comes that movement of the heart which makes communion possible. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—What makes one wish to escape from the stereotyped "saying of prayers", to real prayer? In that desire is the key to the answer. Real prayer is the longing for union, for likeness, the yearning of the soul for its home. We should use our intuition, the intuition of the heart. If one does not know the name of his Master, it is of no great consequence. A Master's love for his children is not changed by their knowledge or ignorance of his name.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—One cannot pray to an abstraction. Prayer is an intimate, personal relation with one's Master when one knows who he is; when He is not known, the aspiration and longing to know Him would reach Him, as the Lodge is a brotherhood, and a real appeal would never be lost or ignored. In that world, we are told, a real desire or need is *always* met.

G. H. M.

ANSWER.—There could surely be no fixed rule, for each soul has its own special needs and aspirations; each soul responds to special conditions. The heart of each must be the guide. "Prayer is a mystery, an occult process", says the *Key to Theosophy*, where we read (pages 45-6) about "will prayer", and that the occultist addresses his prayer to "our Father in heaven" in its esoteric meaning". In a letter to "Mrs. S." (*Quarterly*, Vol. XI, pages 167-8), Cavé wrote: "My idea of prayer, personally, is conversation with the Master—very intimate, adoring conversation, which leads to communion with him: an interchange, and then a sense of union". Is there any essential difference between these? The important issue is the "spiritual transmutation", by whatever approach that spiritual transmutation be attained.

T. A.

QUESTION NO. 372—*Although we are told that Masters do not always agree as to details of procedure, is it not true that in all that pertains to the salvation of mankind they agree perfectly?*

ANSWER.—Masters undoubtedly agree perfectly on what they are seeking to accomplish for mankind. There is no difference of purpose or of opinion about the goal, but there may be different views in regard to the wisdom of particular steps at particular times, when success or failure depends upon the response from the world, or upon the continued fidelity of weak human agents. The decision to entrust so much of the ancient wisdom to The Theosophical Society, will only be justified if we, its members, prove ourselves faithful to our trust. While there may not be agreement in advance among Masters about the expediency of any particular step, we may be sure that, once it has been determined upon, every Master works to the uttermost for its success.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—They must; otherwise they would be working at cross purposes. Take ourselves, members of The Theosophical Society, for example. We do not all follow the same details of procedure. What a cut and dried affair it would be if we did! But we do agree as to the main object of the Society: "to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity." If we did not so agree we should be working at cross purposes, and the Society probably would go the way of former outer expressions of the Movement.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—It would be difficult indeed not to believe that Masters see eye to eye in regard to the real needs of humanity, the possibilities for spiritual growth and development latent in men or in groups of men. Any failure on their part to agree among themselves, could only be as to the most effective ways and means to adopt, at any given moment of time, for the accomplishment of their united purpose.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—The salvation of mankind is the main interest of Masters in this world. Masters differ widely in characteristics, as they have infinitely more forceful individualities than ordinary men, which naturally and inevitably leads to differences in method; but this would involve no real disagreement.

G. H. M.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875



THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

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The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.



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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.



OCTOBER, 1932

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IS THERE PURPOSE IN EVOLUTION?

IS there purpose in evolution? Sir J. Arthur Thomson, the eminent Scotch zoölogist and biologist, asks this "question of questions" in the last chapter of his recently published book, *Riddles of Science*. He suggests an affirmative answer, basing his argument upon a life-long observation and study of scientifically determined facts. His deductions are of special interest—as it seems to us—because he has such a profound and even excessive respect for established scientific methods. One recalls the very different deductions which have been drawn by other biologists from the same scientific data. It is an indication of a changing tide in scientific thought when a positivist, like Sir Arthur, is inspired by the spectacle of order and beauty in Nature to postulate a directive power or creative purpose which was present in "the unthinkable Beginning."

"The object of our discussion", he says, "has been to ask whether the apparent blindness of Nature's workings in the realm of organisms is not largely a bogey. It is grotesque to call Organic Evolution a 'chapter of accidents'. The fortuitous has shrivelled before increased knowledge; and Natural Selection is discriminate shifting in reference to an already established *Systema Naturæ*. We have also noted a number of features that are in harmony with the trans-scientific idea that the Order of Nature was originally endowed in a way that we should call, in human affairs, well thought out. There seems to be a steady, though inconceivably slow, advance of life from monad to man, and man—even now—is no anti-climax. The whole process of evolution has been such that it has had as its highest outcome a human society at its best. We have become accustomed to consider man in the light of Evolution, solidary with the rest of creation, but do we often enough try to envisage Evolution in the light of man—of man at his best? . . .

"Our question has been: Is the idea of purpose congruent with the scientific

facts?—nay, more: Do the scientific facts in any way suggest the interpretation that Nature expresses a purpose? Our answer has been in the affirmative, and since the scientifically known System of Nature, being largely unconscious, cannot be credited with a purpose, we are led to think of a Creator's Purpose. . . .

"We should suggest that if there is a purposefulness behind Evolution, and if man is an instalment of one of the purposes, it may be our most urgent and practical duty to try to discern more of the great evolutionary trends so that we may assist in the fulfilment of more of the purpose. We must study the tactics so that we may share more fully in the realization of the strategy" (pp. 362-364).

THE UNIVERSALITY OF LIFE

Sir Arthur's view of life is in pleasant contrast to the materialistic and mechanistic interpretations of evolution which were so dominant in Madame Blavatsky's time and which she so heartily excoriated. It was one of her fundamental propositions that there is no "dead matter" in the Universe; that the so-called inorganic kingdom has a life and consciousness of its own. We find Sir Arthur saying practically the same thing. He wonders what Huxley and his contemporaries meant when they spoke of living organisms arising naturally from non-living matter.

"If they actually emerged from the non-living, then the non-living is a subtler thing than our forefathers supposed; and everyone knows that the old idea of the deadness of non-living matter has gone by the board. It is of the very essence of evolution to be *integrative*, to build up higher and higher wholes, and as General Smuts puts it: 'Matter, Life and Mind, so far from being discontinuous and disparate, appear as a more or less connected progressive series of the same great process'. Perhaps we make the unsolved problem of the Origin of Life more difficult than it really is by forgetting that it must have been not merely a biochemical but a biopsychical synthesis" (p. 26). A student of Theosophy would add that we have not only made the problem difficult by neglecting the biopsychical aspect of all living things; we have, in fact, made solution of the problem impossible.

THE BIOCHEMICAL AND THE BIOPSYCHICAL

We do not believe, however, that Sir Arthur has made sufficient use of his own good advice. Like other scientific evolutionists, he limits his investigations to the physical aspect of life. He seems to favour the so-called theory of "emergent evolution" in his effort to imagine a process whereby the purposes latent in matter can become actualities in space and time. Thus, reflecting upon the strange "emergence" of man in the evolutionary series, he remarks that "there is reason to believe in a saltatory variation—a mutation of magnitude—which lifted the early Hominoids from the pit" (p. 344).

It should be obvious, however, that an abrupt "emergence" of a new form is as suggestive of chance or accident as of purpose. In appearance it is nothing but an interruption of a normal sequence of cause and effect.

Why do "emergences" and "mutations" and "saltatory variations" occur? In our opinion the theosophical teaching alone offers a logical and consistent solution.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, the evolution or manifestation of life is represented as a dual process which cannot be understood unless due weight be given to each of the two phases which constitute the duality. There is the physical or "biochemical" phase, the slow *ascent* of a "subconscious" life through a series of increasingly complex organic forms. This is the aspect of evolution which is the exclusive subject-matter of biology and palæontology. But, also, there is the spiritual or "biopsychical" phase, the *descent* of a "superconscious" life into matter. These two movements are said to be in constant interaction, and self-consciousness in its infinite gradations is described as the product of that interaction.

"Spirit and Matter, though one and the same thing in their origin, when once they are on the plane of differentiation, begin each of them their evolutionary progress in contrary directions—Spirit falling gradually into Matter, and the latter ascending to its original condition, that of a pure spiritual Substance. Both are inseparable, yet ever separated. On the physical plane, two like poles will always repel each other, while the negative and the positive are mutually attracted; so do Spirit and Matter stand to each other—the two poles of the same homogeneous Substance, the Root-Principle of the Universe" (*S. D.*, I, pp. 267-268).

In terms of this conception, therefore, the purpose of evolution is definable as the development and increase and refinement of self-consciousness. "The Universe exists for purposes of Soul." But it is not supposed that the "biopsychical" or superconscious factors in Nature are, in any sense, derivatives of the "biochemical" or subconscious. Spirit seems to "emerge" from matter, because its interaction with matter can only be "scientifically determined" when this interaction becomes sufficiently intense to effect the embodiment of some spiritual quality in physical form.

THE SCIENCE OF CONSCIOUSNESS

The meaning of the theosophical philosophy is missed if it be regarded merely as one more metaphysical theory or creed, for it is founded upon the conviction that real knowledge exists and is attainable. The student of Theosophy has reason to believe that there are living men who have discovered and know, not theoretically but actually, the purpose in evolution upon this planet, and who effectively assist in the fulfilment of that purpose. But if the teaching of Theosophy be an exposition of the knowledge of Masters, it is not a system of dogmas pronounced *ex cathedra*, but a working hypothesis, a stimulus to experiment, a guide of experience, a way whereby all men can ultimately enter into their heritage of real knowledge.

The way of real knowledge has been called the science of consciousness. As in every science, the student is expected to accept tentatively certain axioms and postulates before beginning his course of experiment. If the axioms be sound,

it must follow that they will become progressively self-evident, as they are applied practically and in detail.

Such an axiom is the Hermetic proverb: "Man, know thyself, and thou shalt know God." It is postulated that the study of the purposes of one's own soul provides the key to the understanding of a Divine Purpose in the Universe; that the nature of the human being, according to its degree and capacity, mirrors the nature of Being in general.

This is the basis for the statement that Spirit and Matter "are inseparable, yet ever separated" and "begin each of them their evolutionary progress in contrary directions." The two lines of evolution are discovered by the individual in his own self, and through this revelation of the ground of his own existence he gains the power to recognize the polarity of Spirit and Matter wherever he looks in Nature. In other words, it is introspection which unlocks all mysteries for him; but the success of the introspection is dependent upon the degree to which he conforms his action to the vision of an ideal which opens for him. Spirit and Matter release their meaning, in so far as he is able to personify spiritual qualities in his own life and to provide them with a physical vehicle.

THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS

Riddles of Science is rich in illustrations of the queer by-paths into which modern scientists so easily stray and get lost. In each instance, their difficulties are caused by their effort to interpret every phenomenon in physical terms alone. Sir Arthur Thomson himself has not escaped from the obsession that all states of consciousness are effects of physical antecedents. The theories which he records or proposes, to account for various human habits and qualities, are often so bizarre that one wonders whether he takes them seriously. However, one seldom notes what is bizarre in one's own notions.

We give one extreme example, taken from the chapter on "Why do we dream?" Many people have had dreams of floating in the air, but probably very few have taken the trouble to read what our best scientists have to say upon the subject.

"Various theories have been suggested to explain this sort of dream, e.g. that it is related to the baby's early experiences in the bath. One psychologist of distinction has sought to relate it to the piscine chapter in the pedigree of Vertebrates—some hundreds of millions of years ago! We would hazard the suggestion that it is an organic reminiscence of floating in the amniotic fluid before birth. All these theories have to face the obvious difficulty that the dream experience is of floating in air, not in water. In any case, flotation may serve to illustrate a primitive type of dream, which we may call 'primary reminiscence' " (p. 294).

To comment upon this would be as futile as to explain a joke. At any rate, no theory of one's own could possibly be any more grotesque. Therefore, one is emboldened to suggest that "flotation" in dreams may sometimes be the effect of a very different type of "primary reminiscence". Thus Plato in the *Phædrus* speaks of the soul's dim memory of its ancient glory, when "with the happy band following in the train of Zeus or of some other God, it saw a vision and was

initiated in most blessed mysteries, which it celebrated in the state of innocence; . . . shining in pure light and not yet enshrined in that living tomb which we carry about, now that we are imprisoned in the body as in an oyster shell."

The following question and answer were published in *The Path* (III, 21).

"During sleep I have a feeling that I can fly by an intense act of will. I then float in dream over the ground, my body seeming rigid. The force exhausted, I have to descend. What is your explanation of this?"

"It is part of the effort of your inner man to demonstrate to your outer self the existence and action of unrecognized and unfamiliar forces, which every man has in him the latent power to use. Dreamless slumber is better."

The reader is free to choose any explanation which seems fitting to him. But we invite him to consider which explanation of "flotation" is more fantastic—that the soul is striving to endow the personal man with some awareness of his divine possibilities; or that we are re-living in our sleep the experience of some hypothetical ancestor who was a fish in the Devonian Age!

THE EVIL EYE

The following is taken from *The New York Times* (June 25th, 1932).

"Syracuse, June 24.—The 'evil eye' of ancient superstition has been found by scientific experiment to have a definite basis in fact, it was reported here to-day during the closing sessions of the summer meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Dr. Otto Rahn, Professor of Bacteriology at Cornell University. He told of investigations conducted by him recently on 'the influence of human radiation on micro-organisms'.

"The human eye, Dr. Rahn declared he found only a few days ago, emanates a form of radiation similar in its action to that of ultra-violet rays and strong enough to kill yeast cells if held sufficiently close. Not only the eye, according to the speaker, but the tip of the nose as well emits ultra-violet radiation strong enough in some instances to kill yeast cells or to retard their growth. The strongest radiations obtained so far, Dr. Rahn stated, had been those from the finger-tips, the right hand usually radiating more than the left, even in left-handed persons. In fact, he added, it could be shown that the human body as a whole sent out rays, from some persons more than others, so that the term 'magnetic personality' might possibly involve a purely physical factor. The intensity of the radiation, Professor Rahn continued, varied with different individuals and with the same individual under different conditions. Sex did not seem to make any difference, he added. While the radiation from plants was generally stimulating and beneficial, Dr. Rahn said, that from human beings was usually destructive. The effect was not due to a difference in kind, but to a variation in the intensity."

Professor Rahn's discovery was a subject of much comment by the press. For example, the *New York Herald Tribune* (July 3rd, 1932) published an editorial warning "would-be mystics" against the idea that anything out of the ordinary had happened. It refers to the fact that science is already familiar with several other phenomena of the same type.

"Nine years ago, in Russia, Dr. Alexander Gurwitsch discovered that living cells in the rapidly growing roots of an onion have power to stimulate the growth of other onion roots placed near by. . . . The influences have been reported, too, from animal muscles, from blood, from yeast cells and, perhaps, most interesting of all, from the growing cells of a cancer. . . . Dr. A. Neville has shown, for example, that the onion root effect may damage the delicate membrane on the front of a living animal eye. . . . Dr. Austin H. Clark of the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, has proved that dead and dried butterflies preserved in the institution's collections can be made to print their images on photographic plates as though the insect bodies were radio-active. Cod liver oil and several of the vitamins have been shown to possess, at least at times, similar photographic potencies. Dr. I. A. Balinkin, of the University of Cincinnati, has demonstrated invisible rays emitted from slightly heated and electrified alum crystals. Only a few weeks ago there were reported to the Academy of Sciences in Paris experiments suggesting similar actions at a distance emanating from ordinary metals.

"Probably the truth is that there occur in living matter, and sometimes in things that are not living, slow chemical changes which may emit either ultra-violet rays or gaseous emanations. There would be nothing more mysterious in this than in such well-known chemical changes as the hardening of mortar or the slow toughening of the film of linseed oil in paint."

There is nothing mysterious about it, although it is an important addition to human knowledge. Fifty years ago, when the study of electric waves had only begun and radio-activity was unknown, the idea that human and other bodies are surrounded by a "photosphere" and send forth radiant energy, would have been scientifically classified as a rank superstition.

It is natural to suppose that the human body emits rays for the same reason that other physical bodies become radiant, as an effect of chemical or electrical action. In this respect, one may justly assume that there is no distinction between human bodies and onions. But as one might expect, no scientist seems to have considered the hypothesis that it may be possible for man to control or to modify the stream of cosmic energy which passes in a rapid eddy through his organism. Yet there would be nothing more mysterious in this than in the muscular and nervous control which we all exercise continuously.

A student of occultism does not doubt that the eye, like the spoken word, can be used as a transmitter of will-power by certain individuals who are either born with special endowments or who have undertaken a necessary course of training. Indeed, it has been said that every volition tends to manifest itself outwardly through the body, with an energy proportionate to the conscious intent which was put into the volition. "A good thought is perpetuated as an active, beneficent power, an evil one as a maleficent demon. And so man is perpetually peopling his current in space with a world of his own, crowded with the offspring of his fancies, desires, impulses and passions."

Doubtless, the average man's thoughts and passions are so feeble or so uncoördinated that they can make very little objective impression upon any phys-

ical substance. But if one be willing to look for it, there is plenty of evidence that a benevolent or malevolent desire of sufficient potency can greatly increase the intensity of the natural energies flowing through the body. As we shall see, it is the occult theory that such a desire not only increases the volume of a force but also modifies its nature—perhaps by quickening its vibrations.

So we come to the "evil eye", the very doubtful discovery of which was hailed with somewhat immoderate enthusiasm by the gentlemen of the press. Certainly there is a great gulf between the vicious entity, who uses the *jettatura* or *mal'occhio* with deliberate intent to kill, and the ordinary person whose eye naturally emits rays which in a laboratory are fatal to a few bacteria. But there can be little question that the "evil eye" is a terrible fact in Nature. In *Isis Unveiled*, Madame Blavatsky speaks of people "who can kill toads by merely looking at them and can even slay individuals. The malignance of their desire brings evil forces to a focus, and the death-dealing bolt is projected, as though it were a bullet from a rifle" (I, 380).

PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL DYNAMICS

Madame Blavatsky identifies the forces involved, with the "astral fluid" which was used beneficently by Mesmer in his magnetic cures. In the theory of Mesmerism, the astral fluid of animal magnetism has been described as a subtle form of the same energy which imparts its attractive power to the lodestone,—as if there occurred an actual transmutation of the gross energies of Nature through their contact with organic bodies, and especially with a human body galvanized by a determined will. In the nature of things, at the present stage of human evolution, a determined will may be good or bad, altruistic or selfish, benevolent or malevolent. It may send forth the bolt which kills, or its radiance may strengthen and purify and heal.

Let us recall Sir Arthur Thomson's distinction between the biochemical and the biopsychical. Without doubt physiologists can analyze and define the biochemical energies which are active in the physical body of man as they are active throughout animate Nature. These energies man shares with the animal and vegetable kingdoms, for he draws them from his food, and it is not likely that they are often greatly transformed when they pass out of his body. But why should there not be a real transformation of biochemical energies when they are controlled and vivified by the biopsychical agencies of imagination, desire and will?

A Master, whose letter is quoted in *The Occult World*, has referred to the transmutation which takes place when any force is used with a purpose.

"In conformity with exact science you would define but one cosmic energy, and see no difference between the energy expended by the traveller who pushes aside the bush that obstructs his path, and the scientific experimenter who expends an equal amount of energy in setting a pendulum in motion. We do; for we know that there is a world of difference between the two. The one uselessly dissipates and scatters force, the other concentrates and stores it. And here please understand that I do not refer to the relative utility of the two, as

one might imagine, but only to the fact that in the one case there is but brute force flung out without any transmutation of that brute energy into the higher potential form of spiritual dynamics, and in the other there is just that. . . . The idea I wish to convey is that the result of the highest intellection in the scientifically occupied brain is the evolution of a sublimated form of spiritual energy, which in the cosmic action, is productive of illimitable results; while the automatically acting brain holds, or stores up in itself only a certain quantum of brute force that is unfruitful of benefit for the individual or humanity. The human brain is an exhaustless generator of the most refined quality of cosmic force out of the low, brute energy of Nature; and the complete adept has made himself a centre from which irradiate potentialities that beget correlations upon correlations through *Æons* of time to come. . . . Nature consciously prefers that matter should be indestructible under organic rather than inorganic forms" (pp. 128-131).

"You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson", said Edwards; "I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in."—BOSWELL.

To the clear eye, the smallest fact is a window through which the Infinite may be seen.—HUXLEY.

FRAGMENTS

WHATEVER the darkness and sorrow,—trust, for the Eternal ways are sure; and though we seem engulfed in loneliness, we are in reality surrounded by that cloud of witnesses, who, one with us in heart and purpose, it matters not how humble our place, yearn over us in our struggles, guide, encourage, urge us on, with infinite love and solicitude. Let us trust them also, even though weak hearts may not discern them, for they are part of the Eternal ways.

There is something finer than the ardour of youth, and that is the endurance of experience. Ardour may turn to dust in the impact with disaster; but he who has faced the worst and lived through it, not once but many times, lived to know that he *can* live through it, and so meets serenely what fate may have in store, goes forward undaunted, undismayed.

Experience is our best teacher, it has been said: why then shun and evade it? Life is a serious matter, and the most serious thing in it is the doubt and indecision of our own desire. Hence the first part of the field that we must win is that horizoned by ourselves. As we sail further, the horizon widens, until we return to that from which we set forth. All nature emblazons our oneness with the Divine.

One with the Divine, what trick of fate can harm us? Surely in our thought of it alone can the evil lie, for it also is part of the Eternal ways.

What other ways are there?

Watch, with eager and steadfast eyes, for the dawn upon the hills. In good time it will come, in the best, the perfect time, adjusted to Karmic law, laden with blessing.

It will come with hush and coolness, with still and fragrant breath; with the Master's peace it will come, the peace he gives to the disciple who is as himself,—a Warrior tried and true.

Not to the man who waits can it come, nor to him who avoids the conflict; not to the fretful, not to the objector, not to the fear-ridden, not to the over-sure; but to him who battles to the end,—with back against the wall and broken sword, it may be.

Watch, watch, I say, for the dawn upon the hills.

And what if you never see it, O you of most valiant heart! What matter were that, so be the dawn *come*, and the Master see it, and the comrades see it, and enter with him into its glory.

O that were Dawn indeed!

CAVÉ.

BERGSON'S VIEW OF MYSTICISM

Remember, O disciple, that great though the gulf may be between the good man and the sinner, it is greater between the good man and the man who has attained knowledge; it is immeasurable between the good man and the one on the threshold of divinity.—LIGHT ON THE PATH.

THE publication of a new work¹ by Henri Bergson increases the debt which Europe and America owe to this philosopher. For nearly fifty years, he has borne witness to the spiritual powers latent in man. He is almost unique among modern thinkers, in so far as his method of approach to reality is essentially introspective. In this respect, as in others, the Western philosopher whom he most resembles is Plotinus. His life, like that of Plotinus, has been a progressive meditation upon states of consciousness, and as each of his books has appeared, it has given proof of some new extension of his knowledge of the inner world. It is a law of Nature which anyone can test for himself, that no one can meditate upon a state of consciousness without increasing and deepening it. Bergson himself has described meditation as a creative power corresponding to the cosmic force which creates the successions of living forms in Nature. He says somewhere that consciousness is that from which one can always draw forth more than it seems to contain.

Bergson has generally avoided explicit reference in his books to mysticism, but he evidently believes that the time has come to leave on record a statement of his sympathies and intentions. *The Two Sources of Morality and Religion* is an unequivocal defence of the mystical tradition. It is more than a defence, for he goes further, affirming that a renaissance of mysticism is absolutely essential to the salvation of the human race, which is "half-crushed beneath the weight of material progress", and which is in danger of destroying itself, unless it recovers some sense of spiritual values.

According to the theory which he set forth in *Creative Evolution*, the vital force, the *élan vital*, attained one of the objectives for which this planet exists, when after æons of development a species at last emerged with a definite measure of intelligence and self-consciousness. When man appeared, it might have seemed that the creative process was complete, and that the *élan vital* could do no more. Such an idea, as Bergson shows, harbours a serious illusion. Intelligence and self-consciousness are invaluable acquisitions for the spirit, but once they are attained, they must be continuously purified, transmuted, *re-created* out of their own substance. Otherwise they will lapse into automatism and mechanism, like so many other "failures of Nature", or they will become agents of destruction. There are intelligent and self-conscious devils.

Therefore, a new victory must be won, or the advantage, which was gained

¹ *Les deux sources de la morale et de la religion*, by Henri Bergson; Librairie Félix Alcan, Paris, 1932.

with the generation of the human species, will be lost. It is the rôle of the mystics to lead humanity in the battles which must be fought. The *élan vital* cannot accomplish the re-creation of man without the active coöperation of individual human beings. It would be more accurate to say that it cannot continue that re-creation, for every great cycle of history has been marked by the emergence of men of genius who raised themselves above the mass of mankind and by their example induced a new vision and a new will in those who came within the range of their influence. These great personalities, according to Bergson, attained this power to move others by virtue of their conscious self-identification with the undivided creative power in Nature, the *élan vital*, the source of all life and consciousness upon this earth. It is impossible then to say who or what really continues the work of creation, whether it be the impersonal force of universal Life or the personal force of the perfected man, for the two, the Father and the Son, have become one.

Doubtless, the reader will have already surmised why Bergson speaks of a dual origin of ethics and religion. He refers to the duality of human character which has been so consistently stressed by the mystics and occultists of every age and of every race. For example, one recalls the Taoists of ancient China who spoke of the two Ways always open to the human being, the Way of Heaven and the Way of Man.

Bergson classifies ordinary ethics and ordinary religion as normal products of human nature in its average condition. Why do most of us, even in New York in the Twentieth Century, cause comparatively little trouble to the police? Everyone has a right to speak for himself, for there are as many motives for good citizenship as there are individuals, but one is constrained to agree with Bergson that the general and fundamental motive is the sense of a social obligation. A large part of the personal consciousness is centred in what he calls "the social self", *le moi social*. "It is society which traces for the individual the programme of his daily existence. We cannot live in a family, conduct our profession, . . . walk in the street or even remain at home, without obeying prescriptions and submitting to obligations. A choice is imposed at every instant; we naturally choose what is conformable to rule. We are scarcely aware of what we are doing; we make no effort. . . . Duty, thus understood, is performed almost always automatically; and obedience to duty, in most cases, may be defined as a following of the line of least resistance. . . . There are evidently cases where obedience implies an effort against oneself. These cases are exceptional, but we note them because they are attended by the intense consciousness which accompanies every hesitation. . . . In a certain sense, it would be false, and in any case it would be dangerous to say that duty can really be performed automatically" (pp. 12-14).

A human society is an expression of a tendency that seems to be omnipresent in Nature, the tendency to organize units into groups. Thus the physical body may be defined as a society of cells, and the societies of ants and bees are so perfectly integrated that the biologist feels justified in comparing the life of the individual insect to the life of a cell in an organism. Bergson insists,

however, that human societies must be radically distinguished from these others, inasmuch as they are not held together primarily by instinct or by some obscure "magnetic" attraction. One must never forget that at every moment the individual is free to accept or to reject the duty to obey any social obligation. That is why human societies are less efficient than insect communities, where crime and egotism are presumably unknown; but by compensation they are incomparably more plastic, more susceptible to transforming influences.

Bergson believes that the natural function of non-mystical or "static" religion is to reinforce the sense of social obligation by placing the check of irrational fear or hope upon the egotistic tendencies which appear simultaneously with the development of intelligence and self-consciousness. He also suggests that many of the "superstitions" which are associated with myth and ritual have a definite biological function, inasmuch as they neutralize the terrors which are supposed to fill the life of primitive man,—the terror of storm and earthquake, of sickness and death, above all, the terror of the unknown. Much that he says on this point is open to serious question, for he accepts too readily the current theories of anthropologists concerning primitive states of mind. It is really a "superstition" of our own time, to believe that all magical rites are merely gestures translating the desires of the participants, and that all myths are pure fables, having no significance in themselves, but serving the purpose of heartening the good citizen and of frightening the evil-doer.

"Of all the creatures which live in societies", says Bergson, "man is the only one that can deviate from the social order by yielding to selfish concerns when the common weal is involved; everywhere else the individual interest is inevitably coördinated with the general interest or subordinated to it. . . . Man cannot exercise his faculty of thinking without imagining an uncertain future which awakens fear or hope. He cannot reflect upon what Nature demands of him as a social being, without saying to himself that it would often be to his advantage to neglect his fellows and to think only of himself. In both cases, there would be a rupture of the normal, natural order. However, it is Nature which has intended him to be intelligent. . . . It is impossible that she should have taken no precautions to make certain that this order would be no sooner disturbed by intelligence than it would be automatically reestablished. . . . [Static] Religion is a defensive reaction of Nature against the exercise of intelligence, in so far as this may be a source of depression in the individual or a cause of dissolution in society" (pp. 218-219).

There may be truth in this, but it is inadequate. The available evidence supports a different conclusion. A meditative study of mythology, for instance, suggests that the original purpose of non-mystical religion was to symbolize, to reflect, to foreshadow in imagination the "initiation" of the soul into the self-conscious realization of its own powers. The perverted forms which myth and ritual have so often assumed, are the work of impure human minds, not of "Nature". Even to-day, after centuries of corruption, non-mystical religion may still be described as in essence a preparation for mystical experience. It is

particularly significant that the great mystics have habitually used exoteric religious forms as the best available vehicles of their thought.

This does not contradict Bergson's thesis that there are two distinct streams of consciousness which are blended in the nature of man. If ethics and religion have no source other than a semi-conscious recognition of social obligations, interacting with the instinct of self-preservation, then man must be exactly what the zoologists say he is,—an ape-like animal, with an abnormally developed brain. But there are other motives in human life, as anyone will admit who is not distracted by the desire to accommodate the facts to some materialistic preconception. All men who are not debased beyond redemption, occasionally are moved to act rightly by a spark of altruism, by some sentiment of sympathy or pity or compassion for others, even when those others are not members of the particular society to which they themselves belong. Very many have imagined, if only in the abstract, though very few have attained, an ideal of selfless love and aspiration. No interpretation of history is complete which neglects the need of the human soul perpetually to re-create itself in the image of the most perfect spiritual model which it can conceive.

Bergson has never failed to insist upon a spiritual origin for the spiritual qualities which alone make man a real human being and separate him from the lower kingdoms of Nature. Unlike the vast majority of modern psychologists, he has not represented the veritable *humanity* of man as a sort of distillation of inherited animal tendencies, for he regards that humanity as the *élan vital* itself, incarnating in the human animal at a certain stage of its development. The exceptional interest of his latest work is due to his recognition that spiritual qualities are manifested through "privileged individuals" before they become part of the common heritage of the race.

It would seem that Bergson himself does not fully realize the implications of this interpretation of human evolution. Most people are so steeped in the materialism of dogmatic biology that Bergson's views must actually seem radical, but in essence they are not far removed from the fundamental doctrine of all the great religions of the world. Every great religion has been built upon the tenet that there are *mediators* between man and the spiritual world, and the founders of the various religions have been regarded as such by their followers. In Theosophy, which is believed by many to be the Wisdom-Religion from which the historical religions have been derived, there is what is known as the doctrine of the Lodge, the Brotherhood of Masters, of those men whose evolution has progressed farther than that of the mass of mankind. To this Brotherhood, according to theosophical tradition, belong Buddha and Christ and all the supreme spiritual heroes of the race, as well as all those who have constituted themselves, in thought and will and deed, their disciples. It is, in the most real sense, a Brotherhood of mediators between the earthly and the divine. Much that Bergson says might be a commentary upon the doctrine of the Lodge. Also one ventures to suggest that if he had himself known and studied the doctrine of the Lodge, his own views would have been even more clear, even more complete, even more comprehensive.

"In every age there have arisen exceptional men in whom this [higher] morality incarnated itself. Before the Saints of Christendom, mankind had known the Sages of Greece, the Prophets of Israel, the Arhats of Buddhism, and others. It is to them that men have always made reference, in order to visualize the morality which is complete and which is properly called absolute. . . . This fact makes us feel that there is a difference of nature, and not merely of degree, between the [lower and the higher] moralities. . . . While the lower is the more pure and the more perfect, in the measure that it can be more clearly expressed in impersonal formulæ, the higher morality, in order to reveal itself fully, must be incarnated in a privileged personality who becomes an example. The general dissemination of the former depends upon the universal acceptance of a law; the general dissemination of the latter depends upon the common imitation of a model.

"Why have the Saints been imitated and why have great and good men been followed by crowds? They ask nothing and yet they receive so much. They have no need to exhort; they only have to exist; their existence is an appeal. For such is, indeed, the character of this other morality. Whereas a natural obligation is felt as a pressure or an impulsion, in the morality which is complete and perfect, there is an appeal.

"The nature of this appeal has been fully known only by those who have found themselves in the presence of a great moral personality. Each of us, on occasions when the habitual maxims of conduct have appeared insufficient, has asked himself what such or such a person would have expected of him. It may be a relative, a friend, . . . or someone whom we have never known. . . . It may even be a personality which is coming to birth within us, drawn from the depths of the soul into the light of consciousness, which we feel to be capable of later invading our whole nature, and to which we wish to attach ourselves for the moment, as the disciple attaches himself to the Master. In truth, this personality begins to design itself from the day when one takes it as a model: the desire to resemble, which generates in idea the form which one seeks to assume, is already resemblance" (pp. 29-30).

Bergson says that the essence of the higher morality is universal charity, and that such a state of consciousness is unattainable outside the domain of mystical experience, for the lower morality is social and is primarily operative only among the members of a social group. He believes that war is a wholly natural accompaniment of the stage of evolution through which the human race is passing, because mankind has always tended to separate and to divide itself into many races and tribes and nations. Only the mystic is capable of a true international sentiment, like the Stoic sage who could describe himself as a citizen of the world. Even so, it must be pointed out that a great mystic may be also a great national figure; certainly he will never be guilty of neutral or pacifist conduct when loyalty to a principle means the willing acceptance of war. Jeanne d'Arc was a great mystic.

"One may say that the second morality . . . differs from the first, in so far as it is human instead of being only social. . . . It is not by enlarging the city

that one will ever embrace humanity: between a social morality and a human morality the difference is not one of degree but of nature. The former is what we ordinarily think of when we feel ourselves to be naturally obliged. Above these very definite duties we like to imagine others. . . . Devotion, self-giving, the spirit of sacrifice, charity,—such are the words which occur to us when we think of them. But do we usually think of anything except words? No, without doubt, and we fully admit it. It is only necessary, we say, for the formula to be there; it will reveal all its meaning, . . . when an occasion arises. . . . Let these formulæ be filled with matter and let the matter be animated; then a new life is about to appear; we understand, we feel that another form of morality is coming into being. One might define this new morality as the love of humanity. And yet one would not express its essence by this term, for the love of humanity is not a motive which is sufficient unto itself and which acts directly. The teachers of youth are well aware that they cannot conquer egotism by the mere recommendation of 'altruism' " (pp. 31-32).

"If one were to say that the [superior] soul embraces [in Love] the whole of humanity, one would not go too far; one would not even go far enough; since its love is extended to include the animals, the plants, all Nature. However, its attitude cannot be defined by any object, for it may divest itself if necessary of all objects. Its form does not depend upon its content. We can fill it; and again we can empty it. Charity would continue to exist in the man who possesses it, even if there were no other living creature upon the earth" (p. 34).

One begins to understand why Bergson associates the moral regeneration of the human race with its ability to give birth to mystics. The great and good man (*le grand homme de bien*), whose example moves mankind, is great and good because his whole consciousness is a flame of universal charity. But this sentiment of a universal charity is mystical; it is an experience which can be known only by the awakened soul (*l'âme ouverte*) through which alone can pass the breath of the *élan vital*, the creative power from which the whole animate nature of the cosmos has proceeded.

Unfortunately, as regards one important point, Bergson is not sufficiently clear. Universal charity is, doubtless, the quality above all others which distinguishes the Gods from mortals. But that cannot mean that even the Gods love indiscriminately and equally any and everything in the Universe.

This becomes apparent, if we consider universal charity in its most practical application, upon which Bergson places so much emphasis. As we have seen, he attributes to the mystic a love of all humanity, contrasting this love with non-mystical devotion which cannot transcend the boundaries of a social or national or racial group. But what is the nature of this world-wide philanthropy? One can believe that spiritual Heroes, like Buddha and Christ, turn with thoughts of love towards every human soul which enters their presence; but there is no evidence whatsoever that they have an infinite affection for the demoniacal and elemental "personalities" of men which wage perpetual warfare with their souls for the possession of their consciousness and vital powers. It is one thing to love in a man his divine possibilities; it is another, to love his lower nature as a

thing in itself.

It is, indeed, dangerous—for the Western mind, at least—to toy with the idea of universal charity, unless this idea be properly qualified. Too easily it leads to sentimentality, to moral indifference, to the atrophy of the faculty of discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal. Before one can love humanity, as the Masters love it, one must learn to love *them*, and to love the goodness and truth and beauty which they make manifest. More and not less discrimination in love is needed, for one may justly assume that universal charity is truly attained only when it is balanced by an equally universal force of hatred directed against the iniquitous and the monstrous wherever these exist.

The general drift of Bergson's philosophy leads away from sentimentality and moral indifference. Nevertheless one regrets that he has not been more explicit in his description of the attributes of mystical love, for the unwary reader is apt to draw conclusions which were not intended. It is quite possible that if Bergson had been more definite in his thinking, he himself would not have indulged in certain vague speculations about international brotherhood and democratic progress which cloud his argument, especially in the last chapter of his book.

These reflections are not intended to cast doubt upon Bergson's testimony that mystical love is, in quality as well as in degree, of a different order from what is called love in ordinary human relations. He is justified in asserting that the mystic's compassion for suffering humanity is of universal essence, being incomparably more intense and more profound than any emotion known to a non-mystical consciousness. As he says, only the mystic is capable of a religion that can be rightly called dynamic.

"Static religion attaches man to life, and consequently the individual to society, by the repetition of stories comparable to those which put children to sleep. . . . But surely life is a thing just as desirable, more desirable even for man than for any other species, since these others exist as an effect produced by creative energy in its passage through them, while in man life signifies the success of creative effort, however incomplete and precarious that success may be. Why should man not recover the confidence which he lacks or which reflection may have shattered in him, by reascending the path in the direction from which the *élan* has come to him, in order that he may recover possession of that *élan*? He cannot do this by intelligence, in any case not by intelligence alone; . . . intelligence has a special function, and when it exalts itself in its speculations, at the best it makes us conceive of possibilities; it does not touch a reality. But we know that around intelligence there has remained a fringe of intuition, vague and evanescent. Can we not fix it, intensify it, above all, complete it in action, for it has remained in the state of pure vision only by a weakening of its principle? . . .

"A soul capable and worthy of this effort would not even ask whether the principle with which it is in contact is the transcendent cause of all things, or whether it is only the terrestrial agent of that cause. It would suffice to

feel that it is penetrated, without the absorption of its personality, by a being of far greater power than itself,—as iron is permeated by the fire which reddens it. Its attachment to life would be henceforth its inseparability from this principle, joy in joy, love of that which is only love. It would give itself to society by an overflow [of love], but to a society which would then be all humanity, loved in the love of that which is its principle. The confidence which static religion brings to men, would be transfigured; there would be no more concern for the future, no unquiet self-reference" (pp. 225-227).

"True mysticism is manifested at a point where the [general] current of spirit, projected across matter, would have probably wished to go, but which it could not attain. For mysticism makes sport of the obstacles with which Nature has had to compromise, and one does not understand the evolution of life, . . . if one does not recognize it as the quest of something inaccessible to which the great mystic attains. If all men, if many men could mount as high as this privileged person, Nature would not have terminated its work in man, for the mystic is in reality more than man. . . . It is, then, not by accident, it is in virtue of its very essence, that true mysticism is exceptional" (p. 228).

The mystic is more than man, but in part of his nature he remains human. Therefore, he can still speak to mankind and can awaken in their consciousness an echo of his own stupendous experience. Most often he uses the forms and even the dogmas of static religion as vehicles of his thought, infusing into them a new vitality and a new meaning. When a succession of mystics has thus laboured in the field of some religion, they may succeed in changing its content radically, for in such a case, the purifying work of each mystic is reënforced by the energy which his predecessors have "deposited" in their efforts towards the same end. Thus there may be established a true apostolic succession. Because no expenditure of force by a mystic is ever necessarily lost, that force can always be recovered by another member of the mystical "brotherhood".

So Bergson speaks of "the mysterious power which the present exerts over the past". True time, the duration of which is, in one sense, identical with life itself, is one and undivided; past, present and future are aspects of that which the mystic perceives as the Eternal, the Enduring. The errors, the defects, even the crimes of a life-time may be redeemed and may be made to give up an invaluable lesson for the soul, by the efficacy of some extraordinary action which converts the soul towards its proper end. It is true that most lives are crowded with insignificant and useless events, but it is within the power of everyone at every moment to change the whole setting in which they are placed, to integrate the useless and the insignificant into an ordered series in which no episode, not even the least, is devoid of dramatic significance. This is the accomplishment of the mystic. He transmutes past failure into present success, for he is the master of time. He has a certain affinity with the famous captains of history. His greatest battles have been won after they seemed to be lost.

Bergson gives a brief sketch of the history of mysticism in Greece, in India, and in Christendom. As it happens, he is not very successful. He underrates both the Greeks and the Hindus, and, in particular, he has failed to seize the

essence of Buddhism, which he regards as an incomplete form of mysticism because to attain Nirvana is "to remain suspended between two activities above the chasm of non-being (*dans le vertige du néant*)". Such a state of consciousness, if it existed, would undoubtedly lack "warmth", and would be incompatible with a complete mysticism, of which the elements are "action, creation, love" (p. 241). One must assume, in this instance, that it is Bergson's source of information which is incomplete. In any case, he has confused the form of the Buddha's teaching with its substance. A more careful study of the Buddhist scriptures would have indicated that if the Buddha stressed the need for a progressive and intensive detachment in his instructions to his disciples, it was not to lead them to the chasm of non-being, but to divert to the use of the spiritual man the powers of perception and action which are daily perverted and wasted by the lower psychic or animal man. The spiritual man can only truly act and create and love when those powers have been restored to him.

Bergson has a very definite predilection for the Christian mystics with whom he reveals a somewhat unexpected spiritual affinity. He calls them "the great mystics" and refers to them almost exclusively in his interpretation of the attributes of a "complete mysticism". The most beautiful passages in the book are those in which he expresses the indebtedness of mankind to the Christian Master and to those who have followed in his footsteps.

"When we consider in its completeness the interior evolution of the great mystics, we wonder how anyone could ever have compared them to invalids. Certainly, we live in a state of instable equilibrium, and the average health of the mind, like that of the body, is hard to define. Nevertheless, there is a state of rugged and exceptional intellectual health which may be recognized without difficulty. It is manifested by the taste for action, by the faculty of adaptation and of readaptation to circumstances, by firmness joined to flexibility, by the prophetic discernment of the possible and the impossible, by a spirit of simplicity which triumphs over complexities, finally by a superior good sense. Is this not exactly what we find in the mystics of whom we have spoken [St. Paul, St. Theresa, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Francis, and St. Jeanne d'Arc]? Might they not serve to illustrate a definition of intellectual robustness?" (pp. 243-244).

Bergson insists upon the fact that mystical experience is, in no way, analogous to dreaming or to absent-mindedness; that in its true form it is preëminently practical. He also points out that it is not primarily a state of abnormal visions and adventures, for the psychic phenomena and the ecstasies and raptures which mystics describe from time to time, are incidents upon their way, but are not the essentials of their search. The one essential, the one objective, is union with a divine consciousness. When the union is consummated, the mystic faces again in the direction of the world, but he is no longer the same man. He is an agent of the Divine Will.

"The mystical soul eliminates from its substance whatever is not sufficiently pure and resistant and plastic for the use of God. The soul has felt the presence of God, it believes that it has seen God in symbolic visions, it has even united itself with Him in ecstasy; but all these things have not been durable because

they were only contemplation: when it acted, the soul returned to itself and was detached from God. Now it is God who acts in the soul, by means of the soul; the union is complete and, therefore, final. Then words, like mechanism and instrument, evoke images which might better be left aside. One only uses them to give an idea of the work of preparation. We shall learn nothing thereby of the final result. Let us say that henceforth there is for the soul a superabundance of life. . . . There is an irresistible impulse which drives it forward into the vastest enterprises. The calm exaltation of all its faculties enables it to see largely, and, however feeble it may be, to act powerfully. Above all, it sees simply, and this simplicity . . . guides it through complexities which it seems not to notice. An innate science, or rather an acquired innocence, suggests at once the useful step, the decisive act, the word without reply. Of course, effort remains indispensable, and also endurance and perseverance. But they appear and are exerted without strain in a soul at once active and acted upon, whose liberty coincides with the divine activity. There is an enormous expenditure of energy, but this energy is provided as it is required, for the superabundance of vitality which is demanded flows from the very source of life. Now there is no question of visions: the Divinity would have no object in manifesting itself from outside to a soul henceforth filled with it. There is nothing which appears essentially to distinguish such a man from his fellows. . . . He alone is aware of a change which raises him to the rank of the *adjutores Dei*, the helpers of God, those who are passive towards God, active towards men. This elevation gives him no pride. Great, on the contrary, is his humility. Why should he not be humble, since he has known, in silent intercourse, the divine humility, meeting it face to face (*seul à seul*), experiencing an emotion in which his soul felt itself to be altogether melted! . . .

"The love which consumes him is no more simply the love of a man for God; it is the love of God for all men. Through God, by means of God, he loves all humanity with a divine love. . . . Such a love is in essence metaphysical rather than moral. With God's help, it seeks to complete the creation of the human species. . . . Its direction is that of the *élan* of life; it is that *élan* itself transmitted in its integrity to the privileged among mankind whose desire is to impress it upon the whole of humanity" (pp. 247-251).

If Bergson had known the doctrine of the Lodge, doubtless he would have been more definite and more specific. It is a supremely significant fact that in the East, from time immemorial, the relation of *Guru* and *chêla*, of Master and disciple, has been regarded as sacred. The "complete mystic", the Master, toils for the whole of humanity, but in particular he labours on behalf of his own disciples, who are said to be, not figuratively but literally, the children of his own soul. That Master is, in turn, the *chêla* or spiritual son of another Master of still higher degree, whom he loves and whose will he seeks to make effective in his own work in the world. "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. . . . I am the vine, ye are the branches." This is the Guru-parampara chain.

Thus the *chêla* finds his Higher Self, the Atman, in the consciousness of the Guru, who is, therefore, his "Father in Heaven". According to the doctrine

I had not thought to hear that story set into a sermon. Until then I had not thought of it as a moral tale at all. To the boy in the hay-loft, with life all before him, it had seemed mere comedy, sheer buffoonery; the beggar had been so *silly*. But now, beyond the crest of middle age, facing the accounting that every man must render for "the swift and solemn trust of life", whose balance must so soon be struck yet needed such wide change,—here, re-echoed from the pulpit of this church, its irony graven deep in the world-worn faces all about me, it seemed that in this story was the essence of all the sermons that ever had been preached, the one lesson that all men needed and few learned, the one great all-embracing tragedy of human folly. Closest of all, it seemed the too common story of membership in the Theosophical Society.

What had been that beggar's Karma that the great Haroun-al-Raschid should have seen and stooped to him? It must have been a "good" day for him—his sores more pitiful than usual, and pity more productive of pence—to have enabled him to get so drunk; but of the golden chance the night would bring him, in the converging of the deeper currents of his fortune, he could have had no premonition. The tares and wheat that had grown so long together, life after life, the good and ill so vacillatingly pursued, here together came unheralded to their harvest. The feet of his lord turned toward him, and his lord's eyes, looking down, found him sleeping, drugged with wine. Yet even drunk, his luck had held. It was still pity and not anger that moved the Caliph's heart—such royal pity as would make its object royal as itself. But how can the little receive the great? How can the small and mean believe in magnanimity, or accept what it cannot conceive? Do not all creatures act according to their natures, and how could that beggar's suddenly be changed? When he waked on a silken couch within the Caliph's palace, clothed in fair, clean linen instead of his old, foul rags, when he saw the standing courtiers, waiting to hear his will, was it strange that he should have been fearful and suspicious? When he reached for his bottle and found it gone, and nothing to assuage his thirst or deaden the torment of his nerves; when he saw his sores all washed clean, and felt in vain within his girdle for the brush and bag of colour with which to heighten his scars, was it strange that he should think he had been robbed of all that made life bearable, his very means of livelihood taken from him? We see him turn his head away and weep his sorry fate, while the whole royal court wait to do his will, and the very princes of the kingdom envy him his chance. How could he, who for all those years had begged and tricked and cozened his way, know that here his will was sovereign; that now there was no need to whine or to pretend, but that he could command what he would, of high or low. And when at last the gentle kindness of those waiting lords brought him some small measure of trust and faith, so that he began to beg as he had always begged, could he have voiced other desires than those that he had sought and taken for his own all his life long, and so possessed that now they possessed him?

What is it draws this veil of special pleading across the boy's clear, impersonal and uncompromising sight, turning sheer silliness and besotted folly into tragedy and food for tears? Do we recognize that beggar within our own worldly selves,

and hear in these questions the very tones of the whining self-excuse and plea for pity that were his stock in trade? We are like him in more ways than one.

What was our Karma, the Karma of the members of the Theosophical Society—of you, into whose hands this magazine has fallen—that out of all the world the great Lords of Compassion should have seen and stooped to us? That they should have come to us in our drugged sleep, in our pleasures and our blindness, our moral squalor and self-pity, and lifted us up, unconsciously to ourselves, to knowledge of them and of the Lodge, into the palace of Truth, into the house of Life, where the Masters themselves call us “brothers” and offer us all the wealth and wisdom of the Spirit that through the ages they have gained,—where all the powers of the universe are spread before us and we are bidden to take what we can? What have we chosen? What have we taken? What willed and commanded? What have we desired? For what have we prayed?

Man judges himself; no other judges him. The Lords of Karma bring him to his choice; he makes it of and for himself. They can but wait upon it, and carry it out when it is made. Day by day he makes it, in act upon act, decision upon decision, struggling, striving, contriving, succeeding and failing, until at last, in the day when the heavens open, *it makes him*, acting out its nature in one swift, irrevocable stroke. To the Persian beggar, as to every man, the day of his kingship was his day of judgment. In that day, when whatever he could want was his for the taking, he wanted only wine—only the stimulus of the senses which deadens them to insensibility, only the exaltation of the self which loses self and life in dreams. That night they took him back, and laid him, drunk as they had found him, in the gutter whence he came.

M.

And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light.—JOHN III, 19.

And now, O Lord my God . . . I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in. And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people. . . . Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart.—FIRST BOOK OF THE KINGS, III, 7-9.

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

VI

STARTING from London on August 24th, 1895, I arrived in New York in due course, and found this letter from Judge awaiting me:

August 23rd, 1895.

Dear Boy,

When you get this, I shall probably be in Cincinnati with Buck. That will alter the tone of former letter. For if you wish you can arrange to see me there—unless I go to New York. So, better find out by wire or otherwise first. It is not far. Have no hurry.

Best love,

4.

A few days later, this letter reached me:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, September 2nd, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

My wire not to come yet, was sent because a letter of Griscom's hinted that you would come right here. Privately (*entre nous*) it is not convenient here now because of absence of a person and ill health of another, and that there is no place for you to sleep. You and Claude [Wright] have hurried matters, although I asked you not to do so, and to wait until we could communicate. It is true my second letter spoke of coming here, but I did not then know what to do. That did not alter the suggestions of the first.

Second. It is a \$50. outlay, when poverty is the mode,—and for no good reason.

Third. There is no telling where I may go, at this critical point ["critical", in view of Judge's physical condition].

Fourth. No possible T.S. work can be done here; all people still away. And the other plans proposed are the same now. You had better do as I said first—don't alter my original plans—that is, work around Aryan [T.S.Branch], H.P.B., Brooklyn, Newark, Yonkers, etc., which will use up a couple of weeks or so. In the meantime, we shall have heard from each other.

I want to see you as much as you do me, and was very near running over to New York, but we must wait. There is no telling what may occur. So have patience. I must (again *entre nous*) ask you to beware of the precipitancy of C. F. Wright, even in this matter of route. If anything definite has been said to them (T.S.Branches, such as Toledo, etc. named), you had better have wires sent calling off arrangements until later.

It is best to work around New York until September 15th or 25th, and then you can arrange other places. People in this country stay away from towns

until September 25th to October 1st. Consequently you could do nothing valuable. Besides, I want you, *ab initio*, to become acquainted with (all if possible) our N.Y. and vicinity members before you go anywhere. That is our solid base of persons, and I don't want you to skip off as proposed. This is the *real* inside reason, and now you will know how to proceed. *Time enough* must be taken for it; and it being the beginning of things, it is of vastly more importance than coming here.

As ever thine,

24.

Meanwhile I was doing my best to carry out Judge's instructions, speaking at the Branches in New York and vicinity, and meeting as many members as possible. In those days, we went from Branch to Branch, often giving the same lecture, with the same title, in each, and attempting to answer all questions that might be put to us by people in the audience. It appears from a notice in *The Path* that typewritten copies of a lecture entitled "The Brethren of the Flaming Heart", which I gave at a meeting of the "H.P.B." Branch, were sold at 50 cents "for the benefit of the Headquarters Lecture Fund". I should like to obtain a copy.

It was not until long afterwards that I more than half understood Judge's "inner reason" for wishing me to meet all the people in New York—his "solid base". Judge had plans the execution of which was made impossible by his premature death.

The next letter I received from Judge was postmarked Cincinnati.

September 4th, 1895.

Dear E.T.H.,

Just got your first letter since you "struck" America. The enclosed [a letter from Burcham Harding] will also give you an idea. You see he is regularly with the Central States Committee, and we must not muddle the work. He will get to the places in Ohio (also on the Central States Committee) by the right time of year. So (no matter what we may do about our meeting) I think after you have thoroughly done the work of connecting with all—if possible—the units at our centre, plans may be by way of New England and Canada instead of these centre states. No telling and no hurry.

Of course do not tell my inner reason for your meeting all there,—but you can say that you wish to know as many as you can.

As to cash: O.K. We'll discuss that.

I want you to know some of the people *well*—E.A.N., C.A.G., Spencer, Dr. Guild, Patterson, Main, etc. Also, diplomatically, pay some little attention to Elliott B. Page [an old and valued member, in charge of the book and publishing department, who was inclined to be touchy].

By following my suggestions on your intuition, you will see it work with a *long reach forward*.

As to cash again: even so, my boy, you must learn to know how to make

all your dollars do the most work. Hitherto you had no chance that way. That is one reason why I have had so much done on so little money.

As ever with love,

WILLIAM 24.

My health-chances better. I've almost paralyzed the bacilli tuber's.

The next letter was addressed to me, "care of C. A. Griscom, Jr., Esq., Flushing, Long Island", who had opened his home to me at Judge's suggestion, and with whom my relations were always of the closest.

"The G.D." mentioned by Judge was "The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn," of which Dr. W. Wynn Westcott ("W.W.W.") was one of the leading lights, with MacGregor Mathers as "Supreme Magus". The G.D. specialized in "magic",—astral and not always innocuous. Many members of the T.S. who resided in the north of England—Pattinson among them—were affiliated with it. H.P.B. had tolerated this sort of double allegiance in the hope that an understanding of Theosophy would end in the conversion of those who had been misled. Judge had no use whatever for the G.D., and none for its leaders. Bulmer was at that time the editor of *The Northern Theosophist*.

[Postmarked] CINCINNATI, OHIO, September 7th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

Just have yours. I go very carefully in those cases where I can't see the people. Bulmer is partly what he (C.) says. The G.D. should be called G.D. with an F. added. W.W.W. hates W.Q.J., and Pattinson is queer with a liking for W.Q.J. I know most of them. They are players.

Ah! Glad you helped C.F.W. Help when you can.

Each time you go to meet people be inside of Kew heart and strongly see Master and — with you. You see already you have caught a hair line out to the N.W. 1500 miles by meeting those people.

Am glad no definite plans had to be revoked.

Yes, my boy, you must fully realize that this continent, as you say, is in an awful hurry, and you must get into the silence of calm so the hurry won't see you. If it nips you, you will lose too much force.

I may run off for two or three days to examine Asheville, N. Carolina, as a place to go to, and then will be able to say what I will do.

Entre nous, it is on the cards that I might go first to New York, in which case I would then see you. Indiana is going to shout for you. Don't promise.

Say—I have not yet sent a greeting to Europe. Will you draft and send me a short condensed one. At the same time try your hand and send me *points* you would propose in an "encyclical" by me to the U.S.T.S. Of course that will, when done, go all over. I will make it a state paper. Don't neglect present campaign for this.

It will be nice if I go to New York before starting south. If I were rich I would have you with me for a while.

If 'ere long—at the proper time—you could take in New Haven, it *might* be well; but it's a doubtful case anyhow. We have some rottenness there.

Do you think it too late to send greeting to Europe?

As ever,

24.

[Postmarked] CINCINNATI, OHIO, September 12th, 1895.

Dear E.T.H.,

Why of course you are to see me before you either start off, or start to stay right there. I am waiting for events. And you were *not* to see me at any risk to the first few days or weeks.

Will you mail the enclosed to Mrs. Malcolm?

I do not suppose you will accept the Bunker invitation. There is a slight row coming on at Frisco. Even were you at Frisco to stay, I should be of the opinion it would not be wise for you to stay at Bunker's.

I had, just before your letter, sent on to C.F.W. my reply to the European letter. Let him show it to you. If you like, send it to Bulmer and I.T. [*Irish Theosophist*].

That idea for an article about not leaning on another is good. Why don't you seize the inspiration and do me an article for *Path* of, say, 1000 words. It would go in November and must come to my hand before insertion. If C.F.W. speaks to you about "Four Sins in Occultism", tell him there are seven; don't mention me.

Now look here. There is yet a residuum of the A.B. [Annie Besant] excitement and row in you. It is no use. We don't care a d—— about her or what she does or is. She's almost forgotten. There is no danger of reactions nor anything. We are just forging ahead, and she is a back number.

Yes, I am mending; but it is slow, slow, slow.

Enclosed cutting is to give you an idea of the peculiar boastfulness of America. You must get to understand all these things.

Haven't had nerve yet enough to write fully to Arch and Julia.

As ever,

24.

Following Judge's instructions, I destroyed the letters he wrote me between September 12th and the date of the next one printed (October 4th). He was writing confidentially about people I was meeting or expected to meet, and about other private matters affecting the Movement.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., October 4th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

In haste. Address me

c/o Miss Gano,

Asheville, N. C.

So far all well. Have some things to say later.

As ever,

24.

By now I had begun a lecturing tour which lasted for more than three months. Arriving in Boston on September 29th and lecturing there that evening on "Theosophy and the Theosophical Society", I spoke next day at Lynn, then again in Boston, then at Cambridge, Medford, Malden, at Boston again more than once, at Somerville, Lowell, and so to Providence, before proceeding to Syracuse, Buffalo and Toronto, on my way west and south. Everywhere I was received with the utmost kindness, both by the local members of the T.S., and, chiefly thanks to them, by the local press. The usual procedure was a Branch meeting in the afternoon and a public lecture in the evening, followed in many cases by a visit to the editor of some local newspaper, in whose office I would write a report of my lecture,—a very brief experience having proved that reporters, with the best of intentions, found either me or Theosophy, or both, entirely too much for their uninitiated minds.

It was the custom in those days for a Branch to entertain a duly accredited lecturer from Headquarters, each Branch doing its best to spare him (or Headquarters) the expense of hotel bills. Some local member would volunteer to act as host. Further, a collection would be taken up, privately and locally, to provide a railroad ticket to the next Branch to be visited. Occasionally a Branch, knowing that the Branch next to be visited was poor, would contribute extra money to supplement the efforts of its "neighbour",—separated from it, perhaps, by a day's journey or more. This method made for economy, but, as a new experience, was distinctly embarrassing, no matter how anxious one might be to adapt oneself to conditions, or to "play the game" according to rule.

I wrote fully to Judge, describing my experience, and doing my best to bring out its more humorous aspects in the hope that, ill as he was, he might derive some amusement from the "situations" which developed. Judge knew all the people I was meeting, and knew them well; so, as I was aware, he would see the reaction on both sides, and motives, occasionally, to which at the time I was blind. In one or two homes, where I was most hospitably entertained, the family was divided up the middle, for and against Theosophy,—and I did not know in advance, which was which. We would sit down for supper, a father, a mother, and perhaps half a dozen children, some of them grown-up. Some would look glum, some, cheerful. I speculated, mentally, as to the awful row they had had before I was invited to stay with them. Anyhow, which was which! It did not follow in the least that those who looked glum were "anti". One thing was sure: I must do my utmost to make a sufficiently good impression, partly for the sake of Theosophy and of Judge, but partly also for the sake of the "pros" in this particular family. It was hard work,—much harder work than lecturing. (Yet all of it was a pleasure,—inspiring, splendid, invigorating. I have no recollection of fatigue. Great forces were being let loose, and the tide, in 1895, was still rising.) In some cases there were no servants, for many of our members were poor, and I found it difficult to reconcile myself to being waited on at table by my hostess. When conversation became too arduous—for to have talked about Theosophy might have let loose a devastating explosion—I learned to fall back upon the charms and splendours of the local

Court House, or of any other local feature to which my attention had been called on my way from the railroad station, with as many questions as possible along similar lines.

In one or two cases, local members undertook to "test me out". True, they had heard this and that in the young man's favour, but some of them "came from Missouri", and they were not going to believe all they heard, even if Judge was supposed to have said it. In one place an incident occurred which I find most amusing in retrospect—and which I have no doubt entertained Judge greatly when I reported it to him—but which at the time I classified as a decided nuisance. The leading member was a woman doctor, dour and rather alarming. By some strange freak of fate, she had a very pretty daughter. On the day after my arrival, the mother announced peremptorily that her daughter would take me for a drive into the country. The mother knew that the girl was safely and happily engaged to be married. I did not know it until later. It was not the custom in my part of the world (this was a long time ago) for an unmarried girl to take a man for a drive. The least sign of unwillingness would, however, have been an offence. It was a miserable drive, with intense effort on both sides to make it appear enjoyable. If only I had known she was engaged: we could so easily have talked about *him*. I racked my brains, and doubtless she racked hers, poor thing. She was not interested in Theosophy: only in him. Finally back to the mother, who received us grimly, as if to say to me: "Now I have caught you". Yet if ever a girl exonerated a man, I am sure that when her mother questioned her, that girl exonerated me. I only hope she had the courage to tell her mother that if there was any more driving to be done, *she* would not be the victim.

There was more excuse in another case for a "testing out" process. The previous visitor from the New York Headquarters (a man I always liked well enough personally), had a lively imagination and a general feeling that it was part of his function to *know*. Consequently, when asked by some local members how their meetings could be kept free from elementals (!), he had answered, promptly and glibly: "Turn some chairs upside down, and place these, at intervals, in a circle round you". Somehow this did not sound just right to the inquirers, who in due course wrote to Judge, reporting their question and the answer, and asking for further light. Judge was angry and said so. He told the inquirers exactly what he thought of such "occult instruction", and he told the offender from Headquarters that he would never again be permitted to visit Branches unless he stopped such foolishness for ever. This had happened not very long before my visit, and, presumably, led the same group of members to put their heads together in an effort to concoct a question that would give me—and themselves—a corresponding opportunity. I knew nothing about this at the time, but when they propounded their question (I think it was based upon something in *The Secret Doctrine*, with elementals and Hierarchies all confounded), it seemed to me that there was only one possible reply, namely, that I had not the least idea what the answer was, and that they had better write to Judge and ask him. Before I left, one of them told me why they had

asked the question, and its origin, adding that he thought I might like to know that I had "passed". Judge confirmed his part in the story when I met him later at Aiken. How he hated insincerity, bluff, pretence, and the least shadow of deception. He was one of the most scrupulously honest men I have ever known. As often happens, his accusers attributed to him, that which they were,—but of which he was incapable.

Crosbie and the others mentioned in the following letter, were members of the Boston or neighbouring Branches.

October 6th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

Received yours from Boston and glad to know you get on so well; also that you found force. Tell them who it is you identify it with.

Private. Events are moving. C.F.W. has hatched a new idea for him. It is old with me. And I have encouraged him as will also the others. It is to hire a well-known hall regularly for Sunday mornings, and he to carry on the "services", so as finally to get if possible a big crowd. This of course involves a good deal which he in his red-headed hastiness does not see. But it's good anyway, and if successful will benefit the T.S. very much. But I do not want you to make solid engagements further ahead than one month. You can keep a month ahead all engaged. I do not mean *this* month, but simply have no further ahead of any day than one month, engaged. As you reel off a week, then add another week to make the month. Do this without giving any reasons save that that is your present method. Do you understand?

There is no more to say so I'll stop. Funny cognomens here. Two samples: Stickleather; Swigegood.

Fine climate so far. Dry and dusty place. Am known here and my arrival is in paper and I am "in feeble health". What an adjective!

Keep up your courage and "glory be to America".

Tell Crosbie, Ayers, Wades, Guild and Somersall, of the dissolution of ———, and the general reasons and its real life anyway, and get back the symbols, which send ——— to keep for me.

As ever,

24.

The "agreement with Wade" of the next letter refers to a promise I had made, and which I had promptly reported to Judge, to help Wade by contributing an article occasionally to a little magazine which he published, or planned to publish, on behalf of Theosophy in New England.

Always I carried Judge's last letter with me in my pocket. It helped me, I believed, to keep in touch with him. But I was making a desperate effort to keep a Petty Cash account, as I knew that would be his wish, and, for lack of other paper within reach, frequently used his envelopes for such entries as I find on this: "Porter .15; paper .5; Car .25": not a bad form of Yoga in the circumstances.

October 11th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

1st. That agreement with Wade: what's done is done, and it will have to go. But hereafter make no such plans without consulting me, as you do not know place nor people. And do not make any more with Wade. All your work should be for the centre, and not for those who split the energy up while poor *Path* languishes and things are low. We can't stop Wade, for he is a sort of bull. [Judge liked him none the less. Wade had tremendous energy and enthusiasm.] But we can put on brakes elsewhere. I did not give him the general permission he says. It was that I might do so in every case if I were asked in advance; and it was not contemplated that he should go in for independent publishing which can only succeed by an undercut of *Path* or rivalry, since the public (T.S.) is the same. So much for that.

If the energy expended on the Boston paper, on the Toronto *Lamp* and *Pacific Theosophist* were put into booming the *Path*, we might then have a good large magazine and be able to pay for certain necessary service which now we have to do without. [Judge was never in a position to employ a stenographer at Headquarters.]

That part of yours which has reference to the book on Occultism (another is on Karma), I unreservedly accept. I was wishing for that. Go ahead and write up—as you get now and then an hour—what you think about it, the plan, etc., etc. In *Path* you know I have a lot of stuff, "Conversations on Occultism", between Sage and Student. Jot your ideas down on paper the same size always, and file them between some boards or in a leather cover. We will keep them all there; and the Conversations ought to be cut out of *Path* and put in there. They will breed ideas.

Here is one idea on the publishing part: to get up a subscription edition on better paper, larger margin and better binding, at a higher price than the general edition. The general edition should be of two prices, say \$1.00 and 0.50. Put that into the receptacle.

As to me, I feel that in time I will do more work of that kind than going about.

I hear from Claude that —— says A.B. now declares H.P.B. faked up the telegram phenomenon with my aid. I wonder if true. But I do not place much reliance on those London tales. They all fell out wrong as to Burrows and what he would do. What a model ass he is.

Well, best luck. Let me know how you really feel in the work and among the people.

24.

(To be continued)

RICHNESS OF LIFE

THE DIRECTION OF ATTENTION

THAT every man lives in a world of his own making, is a truth emphasized by the sages of all times, although—like other truths emphasized by sages—little heed has been paid to it. There are no courses at the universities on how to make one's world. Each man does it for himself, usually quite unconsciously, without the faintest idea of what he is doing, or of the principles which ought to guide him. Modern science, to be sure, may tell him that his world, which it calls his environment, and his heredity, are the two most important factors in his development, but, for the most part, it assumes that these factors are beyond his control. It also assumes, in spite of the importance which it ascribes to them, that they are much smaller things than they really are.

A man's true heredity is far more than the ancestry of his physical body. It includes the past incarnations of his soul. His real environment is the field of his consciousness, rather than the physical things that may happen to be in his vicinity. A blind man's environment is not changed by hanging pictures on his wall, no matter how beautiful they may be, or what effect they would have on an artist. It may be changed by music produced a thousand miles away and heard over the radio. With a volume of Shakespeare, a man in a hovel may change his environment completely. The point is that it is not what surrounds his body that affects him, but what surrounds his mind and heart,—his sensations, desires, thoughts and feelings. He lives in the midst of these; they constitute his world; and his happiness or unhappiness, his interest or boredom, his progress or deterioration, depend upon their nature.

What reaches a man from his surroundings depends mainly upon the direction of his attention, which, in turn, is either determined unconsciously by his interest and desire, or consciously by his will. Three men walk down the same street at the same time; the first, a pickpocket, watching craftily for a chance to filch the price of the drink he craves; the second, absorbed in a business problem, with no thought or heed for anything but its solution; and the third, an artist, delighting in the beauty of the sky and the reflection of the late afternoon sun turning dull, brick walls to gold. The street and the sunlight are the same in each case, but the worlds the three men live in are as far apart as the poles. A great mountain may be only an obstacle to the railroad builder, while to the geologist it tells a fascinating story of the play of gigantic natural forces over æons of time. To one sensitive to the voice of the Divine, the mountain may speak of yearning aspiration, or of the stillness of eternity. What speaks to each is the element to which in the past he has given his attention. Like a search-light, so badly mounted that, once fixed, its direction can only be changed after much time and effort, attention lights up from the darkness of the world around it,

only that little spot at which it has habitually been aimed. The whole range, from highest to lowest, from some aspect of the world of the spirit to the depths of materialism, is before us always, for those who have eyes to see.

A man's eyes see what they have been trained to see. In this, as in everything else, his freedom of choice in the present is limited by the choices he has made in the past. If the artist has given no attention to geology, he cannot, by merely wishing to do so, see what the geologist sees. In fact, we can only really perceive a thing at all when, and to the extent that, there is something of like nature already in our experience. As our experience consists of the aggregate of all to which in the past we have paid attention, it follows that what we can do with our attention at any given moment is largely determined by what we have done with it heretofore. In the same way, our range of possible action in the future is increased or diminished by what we do in the present. Language, so often wiser than its users, gives us a clue when it speaks of "paying attention". Attention is the coin with which Providence sends us into the world, and we pay it, minute by minute, for what we choose out of the infinite variety of offered wares. Whether we spend it wisely, or squander it like a spendthrift, that to which we pay attention becomes a part of ourselves, and it is thus that we have made ourselves whatever we are. Our memories, our experience, such knowledge and skill as we may possess, our purposes and desires, the nature of our thoughts and feelings, have all been built up to what they are as the result of paying attention to one thing, good or bad, rather than to another. In a very real sense, we *are* that to which we have in the past given our attention. We become that to which we now give it.

It is easy to see that this is true of memory, of knowledge and of all acquired skill, but perhaps not so evident in the case of thoughts, feelings and desires. We may, in fact, be accused of putting the cart before the horse, on the ground that it is desire that directs attention and not the other way around. It is true that nine times out of ten, attention is ruled by desire, but it need not be. It can be consciously controlled by the will. One of the most important elements in true education is learning to concentrate all one's attention on a single task under the direction of the will, irrespective of personal desire. But whether guided consciously by the will, or unconsciously by desire, attention is essential to the continued existence of any particular desire, or of any given type of thought or feeling. Desires grow by our brooding on them. They live on attention, which is as essential to them as water is to a plant, and without it, they die. Attention is to the desires what a stream of irrigating water is to an otherwise arid land. Where it goes, and nowhere else, there is bloom and growth,—of flowers or weeds, as the case may be. If attention be turned, and kept resolutely away from a particular desire, that desire will in time die of starvation. On the other hand, a desire will grow to the extent to which it is given attention. The proverbial small boy's desire to go to the circus grows with every minute he spends in thinking about it. Each time that he thinks of it with desire, he actually puts that much more desire into the idea. It comes to have a life of its own and to clamour constantly for still more attention, in order to feed thereon

and grow further. The desires to which we have given no attention do not trouble us. Few people, no matter how artistic, long to buy million-dollar Rembrandts, whereas many ardently wish for a new wall-paper in the dining-room. They have not thought about the Rembrandts and they have thought about the wall-paper.

As the control of attention by will enables a man to increase certain desires and to starve others, so it enables him to control the nature of his thoughts and feelings, and the character of his reaction to outer events. Constant mental attention to a feeling has a cumulative effect which makes that feeling grow out of all proportion. Everyday experience furnishes innumerable illustrations of this. Irritation at the merest trifle can thus be built up to a highly explosive condition, dangerous to all concerned. Darby has, perhaps, a way of humming to himself when Joan wants to read. If she makes up her mind to pay no attention to it, in a surprisingly short time she will not even hear it. If, on the contrary, she complains about it to herself, "I suppose he'll do it again tonight. There he goes. He knows I hate it and he always does it", etc., etc., watching for it every evening, and adding the weight of each day's grievance to the accumulated weight of all the past days, it may completely ruin her evenings, or lead to a humiliating explosion, good, perhaps, for Darby, but not for Joan. It is Darby and not Joan who should pay attention to Darby's failures in consideration.

Every event comes with many different handles by which it may be grasped. The universe offers its riches, and its shoddy, at each moment. According to the aspect to which we pay heed, the same event may bring us annoyance at personal inconvenience, or pleasure in an opportunity to help a friend; romance and the joy of battle, or discomfort and fear of disaster. A man strives for a prize and his friend gains it. He can centre his attention on his own disappointment, the injustice of the award and of the world in general, thereby filling his mind with self-pity, bitterness and envy; or he can centre it on his friend's happiness, and feel quite as much joy as if he had won the prize himself. According to his decision, his "environment" for the time being becomes envy or joy. After a series of such decisions, the reaction becomes automatic, and the man finds himself envious, or generous-hearted. "Man verily is formed of desire; as he desires, so he thinks; as he thinks, so he becomes." And the key to desire is attention.

We have spoken of desire as life-giving. Perhaps we should have described it as life-carrying, with a current that flows in both directions. When we give our attention to anything, not only do we give to it a portion of our own life, but there is a return flow from it which brings us something of its essence. Whether this essence be welcome or unwelcome, high or low, it enters our mind through the door opened by attention, and becomes a part of us. To the extent to which we give attention to a purpose or a cause, we live with the life of that purpose. If it be a selfish purpose, the life that returns to us and with which we then live, is sordid. If it were the service of the Masters to which we gave ourselves, we should live with life eternal. When a man attends to

nobility and honour, there is a return flow to him of their essence, and he grows in nobility; when he attends to grossness and vulgarity, he becomes gross and vulgar.

It is for this reason that to certain things, unclean, vulgar or degrading in themselves, no attention should ever be given except when duty requires it. In that case, it is to the duty first, and to the thing, second, that we give attention. Nevertheless, even then there is a sacrifice involved to which we should not be blind. If it be our *duty* to touch pitch, to refuse because it is defiling, is to fall into self-righteousness, and to prepare for ourselves the future "bed of mire", of which *Light on the Path* speaks. But pitch remains defiling and, duty or no duty, attention can never be given to it without some degree of defilement. If those who genuinely condemn evil, realized how much their own lower natures relished the contact that any attention to evil involves, many would be astonished and humiliated. "Whether he love sin or hate sin", if he give attention to sin, "he is equally tied to sin". Attention in itself constitutes a bond. It is *not* true that "to the pure all things are pure". To be pure is to be clear-sighted, and hence to see unclean minds, and unclean "art", and unclean books for what they are. To give attention to them is to take their unclean essence into ourselves.

Self-examination, in which attention is given to faults for the purpose of freeing oneself from them, may appear to be a violation of this principle, but it is not really so, because we are already bound to the faults we have. Attention is given them partly to build up aversion to them, and partly to enable us to see clearly where we should strike to cut the existing bonds. "Self-examination" that is merely brooding on one's failings, and that is not followed by resolute action against them, is always harmful.

The character of that to which we give attention determines the character of the return flow to us, and that, in turn, determines the richness or poverty of our own life and consciousness. If a man gives all his attention to golf and horses, he limits the life he receives to what can be cramped within golf and horses, or rather within the qualities those activities call forth. Golf, of course, has no "life" of its own to give, but it brings out qualities that do have certain types of life. Even here, in spite of their obvious limitations and of the similarity of "horsey"—or golfing—communities the world over, there is a considerable range between the highest and the lowest "essences" to be extracted from them. A man may play golf from vanity, because he thinks he plays a good game, and he gets the essence of vanity back from it. Or he may be attracted by the coolness and self-control under excitement called forth by the need for a long, accurate put, at a critical point in the game. We certainly would not deny the exhilaration of handling a high-spirited thoroughbred, or of taking a four-foot fence on a good hunter, but, however enjoyable, one would hardly describe these things as "richness of life". Whatever of richness they may have, is due to the presence of some quality of the spirit—courage, delicacy of control, coolness, or whatever it may be.

It is always the spirit that makes richness of life, and it is only by attention

to the things of the spirit that it can be attained. Excitement, to which those seeking richness so often turn, is a specious counterfeit, always followed by a reaction of dulness, and which, in time, so deadens the power of enjoyment that stronger and stronger doses have to be taken to produce any effect. This dulling of the faculties of enjoyment is particularly noticeable in children who have been brought up on the "movies". On the other hand, appreciation of the things of the spirit grows keener with exercise. The more one attends to beauty, or nobility, or the search for truth, or any other aspect of the spirit, the more intense will be one's joy in them. Attending to them builds up the desire for them, a desire that, recognized or unrecognized, every one has; for every soul, deep within itself, longs for its home and for the things of its home. Attention to the spirit brings our hearts and minds into some touch with the spirit itself. Just as spring sunshine is necessary to call flowers from the earth into bloom, this touch of the spirit is needed for the blossoming of powers and faculties of heart and mind, that otherwise lie dormant or atrophy. It is these faculties that bring intensity and fineness of feeling, keenness of appreciation, breadth of interest, sympathy, understanding, reverence, love for what is beautiful, high and noble, and all that makes life worth while.

As the direction of his attention determines ultimately what a man desires, what he becomes, the world he lives in, and the nature of the life with which he lives, it would seem desirable to pay heed to one's attention. The first step is to become conscious of just what it is doing at each moment. If this sounds easy to anyone, let him try to hold his attention steadily on one subject for five minutes, and then see how many times and how far it wandered before he became conscious of what it was about. With most people, as we have said, it is ruled, quite unconsciously to themselves, by their personal desires, and they have little idea, and less control, of what it is doing most of the time. It must be reclaimed from its slavery to desire and brought under the control of the will. Obviously, the power of attention will not take a man far toward his goal if he consciously directs it in the right way for one hour a day, and, for the remaining twenty-three, unconsciously lets it go in the opposite direction. For spiritual progress, in which a few moments' wrong thought can do untold harm, and the most rigid control of the mind is necessary, a constant, alert attention, like that of a sentry on guard in the face of an enemy, is essential. Thoughts are dynamic things that vitally affect both ourselves and others. We have no more right to produce them without attention to their character than we have to drive an automobile with our eyes shut.

J. F. B. MITCHELL.

PSYCHOANALYSIS

AN EXPLANATION AND INTERPRETATION

Further, the more important part of their science escapes them, the part which discerns in the soul what truly belongs to it and what does not, what movements are from within, what movements are from without, and, among these last, which come from the devil and which come from God. Nor can they know with what capacity for faith and love a particular soul has been endowed, nor what precise means of sanctification is foreseen for it in the divine plan. While they ignore and make a point of ignoring the virtues and the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and the whole activity of the supernatural life, they will only skim the surface of men,—one half of man's secret will always escape them.—THE SECRET OF THE CURÉ D'ARS.

PSYCHOANALYSIS is the name given to a method of diagnosing and treating certain maladies that afflict men and women. Whether one condemn or approve this method, one should be fair to it, recognizing that, bad or good, it has been brought into existence by a dire human need. That need is for remedial measures adequate to check the alarming increase of the insane. Even a casual reader of newspaper statistics, knows how appalling is the number who suffer from cancer and tuberculosis; but the combined total of those afflicted with cancer, tuberculosis, and all other physical disease, is actually less than the number of those who are diseased mentally.

Bodily diseases often cause excruciating suffering, but the duration of those ills is limited, and after a year or two, the man or woman either recovers, or is released from the tormented body. With mental disease, the alternative is not so clear or hopeful. In our country alone, no less than 400,000 pitiable individuals are condemned for life or long terms, to the prison of an insane mind. In addition to the 400,000 declared insane by the public law courts, there is a second multitude,—those mentally or nervously disordered, men and women not yet insane, but likely to become so, unless preventive and remedial treatment be found for them,—afflicted people for the origin of whose baffling symptoms, their physicians have in vain searched every organ and tissue of the physical body. In perplexity, some physicians began to inquire: have we been looking in the wrong place for the cause of these distressing symptoms? Ought we to seek a clue within the mental and emotional nature, or, to use the Greek word, within the *psychic* body? As an experiment, those physicians began to investigate the mental and emotional history of their patients, and out of their analyses grew this method of treatment—now a popular fad—psychoanalysis. "Psychoanalysis occupies itself", writes Professor McDougall, "with the explanation and cure of what are called nervous disorders".

The first physician to make systematic analyses, to report his results and

the theories he derived from them, was Professor Sigmund Freud, the Viennese neurologist. The unsavoury odour that surrounds the practice and literature of psychoanalysis, proceeds from personal traits in some of the investigators as well as in their patients. Men with no religious principle, those psychiatrists recognize nothing in human nature that comes to it "from above"; they regard men and women only as one species of animal. Moreover, the past history of their patients, many of a grossly sensual type, proved to be just what the investigators desired to find. Morbid and malodorous details were published by Freud and his confrères, and were avidly welcomed by the licentious minds that followed the close of the World War. In dealing with diseased minds it will often be necessary to deal with gross and distasteful things. Knowledge of such morbid conditions,—their causes and cures, the physician must have, but he need not take unnecessary trouble, as Freud seems often to have done, to connect abnormal mental states with matters sexual. It is this italicising of what is indecent and immoral that offends right-minded people. In the hands of other practitioners, doctors of clean fibre, who work with a decent grade of patients, there has been evolved from Freud's crude beginning a theory and practice that is worthy of study.

Freud began by studying those human tendencies which he calls *instincts*. Because the word "instinct" is used to-day in different senses by various groups of psychologists, Freud's meaning must be made clear and distinctive. For example, to the psychologists of Dr. John Watson's group, "Behaviourists" (another popular fad), an instinct is nothing but an habitual response to a given stimulus. The nerve cell, as they see the process, is excited at one end, and the exciting impulse is carried along a fixed system of nerve fibres until it reaches its destination in a certain group of muscles or glands; there, an unvarying response is made. Those unvarying responses, together with Dr. Watson's deductions from them as to the causes of human conduct (behaviour), constitute this new *ism*. Freud is less mechanistic than Dr. Watson, for to him an instinct involves consciousness, and consciousness may of course *vary* the responses made to any given stimulus. Freud does not toss overboard all the accumulated experience of the ages, but holds with Aristotle, Schopenhauer and others, that the "most fundamental characteristic of men and animals is their purposive striving toward ends or goals." These strivings, purposive and, therefore, conscious, which seem to be a fundamental human characteristic, Freud calls *instincts*. Among the instincts, named from the goal toward which they strive, are: the instinct toward pleasure; the instinct toward the exercise of force or power; the instinct toward self-preservation; the instinct toward the perpetuation of the race; the instinct toward the maintenance of nutrition; etc., etc.

It is obvious that whenever various instincts struggle within a man, each toward its respective goal, they come into rivalry and start a civil war. That strife is one kind of hindrance that blocks the path toward satisfaction—a hindrance that, in varying circumstances, gives victory or defeat, now to one instinct, now to another. A second set of hindrances arises when the instinc-

tive, natural man has developed to the point of recognizing moral standards given "from above", a state of development that is inherited from a long Karmic past. Human instincts as they move to-day along the paths toward satisfaction, often find unexpected barriers in the way. What action will the owner of the instincts take when he comes upon those thwarting ramparts?

The man may say: "These barriers have been built by the generations of mankind because experience had demonstrated not only the convenience but the need at this point of a barricade; I will therefore be guided by the accumulated wisdom of my race". He then acts decisively; he does not try to leap the barrier or crawl through some cranny of it, but turns completely from the barricaded road, and transfers, toward a new goal, the energy that hitherto had propelled his course. To be congratulated is the man who acts thus, decisively, and turns into a new path, refusing to gratify an instinct that may be "natural" but that, at his stage of development, conflicts with some law—of heaven or of earth. Such a man will never fall victim to nervous disorder. On the other hand, a man may act indecisively; he may half-heartedly accept the barriers as inevitable,—fretting, nevertheless, because instincts that are "natural", and which he himself has had nothing to do with implanting in his nature, find interferences in the way of "innocent" gratification. He acts indecisively, incompletely. He accepts the barriers—but with a reservation; he accepts them, "for the present", until ingenuity can find a way to surmount them. He does not expel the impulse, as the first man did, but, instead, pushes it off the scene, trusting to the adage, "out of sight, out of mind". This half-heartedness in dealing with instincts, half-heartedness which amounts to mere postponement of gratification, the psychoanalysts call by the technical word, *repression*, as they likewise give to the repressed instincts themselves, the name, *complexes*.

Little does the victim of half-heartedness realize the bitter draught he is brewing for himself. All that he has done by repressing his impulse, is to banish from his drawing-room to his cellar, what should have been driven from his house. In the cellar of his subconscious mind, that banished instinct becomes a rat, gnawing and gnawing to open a subterranean passageway to gratification, the conscious mind giving little attention to scamperings in the cellar, so long as the rats keep out of sight, out of the drawing-room. Poor victim, self-doomed to misery! For, strange as it may seem, many nervous disorders, with all their train of sufferings, are self-caused; they are nothing less or more than disguised gratifications of repressed instincts. In other words, *according to the theories of psychoanalysis*, a nervous disorder means that the rat in the cellar has been persistent enough to gnaw a passageway to fulfilment,—fulfilment though *disguised*, the disguise—often most distorted—being adopted for the express purpose of deluding the conscious mind, which, for sufficient reason, shrinks from *open* gratification of that particular impulse.

Psychoanalysis is concerned with these rats, the impulses repressed and banished to the subconscious mind,—to ferret them out. For if not ferreted out and exterminated, they may lead from nervous disorders which are them-

selves things of no joy, to mental diseases,—they may lead from the mid-valley of indecision down to the black dungeons of insanity.

Two choices open to a man, and their consequences, have been mentioned,—positive decision and half-hearted postponement. There is yet a third choice; a man may act decisively, but *in the wrong direction*. The consequence of that choice is, ultimately, debauchery or insanity. Encountering the barriers which the experience of the race has built, the man may say that, willy nilly, he will storm the barricade and gratify his desire. The particular instinct which he wishes to satisfy may be that for power, and he can see that, were he President of the United States, he would be in a position of some authority. The votes of the nation do not make him President; but, within himself, he has a faculty more potent than votes, the faculty of fancy, a perversion of imagination. He storms the barricade, withdraws from his actual environment, and lives in a fantasy world of his own creation. Satisfaction of his desire being denied him on a substantial plane, he gives himself illusory gratification on the plane of unsubstantial fantasy. At last, he *believes* himself to be President, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, etc., etc. Acquaintances may deride his belief—but then, he tells himself, his acquaintances are all deranged, and he, the great President, is the only sane individual of that particular neighbourhood. He has defied the accumulated experience of the race, and has bounded over the restraining barrier—into the madhouse; he is insane.

It is not however with insanity, the final stage of the road, that psychoanalysis concerns itself, but with the mid-valley of the undecided,—those who, afflicted with nervous disorders, are leading disturbed lives, some of whom may become insane if their condition be not alleviated and cured.

People subject to nervous disorders seem to fall into two psychological groups, the *introvert* and the *extrovert*, both of which depart, but in opposite directions, from the normal human type. The normal man stands between two worlds; he is sensitively poised between an outer world of environment and an inner world of thought and standards. He ponders those two worlds, weighing one against the other until he strikes a balance. The introvert, as the name suggests, looks too much within, and too little upon what is around him; he is “off balance”. If the introvert becomes completely and permanently “off balance”, giving no heed whatever to facts of his environment, he is insane. The extrovert likewise is “off balance”, in that he is too easily influenced by external factors, not bringing such factors before the bar of inner judgment. He acts without reflection, is the victim of external conditions, and may become so victimized by outer influences as hopelessly to lose balance, in insanity.

To illustrate, consider first the *introvert*. Here are two examples of nervous oddity, disturbances of the very slightest nature indeed, which yet might develop into serious disorder. I. A child of seven, walking with an aunt through a woodland, strayed and was lost. After no great interval the aunt found her niece wedged between two rocks at the foot of a small waterfall. Fearful of punishment at home, the child begged her aunt not to mention the escape, and the indulgent aunt so promised. Within a few days, the visit came to an

end, the aunt went to live in a distant state, and no one of the family knew of the child's act. As she grew into girlhood, that child was always terrified by the sight or sound of running water, an oddity that caused comment in the home and among friends. Thirteen years later, the aunt again visited her relatives, and noticing one day her niece's terror as the faucet ran noisily, said with a quizzical smile, "I have never told". The long forgotten adventure at the waterfall was recalled; and after that explanation, it is said, the young woman's nervous fear entirely disappeared.¹

II. A respectable elderly man, Mr. B—, had such a fear of being seized from behind, that, on the street, he was frequently looking over his shoulder, and, within doors, sat, if possible, with his back against a wall. This odd behaviour had marked him from childhood. In his fifty-sixth year, Mr. B— made a visit to the town of his birth, and among other old acquaintances, encountered an aged grocer who still conducted the little shop which had lingered from boyhood in Mr. B—'s memory. The old grocer smilingly asked Mr B— whether he remembered the peanuts, and on receiving a negative reply, he told how B— as a boy, had the habit of snatching a few peanuts whenever he passed the shop, until the grocer, determined to end the pilfering, one day concealed himself behind a hogshead as the boy approached, and then from the rear leaped out upon the lad who was thus caught while his hand was in the sack. Screaming with terror, the boy had fallen to the ground, unconscious. As in the case of the girl just mentioned, B—'s nervous abnormality is said to have disappeared soon after its forgotten cause was brought back to memory.

What have these odd forms of nervousness to do with psychoanalysis, which concerns itself with gnawing instincts? Self-preservation is an instinct, and from that branch there ramifies the twig of self-respect, more usually called, medically, self-regard. There are right and wrong ways of guarding self-respect. A conscientious man of disciplined will, who by wrong-doing has lowered self-respect, acknowledges his fault, tries to make reparation for it, and regains *mentem consciam recti*. The girl and the boy just described were not concerned over their wrong-doing, but were eager to escape the consequences. Punishment at home, it is contended, would have ended the matter by transforming the guilty memory into a wholesome one that would deter from future wrong-doing. Punishment they escaped, but they could not escape their own memory of guilt. Self-regard could not bear the sight of the unwelcome memory, and banished it to the cellar. Confinement in the cellar does not put an end to a trouble maker. Force put into wrong action continues until expiated in some return circuit. The banished memory, like a rat, had obtruded its scamperings (i.e., "fear of running water", and "fear of being seized") upon the drawing-room,—the individual not at all understanding that he was himself responsible for the rat. Forgetting all the circumstances that surround an uncomplimentary incident, as shown by the girl and by Mr. B—, is said to be *purposed*, and this *purposed forgetfulness* is called technically, *amnesia*. "Every *phobia*" (a

¹ This and the following cases are cited in Professor Wm. McDougall's book, *Outline of Abnormal Psychology*, p. 306 *et seq.*

nervous fear, the cause of which is unknown to the patient), says Dr. Stekel, "is a punishment exacted by consciousness of guilt".

On the theory of psychoanalysis, the rôle of the analyst was taken in these two cases by the aunt and the grocer, who held each the clue to the mystery. With the girl and the boy, the fear was too slight to produce a marked disorder—it caused only freakishness of manner. In more severe cases, no friendly individual possessing a clue, the patient must have the aid of an intelligent worker trained to search minutely through the past, until he penetrates the self-draped veils of amnesia which hide from the sufferer the cause of his trouble. When these veils of amnesia are torn aside, and the patient is confronted with forgotten facts, his *neurosis*, or nervous disorder, frequently comes to a happy end: or so we are told.

In the next illustration, also of the introvert type, morbid scrupulosity is shown, that is, a *form of obsession*, the individual being thrown "off balance" by undue attention to an inner standard of conduct. As a result of over-scrupulousness in the discharge of duty, a certain middle-aged naval officer, N—, became self-depreciatory to the point of losing the confidence of his fellow officers, though hitherto they had respected and admired his integrity and ability. A devout Catholic, trained in a Jesuit college, his increasing indecision and inefficiency mystified his associates. Investigation disclosed that an incident on a torpedoed ship was responsible for the neurosis. A young lieutenant, panic-stricken in the waves, though in no immediate danger (buoyed as he was by a life-belt), had shouted to N— for a second belt. N— was on the deck of the sinking vessel, no belt was in sight, and seeing that the lieutenant was to all appearance sufficiently protected, he had not deprived himself of his own belt in order to quiet the terrified youth. Shortly after that incident, an hallucination began to trouble N—. From time to time he would see the young officer floating upon the waves, a corpse. It was this haunting sight that had caused him to examine and re-examine with morbid scrupulosity every detail of duty assigned him, until he became indecisive and utterly inefficient. Brought face to face with the cause of his brooding, N— was freed, we are told, from the hallucination. Presumably, something in his refusal to grant the lieutenant's request had not satisfied his code. Conscience may have whispered that an elder officer should show more sympathy to an inexperienced and unreasonably terrified youth. The physician who reported the case does not tell what verdict N— passed upon his own act. It is possible that he confessed he had made a mistake. Hearty repentance for wrong done, often frees from seething uncertainties.

Let us now look at examples of the *extrovert* type, impulsive and impressionable people who act upon the desire of the moment, with little interior check. The vitality of such people often seems inexhaustible, but they are swept from their inner mooring, become victims of their own emotions, and their valuable energy is frittered away.

On account of an exemplary professional career, K— was requested by his associates to step out from a quiet and inconspicuous field of labour, in order

to engage actively in a presidential campaign where principles of more than usual importance were at stake. K— had never before made a public address, and was as pleased as surprised at his success. He had never experienced the sensation of influencing a crowd, and the sense of power it brought, "went to his head". He began to make addresses for the sole purpose of experiencing that sensation, and his conduct became in consequence eccentric. Early in the morning, at the window of his hotel room, by animated gestures he would stop passers-by, and when he had assembled an audience, would deliver a fiery harangue. The response made by the crowd to his eloquence caused him, he said, to "feel like a god", and when campaign associates, alarmed at his excitement, endeavoured to quiet his elation, he became extremely irritable and scornful. Tactful management restored him, but the case shows how a mania might develop. It was the instinct for power asserting itself regardless of ordinary conventions.

When an unbalanced man is positive and aggressive toward his environment as K— was, the resultant disorder is a *mania*. An unbalanced man who is negative and passive to environment, brings upon himself the opposite of mania, a *depression*. These two forms of disease exhibited by extroverts, are commonly grouped together as the *manic-depressive* psychoses, because it is usual for patients to pass back and forth from mania to depression in cycles. Fear dominates a depressed person. He feels useless, weak, and accuses himself of innumerable crimes, especially of having committed "the unpardonable sin", without having the vaguest notion what that sin may be. He imagines all sorts of punishment that will overtake him. Too frequently, this affliction ends in suicide; but if the individual can be protected from himself, the depression almost invariably passes away, and he may become normal once more.

Another disorder that occurs in persons of the extrovert type is *hysteria*. *Hysteria*, according to this school, is a refuge supplied by the subconscious mind from some condition which the individual prefers not to face. When a man is desirous of being excused from an unpleasant task, and can substantiate his desire with no valid reason such as a physical disease, his subconscious mind most obligingly comes to the rescue, producing a sufficiently serious nervous illness (simulating physical disease) to obtain release from duty. Shell-shock, in some cases, may be a form of *hysteria*—a subconscious imitation of disease—in which case the motive back of that imitation is desire to evade the conflict. During the War, a soldier received a wound in his shoulder. The wound soon healed, but the man's arm was unexpectedly found to be paralyzed, and he was discharged as unfit for further duty. For several years the paralysis continued, and, through disuse, the muscles of the arm degenerated. Wishing to be rid of the limb, now inconvenient as well as useless, the man visited a surgeon, with a view to amputation, but the surgeon first called into consultation a neurologist. The neurologist found that the shoulder muscles as well as the arm muscles had degenerated, though the nerves of the shoulder lay entirely outside the area affected by the original flesh wound. Convinced that what appeared to be complete organic paralysis was in truth *hysteria*, the

neurologist assured the patient that his arm could be completely restored, and before the first interview ended, the man was moving his fingers. In a few weeks the entire arm was functioning normally.²

What caused that *hysteria*? In that as in similar cases, it was the desire to quit the field of action, but to quit without disgrace. To effect that, there must be adequate injury. The subconscious mind is therefore expectant and anticipative, and consequently the effects upon it of some fear-producing episode, are out of all proportion to the physical damage actually received. After the accident, there is usually a period during which the subconscious mind works quietly to achieve its aim, a dormant period before the neurosis appears. Then, shortly before the soldier is scheduled to resume active work, there will develop from a minor accident, symptoms of a major nature. Quite obviously that soldier had not concentrated his attention upon doing his utmost, but was meditating an escape from an unpleasant environment, an escape that would at the same time "save his face". The instinct to preserve himself from danger prompted him to run away, but flight was checked by the conflicting instinct of self-regard which pictured vividly the disgrace to be incurred. Instead of crushing the desire to desert, the soldier merely pushed it into his cellar where the subconscious mind worked upon it until the insignificant flesh wound served as starting point and pretext for the paralysis. To the man's discomfiture, the paralyzed arm continued to plague him long after its "usefulness" (i.e., to procure a discharge with honour) was over.

Similar evasions of duty, effected through the connivance of the subconscious mind, occur in civilian as well as military life. Since the passage of the "Workmen's Compensation Laws" (which compel employers to compensate employees for injuries received in the discharge of duty), nervous diseases are encountered more frequently than formerly in industrial callings. Under hysteria, there is a sub-group of disorders known as the *traumatic neuroses*, because they start in a slight injury, or at least in fear of an injury (trauma being the medical term for injury). A large mechanical crane falling from its supports, wedged the operator between a heavy piece of steel and the wall of the room. The only physical injury he sustained was a slight bruise on one leg, X-rays showing no injury to the bone, and careful examination revealing no sign of injury to nerve fibres. For several months after the bruise had disappeared, the operator still limped, and he continued to receive full wages, though he performed no service, alleging that severe pain made work impossible. The physician responsible for the employees finally became convinced that the limp was psychological not physical, and to close the case, recommended a cash settlement for disability. When this was made, the limping soon ceased. Whenever an injured workman has financial interest in the business, or for some reason is not entitled to compensation, he returns quickly to duty. Another common form of hysteria is pain in the back, following a railroad wreck, and this is known medically as "railway spine". For this ailment no physical origin can be demonstrated, yet after every wreck, the railway companies

² Cited by Professor Foster Kennedy, neurologist at Cornell University Medical College, in lecture, in 1925.

spend large sums in settlement of claims based upon such pains. It is interesting to note that a special train carrying only high officials of the road was once wrecked, giving the officers a rough jolt. Not a single case of "railway spine" developed after that accident because, as controlling stockholders, any cash settlement would have come from their own pockets. It should be clear that no reference is being made to deliberate malingerers, but to people of another type who have no conscious desire to make an unjust claim. Fear is present in their minds, and the subconscious thought that the authorities responsible are able to pay for any injury that may be sustained. When the fright is over, and he cannot find a physical injury, the passenger's repressed desire for compensation keeps active through subconscious channels until it clears a way to cash—by the development of pain in the back.

Having considered (1) what it is that psychoanalysis deals with, and (2) the psychological types subject to nervous disorders, let us now turn to (3) methods employed in analyzing and treating the neuroses.

There are two major steps in psychoanalysis. I, *Exploration* of the patient's mind, for the purpose of discovering the origin of the morbid state. II, *Readjustment* of the patient's life.

1. The *exploration* includes minute examination of the past life, including ancestral and antenatal environment, likes and dislikes as they touch both persons and things; and a review of all his theories, hopes, beliefs, and desires. Without being aware of it, the patient will conceal the very things which are of most importance to the diagnosis. To elicit further information, the physician asks him to read a list of words, matching each word in the list with the first one of his own that it calls to mind. In making replies, the patient will hesitate slightly at such words as have special significance to him. The investigator then segregates those special words and the replies they evoked, and builds them into an hypothesis. Dreams likewise are carefully examined, with an attempt to interpret them. In addition, hypnotism is often used as an aid to exploration.

Between analysis and readjustment there is an intermediate step called "*catharsis*", which means the expulsion (at last) of the repressed desire and its replacement by a worthy goal. The practice of confession is obviously a type of catharsis.

2. *Readjustment* demands, primarily, the establishment of a worth-while aim. Appeals may be made to the patient's moral standards and religious beliefs, as also, to his patriotism or his family pride. Affection for a friend may be used as a motive toward virile effort. It may be pointed out that although distressing sufferings evoke sympathy from friends, they do so under false pretences, seeing that in truth they are but a refuge taken from duty. The esteem of friends would be forfeited if they knew the actual facts.

Sublimation is a widely used means toward readjustment. It is a transfer of energy from a low to a higher end. Vital force which hitherto had been drained by the instincts, is thereby liberated to "sustain activities which are higher, either in the intellectual or moral sense, than the purely instinctive

activities". It has been stated (we do not know how truly) that, during the War, French soldiers learned to *sublimate* the fears that are natural during an active campaign. Their fears were talked of as things to be expected, from which, accordingly, each man could withdraw nervous energy, turning it in another direction,—to intense performance of every duty that arose. Neuroses were uncommon among the French soldiers. On the other hand, British tradition regarded fear as cowardly, and British soldiers felt compelled to hide their terrors. Those unsublimated fears being deposited in the subconscious mind, did harmful work, causing familiar disorders of the nervous system.

To recapitulate: according to psychoanalysts, nervous disorders are self-caused, and are gratifications, in disguise, of desires that arise from the instincts. These desires are usually *natural*, but their realization is opposed to some higher possibility of the individual, and that higher possibility makes advisable the conquest and expulsion of natural cravings. Domination of the higher over the lower desire is achieved by the man of positive decision. The indecisive man, instead of dominating, thrusts the unsatisfied cravings into his cellar, postponing their gratification. Gratification is obtained later (in a disguised and distorted form) as a nervous disorder. The conscious mind is not aware of course that a neurosis is a repressed instinct in masquerade. The invalid lulls himself in a false peace, thinking he has amply satisfied the higher demand—whatever that was—that was made upon him. A nervous disorder—it must be obvious—is an example of "eating one's cake" and, at the same time, "having" it, inasmuch as the invalid, while possessing (and being possessed by) his neurosis (gratification in disguise), at the same time flatters himself that he has conformed to a high moral standard. A startling and vicious waywardness advocated by Freud and his followers should be carefully noted. Claiming that nervous disorders are caused by *repressed* desires, they fail to distinguish between *repression* and *expulsion*. They accordingly argue, in a most childish and vicious manner: nervous trouble is caused by repression, therefore, to avoid nervous disease, do not repress, but—gratify. Such evil counsel defies the moral experience of the race.

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But now, having tried to explain the principles and practices of psychoanalysis as favourably as possible, let us attempt to consider the whole subject in the light of Theosophy.

It should be clear at once that the cures which analysts attribute to "catharsis", "sublimation" and so forth, can be explained just as well, in most cases, as having been due to suggestion and auto-suggestion. Anyone who is familiar with the work of Bernheim and his followers at Nancy, or with the more recent authorities on the same subject, will suspect at once that the means employed by the psychoanalyst serve merely to inspire receptivity or credulity or faith (the word depending upon the bias of the critic) in the patient,—positive suggestion, such as, "Now you are rid of it", achieving the actual result. It may be claimed, in the same way, that auto-suggestion could account for the cure of Mr. B—. In his case, the very fact that his experience found its

way into Professor McDougall's well-known manual, leads one to suppose that B— was acquainted with some exponent of psychoanalysis and was more or less familiar with its teachings. Thus, having suffered all his life from a particular dread, and being suddenly confronted with what he accepted as its cause; being imbued, further, with the belief that the recognition of cause would remove the effect,—his faith, if you choose, or, if not, his susceptibility to his own anticipation (auto-suggestion), removed the neurosis and effected a cure.

In any case, the one theory is at least as good as the other; neither takes into account, or explains, however, the many successes of some practitioners and the many failures of others. Both schools would probably understand their subject better if they were less scornful of Mesmer, von Reichenbach, Drs. Esdaile, Elliotson and the later mesmerists. That "animal magnetism", so-called, can be ignored as a factor in some of these cures—that is, in cures effected by a professional—few students of Theosophy would be prepared to believe; for the student of Theosophy does not espouse the cause of any school, remaining open-minded in his attitude toward all of them, while holding fast to his own experience and to the accumulated experience of the race. That experience, fortunately for us, goes back to ages long preceding the fame of Dr. Freud; for there has never been an age when cures of nervous disorders, and of their physical expression also, were not brought about by the "laying on of hands", or by simple word of command, or by "holy (magnetized) water", or by similar means.

It is absurd, however, in our opinion, to say that *all* nervous disorders are "occasioned by intention (subconscious) on the part of the sufferer"; that they are "purposed". Many are, but perhaps an equal number are not. If you had accidentally shot and killed a friend while hunting, you might well have an unusual (i.e., an abnormal) nervous reaction to the sound of a gunshot; if you had seen someone you loved burned to death, you might have an unusual horror of fire. Whether or not you would be able to control and conceal your feelings in either case, would depend upon your strength of character, that is to say, upon your self-command; but the most complete recognition of the *cause* of your abnormal and perhaps very painful reaction, would not in the least affect its intensity. This, we believe, is universal experience. The nerves, once violently shocked by a particular cause, will react similarly to even the mildest recurrence of a corresponding stimulus. They will react reflexly by association of ideas. That such suffering is "purposed", seems to us as far-fetched as to allege that the pain from a severe bruise is purposed.

A student of Theosophy, furthermore, may know from his own experience, or may in any case have good reason to believe, that some of the most deep-seated dreads and most abnormal nervous reactions, are due to shocks or to impressions brought over from past lives,—the psychic body having literally been seared by them. In some cases, it is said, the origin of such impressions is clearly remembered, without in the least diminishing the "association neurosis". In the case of an individual who does not remember the past, but whose trouble originated in a previous incarnation and not in this life, it is obvious

that no amount of "exploration" by an analyst could dig out the *true* cause, though an alleged cause might be pounced upon as explaining the symptoms, and, on the theory of suggestion, might be used with success to effect a cure.

Perhaps, however, the most serious objection to the practice of psychoanalysis is that only a man entirely ignorant of his own limitations and weaknesses, and of the *evil latent* within him, or, worse, a man indifferent to such considerations, would be willing to undertake it. Without going into unpleasant details, "exploration" usually involves delving into the hidden depths of "lower nature" by a man who ought, in any case to know more about evil than his patient, and who, therefore, by the very nature of his questioning, may too easily suggest previously unimagined evil to the person whose past thought, dreams included, he is attempting to probe. Ask a practitioner if he would like his wife, or sister or daughter, to be "treated" in this way by one of his fellows, and it is unlikely he would answer in the affirmative. The risk is too great. Untold harm may be done, when other and less dangerous methods will accomplish the same result. Almost any kind of "faith cure" would be preferable. The difficulty is, of course, to arouse the faith. There are many people who would scorn the idea of a pilgrimage to Lourdes, but who would rush to the consulting-room of a psychoanalyst as an exponent of the latest and most "scientific" mystery.

This does not mean that, in the opinion of the writer, there are no valuable lessons to be learned from psychoanalysis. It seems to him, in the first place, as already intimated, that every student of Theosophy should take to heart the difference between repression and expulsion, realizing, once and for always, that half measures are not only futile but actively and continuously self-destructive. An evil desire, if merely stuffed away or stuffed under, must inevitably propagate its species, the accumulation breaking out somehow, sooner or later, meanwhile acting as a constant nervous irritant. Thoughts of "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness", as well as those more commonly designated as evil, must be ejected forcibly and *with feeling*, if we are to escape their terrible consequences, some of which are traced by psychoanalysis, but the worst of which can be appreciated only by those who know of the psychic and other invisible bodies which Theosophy describes as far more lasting and "causal" than the physical.

In the second place, what has been said about "substitution" and "sublimation" should have a special significance for students of Theosophy, who have always been warned that when an "unclean spirit is gone out of a man", that, and "seven other spirits more wicked than himself", will take possession later, unless right thoughts and right activities are substituted for those that were wrong. The doctrine of polar opposites, unknown to psychoanalysis, but with which every student of Theosophy is familiar, throws light on the whole subject. Completely to reverse the polarity of our interest and self-identification is the only true substitution as it is the only true sublimation, but, short of that—and we are told it can be done in a moment of time—there are many intermediate stages tending in the right direction.

In the third place, the doctrines of psychoanalysis, or, rather, the popularization by psychoanalysts of doctrines promulgated ages ago, and always familiar to the open-minded, may help us to guard against those self-inflicted ailments which are rendered none the less real by being pronounced hysterical in origin. A man who is sick to death of his office or of his home, will "subconsciously" develop an ailment for which his physician can only prescribe a thorough change and rest; a woman whose hatred of household duties is greater than her consideration for her husband, will become a chronic invalid with every sort of symptom making household drudgery dangerous and impossible: the symptoms are there and are very real, and it is not always easy to trace them to their true cause, which may be, and often is, entirely psychological. But analysis by a practitioner will not cure the victim unless honesty and self-respect are more highly developed than self-consideration: and this is not often encountered. One can, however, by the practice of daily self-examination, cultivate a perception of one's motives which will make self-deception less frequent and less easy.

Far simpler and more practical than psychoanalysis, and entirely free from danger, is what has been called "the conscience cure". Every experienced physician knows that many illnesses are caused by conflicts between the higher and the lower nature, between conscience and self-gratification. So long as a glimmer of conscience remains, it is impossible for a man to violate his own standards consistently, without upsetting the balance which makes all the difference between health and disease: that, in any case, is the conviction of the present writer and of many others. It is in any case the fact that serious illnesses have been cured by the question, *when answered frankly*, "What is on your conscience?" These cases do not require analysis or probing; the patient is well aware of what his conscience has been telling him, perhaps for months or years, and although he has not connected his illness with his wrongdoing, once he confesses and resolves, aided by his physician, to turn from evil ways to good, he becomes a new creature, not only morally but physically.

Finally, while psychoanalysts have much to say about the subconscious mind—echoing, in this, the "discoveries" of their mid-Victorian predecessors—students of Theosophy will realize that, to offset the *sub* there is a supra-conscious mind, working from *above* the level of ordinary awareness, as certain French psychologists have been trying to demonstrate during the past four or five years. It is strange that such a commonplace of human experience should need scientific demonstration, but there are those who will not believe anything until it is certified by some Academy. In any case, Theosophists *know* that "every good gift and every perfect gift [including every good and inspiring thought] is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." Knowing that, and knowing too that "in His will is our peace", they should not find it difficult to avoid either the pitfalls of psychoanalysis, or the very real dangers to which it points.

L. S. W.

THE MAXIMS OF RENÉ QUINTON

RENÉ Quinton was a French biologist and soldier. When mobilization orders were issued on the 5th of August, 1914, he was a reserve captain of artillery and forty-eight years old. At his own request he was recalled to active service, and during the World War was at the front for the greater part of three and a half years. He was wounded eight times, mentioned in despatches or decorated sixteen times, and was a Lieutenant-Colonel when demobilized on the 3rd of July, 1919. He "received the highest Belgian, British and American decorations and the French Croix de Guerre, and was appointed successively Officer and Commander of the Legion of Honour." He was known as a "fighting soldier", and many, if not most, of his maxims probably were composed in the heat of battle.

After demobilization Quinton went back to the pursuit of his scientific and philosophical work, and it was not until shortly before his sudden death in July, 1925, that he began to arrange and classify his maxims for publication. He died while the task was as yet incomplete. The maxims were not published until the Spring of 1930 under the title of *Maximes sur la Guerre*. But the title is somewhat misleading because, though undoubtedly the experiences of the World War gave Quinton certain valuable data for the formulation of his maxims, the influence of biology is by no means lacking in them, so that his thesis as a whole applies to life rather than being primarily concerned with the conduct of war; unless one sees life in terms of warfare as it would seem Quinton did. His first maxim would indicate that he did; and that, at the same time, he hurled a challenge at those who long for ease, comfort and self-pleasure, for he says: "It is the intention of Nature that man should die in his prime."

There at once speaks the biologist and the soldier, and an indication is given of the thesis that Quinton's maxims unfold. As the biologist he must have had in mind the growing plant pressing ever toward the fulfilment of its kind, and, that fulfilment achieved, dying at the height of its beauty or productivity and leaving behind the seed, or the impulse, from which may spring another fulfilment. As a soldier who saw action at Verdun, among other places, he must have had in mind those thousands whom he saw fall as they reached such heights of courage as even they themselves would have considered impossible only a few short years before; leaving behind them examples, or impulses, for the thousands who came after them to follow, so that they too could die, not as listless, surfeited creatures grown weary of life, but as vibrant life itself. The sculptor who fashioned the figure of Death which to-day rises from the bare summit of *Mort-Homme*, caught this same vibrancy. As you stand on that summit and contemplate it, it is as though the *living-dead* speak to you through its inscription, "*Ils n'ont pas passé.*"

What a neat thrust there is in this first of Quinton's maxims against that type of self-satisfied man who lays up for himself treasure on earth so as to spend his later years on the golf course or at the bridge-whist table! According to the thesis of this biologist-soldier, he who does thus, works directly against the "intention of Nature". Mr. Douglas Jerrold, whose translations of Quinton's maxims I am using, says of them: "To read Quinton's French after my English is to exchange the bludgeon for the rapier, and to submit oneself at the same time to the discipline of an infallible precision of aim." One cannot but be reminded of the many great characters of profane history, not to mention others, who have died with their "harness on", and in their prime; for man's prime cannot be measured in terms of years, but in terms of service. Who, for example, inquires into the exact age of a Lancelot or a Roland? It is service that Quinton stresses, service to mankind, to humanity, to the race.

"Nature exacts a price for the right to endure. Men and races must buy it with their blood. The warrior is thus the salvation of the race."

"Pacifism is an outrage on the dignity of man. It would deny him his only majestic quality, the knowledge how to die."

There is another aspect of Quinton's first aphorism which may be referred to as the blood sacrifice mentioned in religious books, that is, the sacrifice of man's lower self in favour of his Higher Self, the losing of his life, *this* life, that he may gain life everlasting,—though it does not necessarily require man to pass through the portals we call death. If the biologist-soldier had something of this sort in mind as an aspect of his first maxim, then it appears even more neatly phrased; for surely while in the process of making the blood sacrifice, man could be considered as progressing from prime to prime, spiritually speaking at least, for in that sense his prime would have to be considered relatively. To state it in another way, spiritually speaking, man may be thought of as entering an ever new prime as he continues to purify Kama, or personal desire, transmuting it into Buddhi, or Divine Will; losing his life to find it, or in Quinton's phraseology, dying in his prime.

That Quinton was aware of the two natures in man and of the conflict which ceaselessly takes place between them, within man, is shown in the following two maxims, which seem to strike the keynote of his thesis:

"The moral drama arises from the conflict between the desire to live and the desire to serve."

"Every man possesses two souls; the soul of his body and the soul of his race. The spirit of the body has no aim but its own welfare, but on the spirit of the race is laid the irrevocable order to serve. And he who refuses knows that he is a traitor. The body demands comfort, repose and pleasure, but the race demands hardship, sacrifice and endurance."

Here resounds the battle-cry that has rung down through the ages; the call to man to liberate the soul from the fetters of self; the call to the warrior soul

within man to take up its appointed task and work for the eventual salvation of mankind. In different ways, at different times, under different skies, since time immemorial it has been sounded; ever old and yet ever new.

For what do the Masters of the Lodge work, if not for the eventual salvation of the race? Of whom is the Divine Hierarchy composed, if not of those who, æons ago, having heard "the irrevocable order to serve", have given themselves and their lives for the benefit and the betterment of the race? Is not the chéla one who, in striving to do his Master's will, has put behind him the demands of the body, "comfort, repose and pleasure", and embraced the demands of the race, "hardship, sacrifice and endurance"?

Practically every man has had some experience which has touched the soul within him and caused him to respond, if only for a moment, to that which is high, noble, courageous; to something much bigger, better, grander than himself and the paltry interests of self. From that brief experience, however, he can catch the truth in what Quinton says regarding the soul of the race. Some day each man will be brought to the point where he must choose definitely between one path or the other; between serving the lower self or serving the Higher Self; between serving "the soul of his body" or serving "the soul of his race." In that day will be laid upon him "the irrevocable order to serve, and he who refuses" will know "that he is a traitor". Yea, he knows already from his brief experience when he felt the stir of the soul within him, that when the day of his choice comes he will be a traitor if he prefer the left-hand path rather than the right-hand. Thus through many such experiences in many incarnations is man helped and prepared against his day of final choice, against the day when he must decide to use his divine gifts of mind and free will either unselfishly on behalf of the salvation of the race, or for his own selfish purposes. The latter leads to annihilation. The former leads to liberation; liberation from the bondage of self, liberation from "the conflict between the desire to live and the desire to serve"; the only liberation possible.

Quinton has an interesting and original way of developing his thesis; in part by means of warnings, in part by emphasizing certain qualities he considers necessary for those who would truly serve the race. But as there are more than three hundred of his maxims, grouped under six different headings, it is not feasible to quote more than a few of them in an article of this character and length. Those already quoted are culled from the group listed under the first of these headings, and, as already said, sound the keynote of his thesis: which is service.

The second division, headed "Brave Men and Heroes", carries a warning for any who might have a tendency to think of themselves as heroes because they have enlisted to help in the salvation of mankind. Without disparaging the brave man, Quinton enhances the hero. He does so ingeniously, appealingly and simply, and at the same time weaves no illusions around the hero. In fact he strips the hero of the glamour the novelist would throw about him. In doing so he will undoubtedly give to many readers a shock, but the sort of shock humanity needs, the sort that jars people out of false imaginings—in

this case out of imagining themselves as heroes—for Quinton likens heroism to motherhood.

Few persons of maturity harbour any illusions about motherhood. They know it involves patience and fatigue; self-sacrifice and self-giving; myriads of services performed at all hours of the day and night. They know the mother is always on call, and that she usually *anticipates* the call.

"The brave man deserves credit; the hero does not. He obeys his instinct like a mother and is no more deserving of merit than she."

"There is as much difference between heroism and bravery as between a mother's love and a guardian's."

"Neither hunger nor fatigue can affect the hero. Other men take turns at the post of duty, but the hero like the mother is always on guard."

"The hero is a mystic and perhaps it takes a hero to understand him."

"Nature created the hero not to live but to serve."

Having disposed of the hero in such fashion as to cause him to be esteemed for what he is—one man out of many millions of men—in the next section, "Ardours and Endurances of War", Quinton outlines some of the qualities he considers must be developed by those who would truly serve the race. At the same time these aphorisms act as warnings of much that such service entails. Incidentally, they touch on one of the characteristics which distinguish the occultist. At about the age the average man is ready to "rest on his oars" with the idea of enjoying the fruits of his little efforts, the occultist, seeing life in terms of warfare, and appreciating the danger of becoming slack, tightens his belt and plunges more resolutely into the contest. The occultist ever presses forward, realizing there remain many fields to be conquered, and that, as Quinton puts it, "War is the ardour of the soul."

Evidently the biologist-soldier would emphasize the quality of ardour as necessary for those who would heed the call of "the soul of the race"; for it would seem that one who wrote "the hero is a mystic", must have been somewhat of a mystic himself.

A few of the other maxims pertaining to ardour and endurance will suffice to give the gist of what Quinton brings out under this head:

"Hunger, sleeplessness and stress raise the spirits of the soldier to the highest degree of exaltation. Only the emancipated soul can inhabit the mortified body, and the soul is purified as the body is abased. The most inspired fighters are those on the edge of endurance."

"It is not the fighting soldier who needs rest."

"Whatever satisfies the flesh is negligible."

"From the caravan lost in the sands of the desert, from the ship wrecked by the storm on the sea, may be heard the sound of prayers, never of blasphemies."

"It is the security of life that has killed the gods."

Under the heading, "Courage, Prudence and Danger", Quinton stresses the importance of courage, and the right and the wrong way of going about its acquisition, when he says: "It is necessary to restore the prestige of courage."

As a soldier who saw almost continuous action for three and a half years during the World War, he had ample opportunity to study the right and the wrong means of acquiring and using courage. He must have seen how the noble quality of courage can be debased when men drag it down to their own low level in order to augment the greedy purposes of self. In contrast, he must have been impressed with the difference when men rise, as it were, to the plane of courage and merge themselves with the Ideal. Undoubtedly significance may be given to the use of the word *prestige* in this aphorism.

Applying this to the individual, it is the merging of himself with the Ideal of courage that sends man forth single-handed to combat the dragon of self in his lair, and to return victor without talking about it. Through the quiet assurance of his actions, however, he expresses the Ideal, and thus helps others to set out to embody it; to "restore the prestige of courage" in the world. It seems apparent that Quinton lays down, and rightly so, such an embodiment of courage as necessary for those who would aid in the salvation of the race.

He further expounds the three qualities of this section in part as follows:

"Prudence is a fruit which ripens during wars. At the beginning of a campaign we must first prove our courage, and then, when we have lost everything by it, prudence supervenes and we learn to be generous without being wasteful."

"If you are sure of your courage then prudence is a virtue."

"In the danger which the enemy disseminates there is an insult and a challenge. For it is by fear that he proposes to bend your will. The question we have to ask is a plain one: shall we obey our duty or our fears, our honour or the enemy?"

In the next to last grouping of his maxims, Quinton issues what is perhaps his most important instruction and warning to those who would truly serve the race. Speaking of the leader under the head of "Leadership and Discipline", there is this all-important-aphorism: "The leader's first duty is to understand the mind of the enemy."

As in the case of the hero, Quinton makes plain what is entailed in being a leader when he outlines so tersely and boldly the leader's *first duty*. How this puts to shame any who would enter the cause of the salvation of the race for selfish purposes; any who would thus try to acquire power in order to usurp the leadership. As though this maxim were not sufficient warning, it is reinforced with: "The general who can see, opens the eyes of his subordinates."

If these two maxims are put clearly before those who would serve, how very few will qualify as leaders! At the same time, these aphorisms impress upon those who would serve, the respect, the fidelity and the obedience they owe to the real leader. The biologist-soldier must have had in mind the many, many times when the desire and the plotting to assume the place of the leader have

crippled or caused the collapse of what otherwise might have been worthy and successful projects for the benefit of mankind.

In the early days of The Theosophical Society, how many who attempted to usurp the post of the leader could have fulfilled the requirements laid down in these two maxims? There may come a time again when the continued success of the present outer expression of the Lodge Movement will depend on at least a few who will genuinely take to heart and put into practice all that these two aphorisms imply, and especially in the light of the following on discipline: "There is no discipline in the firing line; there is mutual consent. Discipline begins behind the lines."

Quinton closes with a few "Reflections on The Imitation of Christ", the first of which will suffice to show the way in which these reflections carry on and round out the biologist-soldier's thesis.

"It is our duty to judge ourselves more severely than men judge us. Whatever men say to you, whatever they do to you, always remain serene and unangered. Seen in the quiet mind, those words which fly so wildly will only bear their just weight. Evil hours should be passed in the silence of Gethsemane. Turn your eyes upon Me and do not fret yourself about the judgments of the world, for your peace of mind is not at the mercy of the tongues of men. Whatever they may think of you, you can be nothing but what you are, and where can abide peace, truth and glory if not in Me?"

René Quinton's aphorisms cannot of course be compared with those of the Great Upanishads, of *Light on the Path*, or of other similar works. Nevertheless, Quinton has caught a great deal of the essence of the ancient doctrine, and apparently has done so out of his own experience. For that reason his maxims, as far as they go, ring true, have "an infallible precision of aim", as Mr. Jerrold says, and are compelling. There is about them a categorical imperative. Coming as they do, during this transition period in man's evolution, during this age of inquiry, they should be a direct help to many, and in that way beneficial to the race. They should help those who read them to see a new and higher objective in life; and as the call of that objective is heeded, to grow to understand better the meaning of dying to the personal life so as to live more fully a life of service for the race,—and for the Elder Brothers of the race.

G. M. W. K.

TREES

Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be one.—PLATO.

NO one walks in these woods, which, I need scarcely say, is a blessing; but in a more happily primitive era, or among men more sensitive, surely this spot would be known by a name.

Great rocks lie piled about where some ancient stream or glacier has left them. An old hickory tree has grown up in the very centre of them, pushing them apart in its effort to reach the day. Now, it towers in a wide green canopy above the lesser trees, the dogwoods, hazels and beeches. The rocks are spotted with mosses and draped with creepers, and in Spring the scarlet columbines grow here. The ground about the rocks and down the glade is covered with tiny green plants, maianthemum, violets, cinquefoil, like a carpet for the delicate little hoofs of the red deer. One can scarcely see the sky through the green canopy,—green above, green under foot, like living in an enormous emerald. And why are plants green?

Yes, in other lands and times, supernatural beings would have loved this spot, the smaller Nature divinities, the Wood Genius. Some ancient, dignified old spirit would have had a retreat in this tree.

I have long planned to write an article on Tree Worship; one of those learned articles with footnotes and items about African tribes; but my spirits fail me. I feel about it much as the reader would feel. I would rather sit upon this enormous jutting root and think about trees without footnotes.

Men have always venerated trees. In the ancient Eddas, the world itself is the great ash Yggdrassil. "That ash is the greatest and best of trees". The book says: "Its branches spread over the whole world and even reach above heaven. It has three roots, very wide asunder. One of them goes down to Ginnungagap. The frost giants live over it, and over this root is a deep well. Another root extends to Niflheim, the old roaring cauldron lies under it, a great snake called Nidhögg gnaws it night and day. 'Yggdrassil's ash suffers greater hardship than men know of. Nidhögg tears it.' Under this root also lies Helheim, a home of the dead. The third root is in heaven: gods and men live under it, in Asgard and Midgard; the giant fate-sisters also live under it at the top of the Rainbow's arch in their palace very beauteous, which stands by the Holy Urda Fount. They water the tree every day with the holy water, so that ever 'it stands green over Urda's Fount'".

In the *Bhagavad Gita* it is said:

"Rooted above, downward branching, they say, is that immemorial tree, whose leaves are the hymns; who knows it, knows the Vedas.

"Down and upward stretch its branches, grown strong through the powers,

and with things of sense for twigs; downward stretch its roots which bind to works in the world of men.

"The form of it cannot be so perceived in this world, nor its end, nor beginning, nor its foundation; with the firm sword of detachment cutting this tree, whose roots grow firm,

"Let him then follow the path to that resting-place, whither going, they come forth no more, saying: 'I enter into the primal Spirit, whence hath flowed forth the ancient stream of things.' "

There are also the trees of Paradise, trees whereon grow prodigious fruits, emeralds or rubies, or peaches of Immortality, trees in whose branches sings the Quetzal or the Phœnix. And in this world—think of all the sacred groves of tradition; the groves of the Druids, the murmuring oaks of Dodona, the palm oasis where Mohammed preached and which the Mosque of Cordoba so exquisitely translates into architecture. There are the sacred groves of the Syrians and Jews, their boughs hung with garlands; there are our own Christmas trees, hung also with festoons and lights. There are the cedars of Lebanon, and some say that this is a name for the great adepts of these regions. One can well believe it when one has seen the giant Sequoias of California. One gazes upon them in awe, and a hush falls upon one's spirit, such is their age-old majesty, grandeur and beauty. They are certainly the adepts of the plant world. I have read somewhere in the writings of Madame Blavatsky that the form of the pine is the paradigm of all trees.

In Tahiti, the Milo is planted about the temples and is called the shadow of the god of prayer and chanting. In Japan, the symbols of the pine, the cherry, the bamboo, the kiri are on magnificent brocade and embroidery, on screen and kakemono. In China, the white-robed Kwan-yin, Mother of Souls and Patroness of Waters, bears in her hand a sprig of willow. The ideal of the Chinese gentleman was to be as pure as a plum blossom, as free as a bird, as strong as a pine, yet pliant as a willow. In Egypt, Isis was the Lady of the Sycamore. In Yucatan, the god Imix was worshipped in a giant Ceiba. The famous "cross" of Palenque is a tree.

Then there are the historic trees, the oak of St. Louis, the Fairies' Tree of Jeanne d'Arc, and all the trees under which Queen Elizabeth and Louis Quatorze and George Washington have stood. There are the trees one has known and loved, grey and silver olives in the Tuscan podere, and the dark, swaying cypresses of San Domenico, the peach tree lovely beyond compare, a cloud of rose in Spring in a Paris garden. And this great hickory, which, rending the rocks, reminds one of the jungle trees that grow from the heads of Shiva at Angkor, or split the stones of Uxmal or Copan.

How lovely, how beneficent is the atmosphere of trees. How consoling to the wearied mind, how cooling to the fevered heart. Peace drips from their boughs as it were balm of Gilead.

I think one reason for this immensely restful and consoling influence of plants is that they obey the laws of their nature with all their being. There is in them no conflict with their destiny. To be sure, they have a tremendous

struggle with circumstances, with the elements, but this struggle is always to express their destiny, their nature, the Divine plan and pattern. Such a struggle develops the creature into its own character. If we constantly struggled with adverse circumstances to become Man, should we not, indeed, become Men and, eventually, Gods? The development of the plants has been proposed to us as a model for our effort. "Grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air."

Here we screw up our faces and try to imagine what a plant thinks about. The plant, we should imagine, is conscious of being; it is also conscious of being in time and space as a separate entity. It must be aware of myriads of influences, the airs, the rains, the light, the temperature, of other bodies and wills, the rock that obstructs it, the earth, the remote water towards which it sends its tap-roots. And all who have had to do with plants know their sensitiveness to affection and care. This environment is the field of experience for the development of their form of self-consciousness. They are constantly *forced* to acquire self-consciousness along these lines, simple compared with our own, of course, because we have already passed through it.

Whence comes the impulse to struggle thus to embody some definite pattern, to express fully some form already complete in its conception? Here, we must make a distinction between the consciousness of the plant and the consciousness of the species, of the plant hierarchy and of the Originator of plant forms. That there could be form without consciousness must be absurd and inconceivable to a student of occultism, or, indeed, to any logical observer of Nature. The scientists who talk of accident or haphazard development, or of fortuitous groupings of atoms, must be blind in one eye, the third eye.

What is it which provides the mould for shape, which defines and limits it and holds it in cohesion? Surely a balance of forces that is directed by a will and a concept.

We are told, and logic impels us to believe it, that the principle of form lies in the Causal world. The Causal world, surely, is that plane from whence idea and force impress themselves on matter, the apparent unfolding, of course, being an illusion of time. We are told that everything has an astral form, more tenuous in our terms of matter than the body, but its mould. Beyond that are ever subtler forms, until, in the Causal world, is found the true and complete form and conception into which the creature must grow until he exists there self-consciously, in complete awareness. In other words, he grows into existence in a form created for him.

Now, can we believe that pattern can exist without a creator? And are we not told that there are hierarchies of beings whose function is precisely to create and furnish these patterns on their several planes? We have read about the Lunar Pitris who gave man an astral form, and about the Mānasaputras and the Agnishwāta Pitris and the Kumāras. Is it not in these and other hierarchies that we must look for the Creators of Form in what we call Nature?

Surely, when we look at plants we observe all the signs of conscious taste in design. Allowing ourselves to speculate, may we not fancy a hierarchy of plant

artists, with many "schools" and styles and individuals, just as in painting there are Chinese, Persian and Italian arts, with their epochs, Tang, Sung, Ming, Timurid, Sassanid, Quattrocento, Cinquecento, etc., with their painters. There are "artists" who enjoy designing palms, and artists who are fascinated by star forms. There is an artist who designs the delicate arabesques of the vines, whose fancy runs to tendrils and volutes, and an artist who likes the bold and solid, the oak or the hollyhock; there is the fanciful being who thinks up pansies.

Well, it must be very jolly—thinking up pansies and having one's thought so potent that it is like a sound, a sound which calls the nature spirits to run together to make a form, like filings drawn to shape by the note of a violin.

The man, fed on modern science, who thinks that evolution began with some green scum and ends with Professor Einstein or Karl Marx, will smile a superior smile or snort a superior snort. Having declared this planet to be the only one among the countless millions in the stellar universe where men have arisen from scum, the grand Result of this accident can afford to pity a "sport" who still believes with early, simple peoples that there are thirty-three million crores of Gods. Frankly, we dislike the provincial. We like to think of myriads of planets inhabited, we hope, by superior beings, and of a space packed full of divinities, Devas, Apsarases, Gandharvas, Angels, Djins *et al.* We love to think of little elementals dressed up like Brownies painting frost ferns on winter windows, or colouring the leaves red in Autumn, and we feel sure that such a fancy is not so far from a truth. There are elementals even if they do not dress like Brownies. Modern Astronomy is larger on the plane of extension than that of the Middle Ages, but it is flat where theirs went from devil to God. When people talk excitedly about the discovery of the fourth dimension, they are only beginning to recover a world which is familiar to savages and the heathen Chinese and even to the Schoolmen.

“ . . . Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.”

Sitting here in the green wood, where the only sounds are the wind in the tree tops and the occasional rustle of a bird among the leaves, it seems futile to waste one's time waxing angry with the un-imaginative. Far, far better to commune with the plants!

If one find it difficult to think of the conscious creation of plants, one can begin by meditating on a creation by man. Take for example one of the loveliest of Persian drawings. It represents a scene in the Mohammedan Paradise. An important gentleman is being entertained in a little pavilion built up in the branches of a large sycamore tree—that sycamore so beloved of all Persian painters. He sits at ease on embroidered cushions, and delightful angels in modish frocks, with long, ornamented wings, rush up a ladder to bring him sor-

bets or dishes of pomegranates. An angel, comfortably perched on a branch, is playing the lute. Down below, two other angels are making music on the flute and cymbals. Another is dancing. An effrit, with a shaggy beard and one little curly horn on his head, is on guard, leaning meditatively on his staff. Just one's idea of a pleasant afternoon picnic in Devachan. The drawing, which was left uncoloured, whether by design or for lack of time we shall never know, is of an exquisite delicacy and finish.

Now, what happened when it was made? The artist, perhaps, was asked to illustrate some passage in a poem. He gathered up his forces and meditated upon the passage. There began to form in his imagination, under the pressure of the force of his thought, a picture of Paradise. He figured to himself the delightful denizens of such a sphere, the beautiful, ever young maidens and youths, their ethereal forms, their bright wings, their gaiety. He saw them in a garden lovely as those of Persian palaces, with a great sycamore tree, with flowers, iris and mallows in the grass along the little stream of water. A few sycamore leaves are falling; and what is more lovely than the slow fall of a leaf? Gradually this picture took a definite pattern; it crystallized: its astral form became complete, and as he began to put it on paper, it precipitated itself in gross matter, so to speak. Were not the real forms of his drawing, in the Causal, the Mental and the Astral worlds? Is not all art the bringing forth into this material world of the super-sensible Reality?

Suppose we pick a leaf from this Sweet Gum tree which is trying to grow up among all these overhanging branches in the wood. It is a most delicately designed leaf, quite like a star, with its five sharp points so well defined, so decided. Can we not follow its form back through the same genesis as the work of the painter? Of course, the painter uses his own hand to execute his works, and the gods use the nature spirits. As we follow this evolution we realize that the true form of the leaf exists in the spiritual world and is immortal. It is in the Eternal world that joy and immortality exist, not in our present world of transitory and imperfectly realized forms. If we look only at the outer world with its failures and tragedies, we must say with Leopardi: "For always nature despises thee, the hideous power, which, hidden, rules to the common ill, and the infinite vanity of all."

This world is but the house of initiation into life.

As the leaf embodies more fully the eternal idea, it is beautiful. We are like it, and when we become self-conscious and active in our celestial form, we are immortals and exist in the real world. The plants are pure and simple beings, uncorrupted by self-will, who constantly strive to realize this plan. We are highly complicated beings who fancy we can do as we please and succeed. That is why we can learn valuable lessons from the contemplation of our little—and better—brothers, the plants, and, as I have already said, why they carry with them the refreshing and consoling influence of the harmony of a resigned will. It is why they are beautiful; for the gods are the absolute Masters of the Arts.

SAUVAGE.

WAR MEMORIES

XVII

THE ARMISTICE

I WORKED on in Lorraine a little longer, while conflicting rumours from many quarters continued to sweep over us. Whenever we met anyone likely to be able to give us an answer, we asked apprehensively: "*Do you think there is any danger of an armistice?*" But no one could tell us with any degree of assurance. Already the German "Note" to President Wilson had been sent—the "Note" proposing that peace negotiations should be begun on the basis of those untimely "fourteen points" of his, which opened the way to discussion (exactly what the Germans wanted!). We began to feel very anxious and distrustful of the least mention of "negotiations", lest, as a result, the crushing of Germany should fail to be final and complete.

I was expecting soon to return to Paris, to take part in a new venture which my organization had in mind, and I was making the most of the days that were left me; days which now seem full of last-minute impressions, such, for instance, as the glimpse which I had of Pétain, at the house of friends, and the exchange of a few words with him; of the feeling which he gave you of a granite-like imperturbability, solid, immovable. Modest and unassuming, his penetrating grey eyes seemed, nevertheless, to look straight through you, not at you—impersonally. A rather cold, silent man, perhaps slightly grim, but a man you would remember—the man who had stood at the gateway of Verdun.

Another equally brief but wholly unforgettable memory is of a hurried pilgrimage to Domrémy—I was determined that I would not leave Lorraine without going there. It was the most perfect of autumn days, warm, still, brooding—St. Martin's summer at its best—and the lovely countryside was a flaming russet and gold. How well I remember the gentle slopes of the hills (the hills over which the sheep had wandered), and how they glowed in the late afternoon sun; how even the pools by the roadside were turned to burnished mirrors; how that marvellous, golden light flooded the small village itself, creeping into the dim quiet of the tiny church, so loved by the child, Jeanne. You fancied that in that serene light you could still see the flowers which her little hands had brought so lovingly, as offering. Everywhere, and over everything that day, shone the soft radiance, till you felt, in a strange way, that you were moving actually within the gleaming nimbus of a saint. That was the only time I have ever been in Domrémy, but I still remember, above anything else I saw there, the almost unearthly golden shining of that light. I have been told, and I believe it is true, that nowhere, in any part of France, no matter how devastated the region, no matter how war-torn and disfigured, was any statue of The Maid destroyed or even injured. They were not even touched; a heav-

only protection seemed to have been placed around them, which kept them all inviolate. At the First Battle of the Marne, it was her name, used like a blessed talisman, which was chosen as countersign, and to this day there has persisted the belief past all gainsaying, especially among the common soldiers whom she so passionately loved, that, particularly in the darkest moments of that fearful struggle, when the fate of France seemed hanging by a thread, she appeared to them in full battle-array, clad in her shining armour, with glistening sword held high above her head, leading them on. Some people, alas, have now forgotten this fact, or else they say that it was mere fancy; but many and many a soldier swore to the truth of it, and would tell you in awestruck, lowered voice, but with that downright, blunt conviction to which there is never an answer, that once more it was *she* who had saved France.

The end of October found me again in Paris. One by one the Central Powers were showing signs of immediate collapse; some already had collapsed, and we knew it needed but a very short time to accomplish that for which we had been fighting for four whole years; yet all the while, we knew that those fatal "negotiations" were being carried on—that was what most of us were afraid of. We did not want a "negotiated peace"; we wanted absolute victory—outright and unconditioned victory over the horror which had threatened to engulf the world. We felt that nothing else ever would or ever could satisfy us. We had no high-sounding illusions about this or that: no one whom *I* ever met—no one, either man or woman, who had "joined up" in 1914—had been or was now fighting "to make the world safe for democracy". Perhaps that was the ideal of a few of the conspicuously newly-arrived Americans—I do not know. But whichever way you looked at it, these Americans were young; very young and very unsophisticated. No, those who, through four bitter years, had been witness to the manner in which "civilized warfare" was conducted by the Central Powers; who knew from first-hand experience the monstrous things which Germany was trying to force upon the world, had been and were still fighting to kill these things, once and for all. That was our object; democracy did not bother us; we were not interested in an academic subject so far removed from the burning, vital, *real* issues.

It seemed to me that Paris had changed perceptibly during my absence, yet people who had been there uninterruptedly said that the change had been so gradual (only a little, week by week) that they had hardly noticed it until, suddenly, at the end of October, they wakened to the fact of its transformation. To me, who had left just after the Battle of Paris, when the tide had definitely turned, and when the first sense of relief was everywhere felt and openly expressed, it appeared almost preternaturally calm. Returning as I was after three months' absence in the provinces, and to conditions so different, I felt I had come to a city of an incongruous and perplexing silence; but I soon found that it was the silence of intense expectancy. As a matter of fact, outwardly Paris was like an armed camp; from the Place du Carrousel to the Arc de Triomphe it was literally bristling with captured enemy guns, tanks, aeroplanes—every sort of machine of war which you could imagine.

It goes without saying that one of the first things I did was to make a "tour of inspection", and the morning after I arrived I was out long before the later, customary crowds appeared. The river, moving rapidly and silently as it always does, danced in the early morning sunshine; the *quais*, as I wandered leisurely along them, seemed to promise that the dear, old, busy, care-free life would blossom there again—and then I came to the Louvre, and to the Place du Carrousel. No better evidence of what had been going on at every front all over France, since the Second Battle of the Marne, than what lay stretched before me—stretched away as far as the eyes could see, and farther! You could not enter the Jardin des Tuileries, but you could see the vast array of enemy guns through the railings, and wandering up the Rue de Rivoli, I had plenty of opportunity to inspect them as I passed along. At the gateway leading into the Place de la Concorde, two huge German gothas were at rest, their evil black crosses well exposed to the curiosity of the crowds; and a German tank, just outside the gates, pointed ferociously toward the Champs-Élysées, as though about to charge straight up the hill, though knowing that it was now impotent and could not move. All along the embankment, enemy aircraft of varying orders and degrees, were ranged, and in the river floated a German submarine—you could go on board if you liked. The great spaces of the Place de la Concorde itself, and all the way up the Champs-Élysées, were really a sight worth seeing, the monster guns crowded into every available, open space or unoccupied corner—field guns, siege guns, naval guns; solid and rotund trench mortars; immense and elongated "models" with names and calibres which the uninitiated promptly forgot; howitzers of every conceivable size and make—in fact, every imaginable kind of "ordnance", and in between the most ponderous and immense, were the deadly little machine guns, like poison gnats in the midst of a giant hornet's nest. The famous equestrian groups from Marly-le-Roi, at the entrance to the Champs-Élysées, were, of course, still safely enclosed in their rather charming, high-perched, chalet-like, protective "boxes" (how like the French to make even a temporary-precautionary scaffolding attractive!), and just underneath them was an assemblage of grossly camouflaged German cannon, specially selected, so it seemed to me, because of their heavy, Teutonic ugliness (the German camouflage was always viciously coarse), and if you shut your eyes for a moment, and recalled to mind the splendid, soaring vigour of those now-hidden Marly groups, and then looked below at that forbidding unloveliness which seemed so expressive of all things German—well, to say the least, it gave you food for thought. But (because naturally, I knew it was no genuine test to try to draw a parallel between German guns and French statuary!) I found myself comparing, in memory, some of the Paris monuments to great Frenchmen, with that grotesque absurdity of which the Germans are so intensely proud—the Sieges-Allée of the Thiergarten in Berlin, and it was a revealing parallel indeed, needing no comment. Of everything you saw in the Place de la Concorde, however, it was, I think, the imposing circle of grey, fortress-crowned statues—the beloved fortified towns of France—which drew and held your attention most. Lille, so long in German hands, had recently been retaken, and

the statue of the unhappy town, a centre of horrors the shame of which the Germans will never be able to wipe out, was literally covered with flags and magnificent wreaths—the sweet, pungent scent of chrysanthemum leaves and late autumn flowers blew about you as you stood there, like the blending of sad memories and of dawning hopes. Only the proud, castellated head was visible, rising above the profusion of offerings—Allied colours and masses of flowers. Below, inside the great pedestal, a bureau for the sale of Government bonds had just been opened, and I joined the troop of people standing in line, each of us with his or her few francs offered in wordless thanksgiving. Yet, nearby, rose the statue of Strasbourg, also thickly covered with Allied flags and with equally superb wreaths, but I saw that the bands of black were still there; even the flowers could not hide them, nor did we wish them hidden until France had received her own once more.

As the morning wore on, the crowds grew thicker, curious crowds which gathered round the German guns. Children and young boys climbed over them; wounded soldiers, hobbling on canes or crutches, examined them with evident interest; old men stood by, asking the *mutilés* to explain the mechanism—it was only some of the women who passed them with a suppressed shudder. And all the while, the ground shook as guns, more guns and still more guns, were brought up, drawn by the great snorting traction-engines. It was quite amusing to see those huge, lumbering cannon following so tamely; they made me think of savage beasts, forced to dance to the piping of their masters. And still they came, growling, reluctant; you wondered where the authorities were going to find room for them all. But you wondered too how it was that, after all the unprovoked and unattonable enormities of which Germany had been guilty, with all these captured guns to prove so palpably Germany's broken power—you wondered how it was possible that an armistice could be thought of, could actually be under discussion at that minute. What was there to discuss, except at the point of the bayonet? Many of us were asking these questions, of ourselves and of each other.

There could be no doubt, however (especially now that Ludendorff was discounted), that the armistice was drawing nearer, and every hour brought its bit of news; every hour grew more tense with expectation. The days which, for four long years, had seemed to move with leaden feet, now moved with a fantastic speed, though not as fast as did events—events which were sweeping us on to the dreaded armistice. All Saint's Day came, *le Jour des Morts*—our dead. A woman who had lost her husband and four of her sons, said to me that day, in a low, tense voice: "And is it possible that we shall offer our million dead an armistice in exchange for their lives—their lives which they gave so ungrudgingly?" It seemed to her, to me, to most of us, humiliating, dishonourable. Could it be that already we were beginning to forget them; to allow the greatness of their gift to be overshadowed in the hour of an incomplete success? Later in the day, I read these words which were prophetic; which at the time I copied and have never forgotten; words which in these crude, self-centred and ungrateful times, have often come back to me: "*Les morts ont une*

mémoire moins courte que la nôtre. Ils sont les seuls qui n'oublient pas ceux qui trop souvent les oublient."

Then came those days, early in November, when events followed each other in such rapid succession that we almost lost our breath, and seemed to be carried involuntarily along with them: the mutiny of the German fleet at Kiel; the signing of the armistice with Austria; the German Government informed that if it wished to learn the terms of a possible armistice it must address itself to Foch under the usual military conditions; Bavaria declaring itself a Republic; the Kaiser abdicating; the revolution in Germany continuing to spread, and all the time our troops steadily advancing, while Germany was in precipitate retreat.

I think the night when we knew that the German emissaries were actually to cross our lines, on their way to receive the armistice terms for which Germany had asked, was perhaps more difficult to live through patiently than any we had yet experienced. Would the terms be accepted or would they not? I believe that most of us hoped they would not be agreed to; we hoped that they would be challenged, partly because we all knew, by this time, that we were on the eve of the biggest Allied offensive which had yet been launched—but the Germans knew this too! We, of course, wanted the War to be carried on into those final stages for which we longed, and for which we had fought.

That night must have been one of silent vigil for people all over France. Through the day we had eagerly been reading every *affiche* as soon as it was posted up—that is to say, as soon as each one of us could get near enough to be able to read it, for needless to explain, such dense crowds gathered around them the instant they were given to the public, that you had to wait your turn as you would in a bread line. All day we had been on the alert; all day we had followed up every clue which might lead to the latest word from the front, and as evening set in, and the slow hours moved heavily on toward midnight, I felt a kind of lull in the feverishness, and a strange quiescence creeping over me, as though I were not actually there, alone in my hotel room, but somewhere off at a distance, listening, watching, waiting, with all the rest of France. We knew that the German envoys were to cross our lines at a point close to Haudroy—a microscopic village, the very name of which was quite unfamiliar to most of us—and, as is not uncommon in moments like this, a heightened imagination almost persuaded me that new and finer senses of sight and hearing had suddenly come into being: I found myself with keenly fixed attention and with an intense absorption, straining to catch the first sound of the approaching enemy; staring into the darkness for the first distant gleam of the powerful headlights as their great military cars came rocking and pitching over the lonely, shell-torn roads; trying to distinguish the first faint shimmer of the huge white flags which they were obliged to carry. I remember how curiously I felt myself present at every stage of that unrepentant but humiliating journey; I saw, in mind, those men pass the last outposts of their own lines, and cross No Man's Land, still thick with their own, unburied dead, for in such a headlong retreat as theirs, there

had been no time to remember the fallen; then, reaching the *avant-postes* of the Allied front, the sudden spring from the black shadows of the roadside, where they had been on watch: the French, specially stationed there; the ringing command to Halt! to give the Word! After which, the stern, cold silence, the enemy having been told that it might now pass on. Then on again; the long, cold drive through that devastated countryside of France: one wondered what might be in the minds of those five men as, now in charge of the French officers appointed to conduct them, they were taken through the very country which, until so recently, they had boasted as their conquered and fully subjugated territory; through the splintered forest-lands, and over the ruined fields; through the mere shells of towns which they themselves had destroyed so systematically and so uselessly; past the clustering graves of loyal citizens—men and women and young children, first shamefully mutilated and then stood against the walls of their own homes where they were shot down like dogs because of their unflinching, dog-like loyalty. During that long drive, did even a flicker of sorrow and shame for the crimes of their country mercifully come to any one of those five men?

After that night a period of waiting followed, while we knew that messages were passing uninterruptedly between Allied G.H.Q. and Spa, where the German High Command was now established. As far as I can remember, and for some reason unknown to me, there were no immediate details given out, either in France or in England, as to what had actually taken place during those seventy-two historic hours while the signing of the armistice was being considered by the Germans; but about two weeks later, perhaps less, there appeared in the *Vossische Zeitung* (a leading Berlin daily paper), an "account", so-called, written by one of the German envoys—an excellent example of Teutonic "diplomacy". The writer, grieved and surprised at the nature of the reception which was extended to the German Commission, commented on "the hate and revenge" manifested by the French, ingeniously suggesting that the probable reason the envoys had been taken to the Forêt de Compiègne instead of into the town itself, was that "perhaps they [the French in charge of the negotiations] feared acts of violence on the part of the inhabitants, for the hatred which has grown up in their hearts is past all bounds." It appeared also to be a cause of serious complaint, as well as of guileless astonishment, that every one of the French officers present (Marshal Foch included) "all exhibited the same frigid manner, unmitigated by a single word of compassion", and in the end, so the pained and indignant writer protested, "we were obliged to sign the document, forced upon us with its inhuman conditions."

So spoke Germany—the injured, the innocent one—with the old, thinly-veiled duplicity, and faithful to her Nietzsche: to the teaching that even the temporarily "weak" may, by subtlety and craft, eventually get the better of the "strong"—and herein is duplicity justified. No honest, if belated facing of incontrovertible facts; no single, redeeming (even if reluctant) word of self-reproach; not the faintest shadow of admission that Germany could in any way be in the wrong; no acknowledgment of any guilt whatsoever; not the

least expression of remorse; loud only in a protest against the injustice done to her—the very elements of which German "*Kultur*" is composed.

So spoke Germany—"Also sprach Zarathustra"!

All this had been taking place on the last days of that last week of the War—Thursday, Friday and Saturday, November 7th, 8th, and 9th, while the fighting continued on all the fronts with unabated vigour. The German retreat had become more like a rout: the Belgians were about to enter Ghent; from north of Valenciennes southward to the Ardennes the British were pushing on toward Mons, Maubeuge, Avesnes; the French were advancing rapidly on Mézières and Charleville; the Americans toward Montmédy and the Briey basin. On the 10th the French crossed the Meuse near Sedan. That day, which was Sunday, was, to all outward appearances, rather more quiet than usual in Paris. *Affiche*-hunters prowled the streets, but people in general were not communicative. In the afternoon, strolling along the Boulevards des Capucines and des Italiens, such a centre for cafés, it seemed to me that even the usual crowds, gathered, as is their unfailing custom, at the little tables on the pavements, were less animated than on most Sundays; for the most part, their noses were buried in *l'Echo de Paris*, *Le Petit Parisien*, *Le Matin* or some other one of the "dailies" (the *kiosques* were conducting a thriving business, these days!), or else they spoke together in low and serious tones. We all knew that early the following morning we should almost certainly receive the official news that the armistice had been signed, and that the "cease firing" order would go into effect at 11 a.m. So we were waiting.

Monday, November 11th dawned, and Paris was early astir—no thought of sleeping late on *that* day! I was out in the streets even before the smallest shopkeepers in my quiet neighbourhood were officially open; *boulangers*, *laiteries*, *épicerie*—I knew them all, and I knew how every one of these people felt about an armistice, with Germany still on our side of her frontiers too! As I passed the *marchand de légumes*, where I often bought rosy-cheeked apples, his stout wife was superintending the taking down of the big wooden shutter which, at night, covers the modest front window of all the smaller shops in Paris, and she greeted me with an abstracted air: "*Madame est matinale!*" adding resignedly: "*A quelle heure aurons-nous la nouvelle?*"—as though there were really nothing further one could do about it anyway.

It was chilly at that hour of the morning, and at first there was a thick fog which, however, lifted little by little, leaving only the soft haze which is always so beautiful in Paris. As I got more into the business centre, I saw that people had already begun to gather about the different newspaper offices and near the larger banks where the first news would certainly be posted up; one caught a word here and there, hurriedly exchanged between friends meeting unexpectedly: "Yes, yes, I understand that it was signed this morning at five o'clock. Well —!" By ten o'clock we knew this to be a certainty, and on the stroke of eleven all France must also have known it, for, out of the rather subdued calm which had, for the past days, reigned everywhere, there burst the roar of cannon—those of the Invalides, just across the river from where I stood in the Place de

la Concorde, and at the same moment the bells of all the churches in Paris rang out—such a *carillon* as was seldom heard. And on the instant too (so well prepared were we), and in whatever direction you looked, you saw that flags were being run up, or hung from windows, or fastened to the coats and hats of people, or that they fluttered from the taxis or trucks as they shot past. In the space of a few minutes only, Paris was ablaze with colour. Then, from every door, torrents of people came rushing; they came running from every direction—along the Rue de Rivoli they hurried; out of the Rue Royale they burst; the entrance to the narrow Rue Boissy d'Anglas was literally choked; the broad Cours la Reine and the Quai de la Conférence swarmed—it seemed as though everyone in Paris were determined to reach the Place de la Concorde or the Champs-Élysées, where the enemy guns were the thickest; and soon you could hardly move. A gigantic crowd had begun to mass, a crowd in the grip of such intense emotion that for the most part it was dramatically silent. The French had borne too much, had suffered too deeply for joy at release (a release moreover, the nature of which was not whole-heartedly approved) to be untempered with sadness or with regrets which could not be stilled. And then too, there were so many black-clad figures to remind us—though we did not *need* reminding—of what the day meant. We felt the presence of our beloved dead, those millions of heroic, high-hearted men who had given their lives that France herself might live; we felt ourselves surrounded by their sacred presence; they moved among us; their glittering ranks seemed to fill the air. Theirs the splendour of sacrifice; ours the gratitude and love. I believe that in those first hours, before the riotous rejoicing of the evening began, there were few of us who were not remembering them in reverent thanksgiving; many of us too, I believe, were realizing with a pain which we would unwillingly have relinquished, that it was not for such a day as this, not for an armistice that they had died.

But joy there was, none the less, though there were tears in many eyes. As if in kindly sympathy, the sun broke through the mist, the day warmed, and, gravely, stranger shook hands with stranger, and we all cried: "*Vive la France! Vive l'Armée! Vivent les Alliés!*" Then a man's voice, not far off it is true, but miraculously heard over the sound of all those other voices, called loudly, vigorously: "*Vivent nos poilu - u - u - s!*", and like a flame that word swept through the crowds; it was taken up by the thousands gathered there; I saw strained faces, wet with tears, streaming with tears; voices near me broke with intensity of emotion. Then suddenly, above the solidly massed heads reaching as far as you could see, were raised, here and there, horizon-blue-clad figures, steel-helmeted, heavily booted, perhaps unshaven and certainly looking very shy, very awkward, as if longing to crawl under ground into some friendly dugout—I saw struggling, resisting *poilus* raised high on the shoulders of the men near whom they had chanced to be standing, and again that cry went up: "*Vivent nos poilu - u - u - s!*" How dearly we loved and how proud we were of them—how grateful to the living ones too!

Standing close beside me, I had noticed an old peasant and his wife (up for

the day, no doubt, to see the sights, their fields left untended), both of them very short and *very* stout. Poor dears! They had come so far, yet because they were undersized, they could not see over even the shoulders—let alone the heads—of the people who were so thick all around them. They craned their necks and tried their best to get even a glimpse, but it was useless. I saw them conferring on the subject, their old heads bent close together. "*Peux-tu voir?*" asked he, with affectionate concern; but she shook her head, disconsolately. Though grunting with the effort, he quickly seized her round the waist and hoisted her up so that at last she got a view of what was going on, and not until the exertion had brought him almost to the point of extinction, did he finally drop her with a smothered: "*Ouf! Ouf!*", whereupon she, without a moment's hesitation, and as though it were a matter of course (one good turn deserves another), wheeled about, caught him round the knees with a hearty, "*Viens, mon petit!*", and though her face grew scarlet under his weight, held him squirming and amidst the good-natured laughter of all of us who saw it, while he got *his* view. They kept this up, alternately giving each other a "lift", for I do not know how long; as I moved away, they were still hard at work.

In the afternoon, while Clemenceau was reading the terms of the Armistice in the Chamber of Deputies, the guns of the great ring of forts around Paris thundered out their applause; in the upper air huge aeroplanes began to pass like whirlwinds over our heads, with acrobatic, dare-devil abandon; and a sight which no one who saw it will ever forget—thousands, gathering around the statues of Strasbourg and of Lille, stood with bared heads, singing the "*Marseillaise*". Of course, most of the shops had been closed early so that, as the day wore on, more and more people thronged the streets, and the spirit of revelry became intensified. Impromptu parades were formed which only increased the congestion; in fact, it was quite impossible to move at all along some streets, or even along some of the avenues. Monster motor lorries, filled to the utmost with soldiers and civilians decked with the Allied colours, circulated at high speed, while, walking about as well as they could, more modestly and quietly, were hundreds of Parisians unconcernedly eating *petits fours* out of paper bags—people who had not been able to find seats in any restaurant, and who had snatched at whatever they could find to eat. You passed little groups of smiling *poilus* or broadly-grinning British Tommies, who had been surrounded by a ring of holiday makers, and who were held prisoners while, with linked hands, their admirers danced singing round them, as you would dance around a May-pole. But the greatest noise and the greatest confusion of all was caused by bands of American soldiers (whose example was quickly followed by many other Americans) who, rushing into the Place de la Concorde, pushing the crowds unceremoniously to right and left, seized the enemy cannon arranged so carefully there, and began to drag them about—up the Champs-Élysées, along the *quais*, down the Rue de Rivoli, some of them riding astride, the others shouting and pulling; others, climbing to the top of the great statues of France's fortified towns, sat there beating small drums, or blowing tin horns or singing darkie songs. It soon became a kind of orgy, and with a heavy heart I turned home-

ward. The rejoicing was being overdone—already we were beginning to forget, I thought sadly.

Memory, with some of us at least, can prove a disconcerting faculty, because, when we try to reach back to a given incident which we wish in detail to recall, we find that we have to work our way through all that has subsequently been taking place within ourselves, perhaps quite unconsciously. "Remembering" is not the simple process we have sometimes fancied it, and I often wonder if, in any case after a period of years, it is *possible* to remember the events through which we have lived (more especially those events behind which lay great issues), and the nature of our individual mental and emotional view of them, exactly as these were at the time. For, examining them later, with the perspective which we did not then have, we almost inevitably see them as it were through a mist, or rather, coloured by the light of maturer experience, maturer considerations. Therefore, what the armistice meant to me in 1918, can perhaps only be viewed in the light of what it means to me to-day. However this may be, I seem to have no difficulty in remembering the two sets of emotions which, on that day of mixed hopes and fears, were warring against each other: one part of me lost in thanksgiving that so many of the lives which were dear, were now out of danger; that the faces of old friends would surely be seen again; that past and future would surely meet with no hideous gap between: another part of me knowing this to be misjudged, superficial, unreal; knowing that the armistice was a deadly mistake, and far more widely death-dealing than carrying the War to its ultimate end could ever have been. And so, at last, the night closed in on us, though the unthinking revelry went on. With the first sound of the cannon at the Invalides, and the ringing of the church bells that morning, everyone, perhaps, momentarily felt a great wave of relief; but as the day wore on, with the outer madness increasing on the one hand, I believe there was far more inner misgiving on the other hand than is generally realized; that there were many silent spectators of that riotous scene whose hearts were heavy—and not merely because of their own personal losses, either. *They* knew that this was not the end; rather was it only a more terrible beginning. *They* knew that Germany who, at the opening of the War, had considered an engagement as merely "a scrap of paper", would keep her future "engagements" in exactly the same spirit.

I believe it can truly be said that Germany's so-called "collapse" was more a moral evasion than an absolute and immediate military necessity: at least had she wished to do so, even with Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria withdrawn, she could certainly have fought on longer than she did. She could have fought on to the point of complete exhaustion and until she was actually beaten to her knees, until she had not a drop of blood left in her: France did in 1871. But Germany is destitute of understanding in such high and chivalrous matters, and like all moral delinquents since the world began, when she saw a just retribution overtaking her, she could not face the ordeal. As she realized that, united to a man in burning abhorrence of her countless and unnamable crimes, the Allies were steadily, relentlessly moving on toward her frontiers, she resorted

to subterfuge. Germany who, in 1914, had invaded Belgium and France without the slightest shadow of excuse, making herself an outcast among civilized nations by her organized attempts at intimidation, her deliberately planned atrocities, which all the denials, explanations and excuses of later days will never obliterate—Germany, unable to face an invasion, in her turn, of her own soil (though even she must have known the Allies incapable of meting out to her a punishment literally *in kind*), called loudly for an armistice! Evasion is always the method adopted by the morally deformed, and it is always they who are quick to plead for compassion which they themselves, while still in power, are never willing to show; and if, at the signing of the armistice, some of us may mistakenly have imagined that much of Germany's military and political power was destroyed or at least curtailed, we surely must have learned, in these intervening years, that her cunning remains unimpaired.

VOLUNTEER.

(*To be concluded*)

It requires much more character to sustain good fortune than bad.—LA ROCHE-FOUCAULD.

Read the features of thy foe, wherever he may find thee; small he is, seen face to face, but thrice his size behind thee.—MEREDITH.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—SWIFT.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE shade of a big oak-tree had drawn us together, with no thought of the "Screen" or of the Recorder's approaching need. It was the Philosopher who started things going. "The great American public, so pre-eminently self-governing, seems to be cheering up", he remarked. "The Wailing Wall on Wall Street of a few weeks ago, has become comparatively gay."

"Yes", said the Student; "even with the small fry, it is no longer—

'The rain it raineth every day,
Upon the just and unjust fellow,
But more upon the just, because
The unjust hath the just's umbrella.'

"To-day, the small fry are hoping *to get it back*."

"Where did you get that from?" someone asked.

"It is English,—all good things are English", he replied. This was deliberately provocative, but we let it pass. It was so hot; and what is the use!

"I can tell you of one thing that is English, and that is really good", said the Historian: "a book by General Seely, called *Fear, and Be Slain*. I bought it on the strength of its title, which the contents fully justify. If anyone be in danger of losing his faith in 'miracles', I recommend him to read it. I hate stories of adventure and of miraculous escapes that are fiction; but this man's stories are not only true,—they contain, without a word of preaching, the justification of what he has tried to make the governing principle of his life. Let me read you the opening of his brief Foreword: "Safety First" is a vile motto. . . . If such maxims be needed for human conduct, "Duty First", "King and Country First", above all, "Christ's Teaching First", may form the basis for a rule of life. . . . "Safety First" is soul-destroying, a pestilent heresy which will rob the race of man of all incentive and spell doom to the British Empire. It is, indeed, really a euphemism for not facing facts, for lack of confidence in oneself or one's principles.' Was it not Ernest Hello who wrote: 'Always do the thing you are afraid to do'? I have not got it with me, but there is a little book called *Life, Science, and Art*, made up of quotations from Hello's writings, translated from his French, which Washbourne published in London some twenty years ago, and which, I think, contains that and much more to the same effect. How well I remember during the Great War, before this country so belatedly threw in its lot with the Allies, the refreshment in Hello's pre-War statement: 'It is the crime of the age not to hate Evil, but to discuss terms of peace with it and make it proposals. . . . [Even] blasphemy has its explanation. What plunges me in a stupefaction absolutely beyond expression is *neutrality*.' Seely does not touch on that. He confines himself to stories of his war and other experi-

ences, and to his marvellous escapes from death. But it is intensely interesting; it is modestly written, and, above all, it is morally refreshing. Some English reviewer described it as 'The best of all antidotes to the last ten years'. Admiring the book and admiring its author, I feel free to quarrel with his admiration for Lloyd George, who has proved himself an unprincipled demagogue, and who, as bold as brass with England back of him, was a moral coward and worse when threatened by the leaders of English Labour. Further, just as neutrality left Hello in a state of stupefaction, Seely, so transparently honest, so intelligent in so many ways, leaves me almost (though not quite) speechless when he propounds a statement such as this. (I should explain, first, that he had been in the thick of the fighting at Le Câteau, Landrecies, St. Quentin and elsewhere, during the German advance in 1914; that he had re-entered St. Quentin unaware that the Germans had occupied it, had had the narrowest imaginable escape from death, and that he had already seen much of German 'frightfulness'.) Now for my quotation:—

"Looking back on that period when farm after farm, town after town, fell into the hands of the advancing German host; when terrorism, deliberately employed, filled every woman's heart with dread, and every old Frenchman's heart with rage, I understand, as perhaps others do not understand, the attitude of the French people to-day. They talk of security, 'Security First'; we think they are unreasonable. They increase their armaments; we think it unfair. They set up new fortifications on their frontiers; we think it absurd that a valiant people should so behave—surely they need have no fear. I suppose the critics are right, but all I can say is that had I been a Frenchman living in the neighbourhood of St. Quentin in August, 1914, I should be sorely tempted to act as the French now do. It may not be a logical attitude; in fact, speaking as an Englishman, although I love France, I am sure it is not logical [!]. But it is a natural sequence of events, and it may endure for generations to come.

"What in the name of all that is amazing does he mean by that! A child could see that it is the French who are logical, and that he is simply fantastic, serenely, self-confidently fantastic. He knows as well as anyone that the French experience of 1914 was a repetition of what the Germans had done before, over and over again. He had seen the thing with his own eyes, and had been deeply moved by it. There might be excuse for some American, who thinks that the universe is bounded by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; who has no background, and for whom France and Germany are merely names in the daily paper. Can you wonder that England's best friends, the people of all nationalities, in all parts of the world, who most genuinely admire her superb qualities, find her at times exasperatingly stupid,—'thick' as one of her worst fogs. Seely is not 'just a soldier'; he is a member of the Privy Council, a highly educated and much travelled man, and, I repeat, absolutely sincere. Is the 'suggestion' of his tribe too much for him? Even so, how account for the attitude of his tribe!

"The answer, unfortunately, is not pleasant, for the answer is that while the *average* Englishman dislikes a German and a Frenchman with an equal and indiscriminating intensity, the class to which General Seely belongs is instinctively jealous of France *or* of Germany as soon as either of them becomes 'too powerful'. The 'balance of power' must be maintained between those two, so that England, as third, can control. England hated the supremacy of Napoleon and combined with Prussia to overthrow him. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, again from the instinctive feeling that France had become too influential under Napoleon III, and that 'the balance of power' should be restored, England remained neutral. Then, when the German Empire was formed under the dominance of Prussia, English feeling began to veer, sufficiently, it seems, to have prevented another attack on France by Bismarck, when Queen Victoria personally intervened. As Germany became more and more powerful and arrogant, England finally (1904) determined upon the *Entente Cordiale* with France, and later fought the Great War to prevent the Germanization of Europe. That end attained, with Germany disabled temporarily, and France by far the strongest military power on the Continent, English feeling again veered, and became positively hostile when the European supremacy of the Bank of England was jeopardized, if not lost, owing to the immensely strong cash position of the Bank of France. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, was very largely responsible for the lengths to which this jealousy ran, and for the blindness which was its inevitable result. He jumped into the German trap, dragging his Bank with him, by lending huge sums to bolster German credit, but which the Germans promptly 'tied up' by using the money for 'improvements'—public parks, auditoriums, buildings easily convertible into barracks, new machinery, etc.—so that repayment might be made impossible and that Reparations to France and Belgium might be pushed that much further into the domain of the impracticable. That Norman's supposed omniscience in matters of international finance, influenced New York banks to add their millions to those which the Bank of England was loaning to Germany, is at least highly probable.

"General Seely himself, in my opinion, would be incapable of a small or mean motive—and jealousy in any form *is* small; and that is why I spoke of the 'suggestion' of his 'tribe' or class—of his Clubs in fact—which it is immensely difficult for a popular man, with hosts of friends, to resist, especially when he has no reason to be on his guard. And there are many Englishmen, doubtless, of whom the same thing could be said, and whose inherent good-sportsmanship and sympathy for the 'under-dog', have supplied the soil in which this poisonous suggestion takes root,—that Germany should be allowed to arm more, and that France should be bullied or cajoled into arming less, so that (a reason rarely avowed) the 'balance of power' may be restored. As if there *ought* to be a balance of power between a brigand and a member of the community whose one desire is to be let alone!"

"The Recorder is taking notes", said the Philosopher at this stage, "and I don't want our English friends and readers to misunderstand what you have

been saying, or what I am about to say. Therefore let me explain this for their benefit: we suffer and endure, as best we can, the American Politician, whom we recognize as the logical outcome of a democratic form of government; we suffer this thing all the time; to open a daily paper, which we are obliged to do, keeps the wound raw; we have long since passed the stage of hoping for anything better than vulgarity, asininity, and provincialism to proceed from our Congress, with complete failure to recognize even the existence of principle, or of right and wrong in international matters. We look in vain, for instance, for some word from either Presidential candidate, calling attention to the outrageous cost to the taxpayer of the Veterans of the World War,—a scandal (as explained in the July *QUARTERLY*) involving the unjustifiable expenditure of some \$450,000,000 of public money annually, a scandal which has been ventilated fully, and in regard to which both candidates are fully informed. Yet, not a word from either of them. They are afraid to lose votes. How can we respect such people! (Silence about the Bonus payment would, of course, be even worse.)

"It is natural, therefore, that we should hope to find elsewhere the regard for principle, the love of right for the sake of right, which we fail to find here; and because this country sprang originally from English stock, and because we know something of English traditions and of what used to be English standards, it is natural also that we should look to England as a place where something better ought to exist. We feel, even, that we have a sort of right to expect it, and are bitterly, and perhaps unreasonably, disappointed, when those who should represent the best in English tradition, lower themselves to the plane of American political life. Hence I felt outraged when I read the other day in the *New York Times*, that the Knights of the Order of the Garter, supposed to be a most proud and honourable Order of Chivalry, and certainly ranking highest in English esteem, had decided to reinsert in its roster the names of the former Kaiser and former Crown Prince, and to hang their banners once more in the Chapel of the Order at Windsor, thus undoing their expulsion in 1914. This, according to the cabled report, was being done at the instigation of the King, who 'wishes to forget old quarrels'. It is charitable, as well as polite, to assume that Ramsay Macdonald instigated the King. But even so! Is there no such thing as right and wrong—in England? Did the men who fought and died for England, die for a mere nothing, for an unfortunate misunderstanding, for a sort of friendly, cousinly quarrel? Is it right or *manly* to have the memory of a butterfly? Can England have sunk as low as that!

"The Crown Prince: 'the amorous ferret', his English cousins call him,—a cad, if ever there was one, as his behaviour in France proved. The King of the Belgians is a Knight of the Garter: will he resign? What a lesson for the world if he did,—that someone should fearlessly draw the line somewhere; for if not at the German Crown Prince, then, clearly, nowhere."

"What has that to do with Theosophy?" asked our Visitor, with a shade of disappointment, having expected, perhaps, to hear about spooks and visions.

"Everything", the Philosopher replied, "because Theosophy is the storehouse of all the wisdom, all the beauty and nobility of the past, and strives to

keep alive in the world, not only the memory of what is best, but the desire to emulate it. It is part of the function of its students to hate what is vile or vulgar, and to love—not merely to admire, but to *love*—the highest code that each one's status in life has evolved: by which I mean that it is not enough to glow with æsthetic admiration for Christ or some other Master, but that a mother should strive to become the best and wisest of mothers; the soldier, the best and bravest and most efficient of soldiers; the business man, the best, most honourable and most capable of his kind,—and so on, in whatever part we may be called upon to play."

"I don't want to drop Seely's book yet", the Historian now said, "because he writes of one experience which is a real contribution to history. In the spring of 1914, while Secretary of State for War, he visited Venice with his daughter, and became very friendly with the Commander-in-Chief of the Italian fleet in the Adriatic. It will be remembered, of course, that Italy, at that time, was a member of the Triple Alliance, consisting of Germany, Austria and herself, and that necessarily these three powers kept each other informed about military, naval, and international matters. Before leaving Venice, Seely told this Italian Commander that he planned to return to England by way of Austria, travelling slowly through the passes with his daughter, by coach. The Italian said: 'Will you forgive me if I make a suggestion? It is that if certain forebodings, which have been reported to me confidentially, should prove to be well founded, I should send you a message, saying that I have arranged for your return by Desenzano, Switzerland, and France. If I were the Austrian General Staff, and war were just about to break out, I think I should find means to delay the journey of any man occupying the position you now hold'. Seely thanked him, and proceeded on his way. (Now the significance of this incident hinges upon the fact that it occurred some time *before* the murder of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo, and *after* the opening of the enlarged Kiel Canal in June, 1914, which had finally given the German fleet direct access to, and a way of escape from, the North Sea.) Seely had been only a few hours on Austrian territory when he received a message from his Italian friend: 'Urgent Desenzano'. He turned right back, and hurried to England from Como. A few days later the Archduke was assassinated, and, as Seely says, 'the signal for the Great War had been fired.' The Archduke's assassination provided the necessary excuse. Germany and Austria had been waiting, since June, for any excuse for their pre-arranged onslaught."

The Historian rose, as if to go indoors; but the Recorder wanted more, and knew that he could get it. "What else have you been reading?" he asked.

"I have been reading several books about the Russian Revolution", the Historian replied. "It is wonderfully instructive, especially when the lesson of the French Revolution is kept in mind."

"Surely rather academic", said our Visitor, still hoping, I think, for spooks and visions.

"That depends upon how you read history", he answered. "Most people read it as if it were the story of a dead past. We study it for the light it throws

on the present and future. 'History repeats itself', or, as an ancient Greek remarked, 'History is philosophy teaching by examples'."

"May I ask", interjected the Recorder, "what are the lessons you draw from those two revolutions?"

The Historian laughed. He knew, of course, what was wanted. "A large order", he said; "but I'll do my best. First, then, is the need for all of us, who are students of Theosophy, and who are in earnest, to grind the lessons of history into the very marrow of our being. Intellectual recognition is not enough. We shall live again. Youth is very easily persuaded, is idealistic, inexperienced, all too ready to believe that the world, by means of some formula or glittering generalization, can be turned into an Earthly Paradise over-night. There would have been no French Revolution if the well-meaning youth of France had not been swept off its feet by the charming twaddle of Rousseau. Bitterly, many of them regretted it, when they faced the guillotine. I, for one, do not wish to make that mistake; I should like to become instinctively suspicious—no matter what the circumstances or how young I might be—of all political or economic short cuts, of all demagogic vapourings; I should like to remember for ever that, in terms of personal liberty, the autocracy of the Czars left the individual Russian as free as air in comparison with the autocracy of a Lenin or Stalin. There is this also to be remembered: it is not the extremists who are dangerous; it is the 'parlour socialists', the theoretical liberals, who seem so moderate and so reasonable, so gentle and well-meaning, who invariably prepare the way for the murderers and thugs,—and it is small comfort that the moderates always are strung to lamp-posts by the thugs, or in any case have to fly for their lives, when what they sowed comes to fruition. It was not Lenin or Trotsky who were responsible, morally, for the Russian Revolution; they were the fanatics and cut-throats who took possession of what men like Prince Lvoff, Rodzianko, Gouchkoff, Professor Miliukoff and a host of other liberals, had so ignorantly started. Kerensky, the Socialist, the windbag, served as bridge, at first terrorizing the liberals, who made endless concessions to his intermediate radicalism, and then himself terrorized by the extremists, from whom he finally fled for his life, disguised as a woman.

"The point is that it is always so, and always will be so; and that as we are likely to live through (or in any case *into*) more than one *Terreur* in the future, it would be well for us to learn as much as possible from the *Terreurs* of the past."

"I wish you would tell us something about the more interesting of the books you have been reading, which deal with the Russian Terror." Again it was the Recorder who urged him on.

"It will be easier to do so if I fetch some of them from the house: I like to handle a book when I talk about it", the Historian answered. "If you will excuse me for a moment—", and off he went, returning almost at once with books tucked under his arm. "Here they are", he said, as he resumed his seat. "I think the most vivid and moving picture is given by the Princess Paley, in her *Souvenirs de Russie, 1916-1919*, but I do not know if it has been published in English. It ought to have been, as I see it has already reached its 28th edition

in France. The Princess Paley was the wife of the Grand Duke Paul, who was murdered by the Bolsheviks while in prison, and who, by an earlier marriage, was the father of the Grand Duchess Marie, whose *Education of a Princess* was, I am glad to say, reputed the best-selling non-fiction book of 1931 in America, partly, perhaps, because of the extraordinarily graphic account she gives of her escape from Russia when the Bolsheviks were doing their worst. Then there is *Once a Grand Duke*, by the Grand Duke Alexander, which leaves a bad taste in the mouth, because of his vanity, his unconscious revelation of his extravagant self-centredness, and the disgraceful way in which he talks about the other members of his family, but which records many facts of interest, and contains many astute and penetrating comments on men and events as he witnessed them. There are the three volumes of *La Russie des Tsars pendant la Grande Guerre*, by Maurice Paléologue, French Ambassador at Petrograd, a most valuable book, which shows, incidentally, that while both he and Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador, were entirely loyal to the Czar, they inevitably reflected the 'liberalism' of their respective governments, and utterly failed to realize that 'one man's meat is another man's poison': that dreams of a constitutional monarchy in a country like Russia were as grotesque as are dreams of a Republic of the Philippines. Two books by Sir George Buchanan's daughter, now Mrs. Knowling, who was with him throughout those tragic days in Russia—*Diplomacy and Foreign Courts*, and *The Dissolution of an Empire*, especially the latter—were written primarily in defence of her father, who was accused by some people of not having done what he might and should have done to further the escape of the Czar and his family to England. She puts the blame for this squarely on Lloyd George, and states her case convincingly, though the official documents are still locked away among the secret archives of the Foreign Office. If you want to look it up, you will find what she has to say on pages 189 to 199 of her *Dissolution of an Empire*. Lloyd George was afraid of Labour, and Labour, favouring the Revolution, objected threateningly to the presence of the Czar in England. The Czar, a first cousin of the King and a most loyal Ally: what an everlasting disgrace! Who would remain a King if his personal honour were in the custody of—a Lloyd George!

"The fact is that the Allies, as soon as the Romanoffs ceased to be powerful, dropped them like the traditional hot potato. It was not an edifying spectacle. Paléologue makes it clear that both the Czar and the Grand Duke Nicholas, then Commander-in-Chief, responded nobly to the agonized appeals of Joffre, and of the British and French Governments, at the beginning of the war, to hurl every available Russian soldier into German territory so as to divert German troops from the Western front and thus lessen the initial pressure there. We know with what success and at what frightful cost this was done, making the victory of the Marne possible. Both the Grand Duke and the Czar did this with their eyes open; they knew that they were taking the offensive prematurely, long before the Russian armies were ready, and they did it solely because it was the only way in which they could go to the rescue of the French and British

armies, then being pushed back towards Paris by the Germans. From first to last they were unflinchingly loyal, always responding to the utmost of their ability, and always ready to subordinate their plans of campaign to the needs of their Allies on the Western Front. Yet, when his hour of need came, what was done to help the Czar! I know as well as I know anything, that the British people, if they had realized what was going on, would not have tolerated such desertion for a moment. Outside the ranks of party and professional politicians, chivalry is not dead, and if the Grand Duke Nicholas had been invited—had been compelled, as he should have been—to ride with Foch and Joffre and Haig through the streets of London, when 'Victory' was celebrated there, he would have been received with all the greater acclaim because *his* Russia had died, fighting, almost to the last man. Chivalry does not turn its back on misfortune; chivalry does not count votes or consequences; is not governed by expediency, is not afraid. It loves valour, nobility, self-sacrifice, endurance, and proclaims its admiration in spite of politics and trade.

"In this country, of course, with few exceptions, the ignorance was so complete and the prejudice so dense, that it would have been absurd to expect more than the ready-made, shop-worn catch-words, such as the hack reviewer grinds out at so much the column or half-column. There is no disappointment, for instance, in finding 'parasites' still used as descriptive of the entire Romanoff family, in a review in the *New York Times* of *A Princess in Exile*, though one may, foolishly, wish to remind the reviewer that, whatever their faults, and they were many, the Romanoff men served their country, either in the army or navy, and risked their lives fearlessly throughout the Great War, while the women, until the Bolsheviks murdered them, not only sacrificed their fortunes on behalf of the Russian wounded of all ranks, but personally worked like slaves in the hospitals and at the front; further, that the entire Imperial family did not cost Russia one-tenth as much as the American Legion Lobby in Washington costs the American people annually,—and the Imperial family was at least ornamental, which is more than anyone would claim for the octopus in Washington (merely one of a collection which reign there).

"But now", the Historian continued, after a moment's pause, "I want to change the subject, though first I should like to interject that I know, as you do, how H.P.B. would have felt about the Russian *débâcle*; I want to speak of Count Witte. Most of the books written in recent years which seek to defame H.P.B.—and the same is true of Biographical Dictionaries—draw on Witte's memoirs as their chief authority; and he slandered her because he was constitutionally incapable of believing that anyone, whether man or woman, could be clean and upright. Naturally, however, because he was H.P.B.'s cousin, her enemies welcome his evil-mindedness, and care nothing about his own evil life, of which his rotten mind was a result. This subject has been mentioned more than once in the *QUARTERLY*, especially in the issue of January, 1930, where a letter is quoted from Charles Johnston; but as it is manifestly the duty and the privilege of all who recognize their debt to H.P.B., to defend her when slandered, you will welcome certain references to Witte in the books I have been reading. Nothing,

in my opinion, is more feeble or less effective than a purely negative defence. Every loyal student of Theosophy should be on the alert for evidence which tends to disqualify the accusers of H.P.B.

"Paléologue, certainly unbiassed, constantly speaks of Witte as unscrupulous in his hatred of the Allied cause during the World War, as venomous in his animosities, and as having become, at last, guilty of rank treachery and betrayal. I refer you to page 73 of Paléologue's third volume; also to pages 117-124, 188-190, and 223 of his first volume.

"The Grand Duke Alexander, in his book, on page 197, speaks of Witte ('raised by the Czars from clerk to Prime Minister') as one 'who specialized in providing reporters with scandalous tales discrediting the Imperial family'; as having countenanced Jewish pogroms, and as 'both despicable and pitiful in his involvements'; this, on page 226.

"Miss Meriel Buchanan (Mrs. Knowling), on pages 108-109 of her book, gives facts which confirm Paléologue."

Again the Historian paused; but the Recorder had not quite finished with him. "Is her latest as interesting as the earlier book by the Grand Duchess Marie?" he asked.

"It is poorer, necessarily, in incident", the Historian answered, "but for those who look beneath the surface for the real meaning of a life—for that which the soul is trying to teach the personality—it should prove highly instructive, and could not fail, as I see it, to reveal a tragedy far greater than the author herself begins to realize."

"What do you mean?" asked the Student.

"It would be intrusive and unkind to enlarge upon the subject publicly", the Historian answered, "if it were not that the author discusses her own 'case' with an almost disconcerting impersonality, and not only her own, but that of her friends, such as Queen Marie of Roumania, whose character she analyzes with quite remarkable detachment. It seems allowable, therefore, to answer your question explicitly. I mean, then, that when the world turned against her—as *the world* invariably turns against misfortune—she seems to have made up her mind to win the respect of the world by 'making good' in terms it would understand, that is, in terms of worldly success, and that she deliberately set to work to modernize, to democratize, and thus, unconsciously, to toughen herself, so as to play the game as the world plays it. An unusually gifted woman, with magnificent courage and great strength of character, she determined to win happiness in spite of her terrible misfortunes, and imagined that this could be done by giving the fullest possible expression to her personality. There was no one to tell her: 'The purpose of life is not to express the personality; the purpose of life is to express the soul—all that is noblest within the range of our conception. There is no peace anywhere by that first path; there is peace and wisdom and victory by the second, with joy for the soul even though there be suffering, as there must certainly be *self-sacrifice*, for the personality.' There was no one to say to her, at any stage of her career: 'Why not try to live your life beautifully, rather than successfully?' She has met with success, as most people count

success: she has written a 'best seller'. But, behind her mask, she is a desperately unhappy woman (I caught a glimpse of her not long ago, in a New York store where she was 'on exhibition'). To judge or to condemn her, would be insufferable: one should take off one's shoes and tread softly in the presence of such courage and such heart-break. Yet the fact remains that she is on the wrong track, that she has not learned her lesson, and that just because she has fought so magnificently for a wrong end, one wishes ardently that it had been a right one. Read her two books, and you will perhaps see what I mean."

"But I have not read them", the Student protested, "and I insist upon knowing more!"

"She was married, when very young, to a Swedish Prince. Her mother was dead, and the marriage was arranged by an aunt. Not in the least in love with her husband, and feeling suffocated in her new environment, she became thoroughly miserable, and, in spite of the birth of a son, before long moved heaven and earth to be set free. She persuaded her cousin, the Czar, and the authorities of the Russian Church, to grant her a divorce. Her husband retained the custody of her son. Later, during the Great War, and after the abdication of the Czar, she married again—a Russian—believing on this occasion that she was really in love. The event proved her mistaken: another tragedy. One lesson she has not learned is that it was wrong to sacrifice her child for the sake of what she believed to be her own happiness. Assuming that she was in no way to blame for the discord between herself and her husband (and usually there are faults on both sides, if only lack of tact), she should have set to work to wring victory out of defeat by living for her son instead of for herself, accepting her responsibilities, and trying to live greatly even if she could not live happily. People cannot throw overboard their marriage vows with impunity, even when there are no children to be considered. The fact that she occupied an exalted position, meant that her example would have far-reaching repercussions, both in Sweden and in Russia. Her second marriage of course made things far worse. If she had done her duty and had remained the wife of that Swedish Prince, it is quite possible that she could have saved the life of her father, the Grand Duke Paul, to whom she was devoted, and who probably could have been rescued while he was still a prisoner in his own palace, if the rescue had been organized from Sweden, with the help of the Swedish Minister in Petrograd. All through the war, the Swedes were Pro-German, largely because they feared and therefore hated the Russians. She could have done wonders if, still a member of the Swedish Royal family, and working in harmony with the English wife of the Crown Prince, she had used her influence on behalf of the Allied cause. I think that by now, her soul would have been at peace. Peace never comes from running away from a difficulty which it is our duty to overcome. She was very young, and did not understand. No one can blame her,—unless himself 'without sin', in which case, as the Christian Master did *not* say, Let him speak up.

"An understanding of Theosophy would have saved her,—and it is in large measure due to the mistaken method of its presentation, that she was deprived of

that help. Theosophists have almost invariably misunderstood their mission. They have imagined it to be their duty to pass on to others the philosophy, or interpretation of the universe, which they have accepted as true, and which has helped them personally, instead of realizing that there is not one man in a million who shares their need, or whose condition at all resembles their own, and that what they ought to do is to help others to recognize what was truest and best *in the faith of their ancestors*."

This roused the Philosopher. "I most thoroughly agree with you", he exclaimed. "Our study of Theosophy should enable us to be sympathetically interpretative of all expressions of religion, and to reveal at least something of the truth concealed in all symbols and creeds. Any religion is better than none, so long as it is accepted sincerely, and when you are dealing with people whose faith has been shattered by newspaper 'science', the only way to help them is by directing their attention to the spirit and purpose which the shattered form concealed."

"There are those also", the Historian added, "whose religion is a sort of habit, which helps them, perhaps, in matters of routine and in stereotyped directions, but the underlying principles of which they have not even glimpsed, so that, when confronted with a problem which seems to have no connection with their previous experience, they are completely lost. In fact, it seems to them that there is no point of contact between their problem and their religion. This is unthinkable to us, thanks to Theosophy, but it is a very real and bewildering condition for those whose beliefs, primarily, are emotions."

"We are living in a Godless world", said the Philosopher. "I doubt if in any period of history, the idea of God and of the unseen has meant so little. Worse than that perhaps, if a Presidential candidate to-day were to mention God in a political speech, or were to intimate that he was seeking divine guidance in national affairs, he would be regarded by the majority as 'unsafe', because not practical, and, by many, as a hypocrite."

"But", said our Visitor, "think of all the empty talk about God, by Kings and rulers of years ago: it meant no more than 'How d'you do'."

"Which is worse: a selfish man with the semblance of good manners, or a selfish man with no manners whatever?"

Our Visitor laughed, seeming to catch the point.

"The truth of the matter is", concluded the Philosopher, "that students of Theosophy have a vitally important function, which, as yet, with few exceptions, they have not understood, and which they should make it their first duty to study, and, in due course, perform. What the world needs most is a more spiritual understanding of its former beliefs,—not their dilution, such as some Churches supply, but an intensification and rationalization of their simplicities.



REVIEWS

The Political Philosophy of Confucianism, by Leonard Shihlien Hsü, Professor at Yenching University; George Routledge & Sons, London, 1932; price \$3.75.

Mencius, translated by Leonard A. Lyall; Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1932; price, \$3.75.

Dr. Hsü has had a certain amount of political experience as Secretary of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in the Chinese Nationalist Government. One ventures to believe that he has prepared this exposition of Confucian political science with the primary purpose of reminding his Occidentalized fellow-countrymen of the splendour of their own traditions. Certainly the Confucian theory of government is as applicable to Chinese conditions to-day as it ever was. It is even applicable outside China. There are actually some Americans who prefer Confucius to Thomas Jefferson.

The essence of Confucianism is loyalty, and loyalty in political terms implies the devotion of the subject to the ruler and the obedience of each individual to the code of his status and calling. Dr. Hsü has traced the development of these implications of loyalty, stressing in particular the fundamental "doctrine of rectification". Rectification "means the making of distinctions between right and wrong, the setting up of a universal standard that will show how the true differs from the untrue, the right from the wrong, the beautiful from the ugly, the logical from the illogical, the just from the unjust, the proper from the improper. Thus Confucius places government on a purely ethical and educative basis. This is important because the political state itself is governed by the attitude of mind of the mass of the people" (p. 59). It was thoroughly characteristic of Confucius that he should define the first step towards rectification as the practical example of virtuous administration. "The rulers themselves should be wise and virtuous before they attempt to govern others. They should personally set the model of rectification, and the people will follow them according to the process of phenomenal imitation" (p. 59). In brief, "the sovereign and high officials are models, which the mass of people and smaller officers are likely to imitate" (p. 44).

Dr. Lyall's excellent and well-annotated translation of the great Confucian apostle, Mencius, makes the principle of "phenomenal imitation" very clear. Mencius seems to have addressed his message especially to the upper classes, and to have tried to form among them a genuine aristocracy whose nobility of conduct might inspire others to imitate them. He taught "the great way of the gentleman". "A gentleman can do nothing greater than encourage men to do good" (p. 50). "When a gentleman made a mistake of old, he mended it. . . . The mistakes of a gentleman of old were like the eating of sun or moon [i.e. an eclipse]—all the people saw them, and when he mended, all the people looked up to him" (p. 62).

The books of Mencius belong by right in the library of everyone who believes in the standards of true gentility, and who would like to make those standards effective in his own life and behaviour.

S. L.

Edmund Burke, by Rev. Robert H. Murray, Litt.D.; Oxford University Press, New York, 1932; price, \$4.50.

This biography, published a year ago in England, now appears in an American edition. Only four years separate it from Mr. Bertram Newman's *Edmund Burke* (1927). One wishes

that the difference between Dr. Murray's point of view and Mr. Newman's, represented a stride in advance taken by the entire Anglo-Saxon world. For to Dr. Murray, Burke's philosophical principle—the aristocratic principle—is drawn from “the eternal”, and is the political wisdom needed at the present hour, “the democratic catastrophes of which, written over the map of Europe and Asia, could teach the lesson of Burke” [paraphrased]. To Mr. Newman, on the other hand, Burke can not escape the reproach meted to those who look backward, who devote genius, not to the future but to a dead past, or to the defence of a mode of existence which “even before his own eyes was beginning to pass away.” Mr. Newman sees Burke as an idealist, by which word he means something of a visionary.

Burke's subject matter—details of revenue, tax, and suffrage—is recalcitrant material, and a Plutarch is needed to dispose of it, and vividly to set forth Burke's greatness. Contrasts in the manner of Plutarch are not wanting, for Dr. Murray writes: “Chatham was not a great political philosopher, whereas Burke was one of the greatest that ever lived. Chatham was an opportunist, while Burke was nothing of the kind. He possessed principles. . . . Last of all, Chatham was, as Dr. Johnson expressed it, a minister given to the sovereign by the people, and to Burke it is clear that Chatham leaned in the direction of demagoguery. Burke, on the other hand, was aristocratic to the core. . . .” Dr. Murray is a scholar and man of culture; he has sympathy, enthusiasm, and understanding. He is able to write: “There is a mysticism in the whole of Burke's outlook on life in Church and State, and even in discussing the state of trade at home and abroad he cannot shake himself—he does not even attempt to—free from it. His philosophy is tinged with that mystery which every thoughtful man feels. With the cult of commerce he contrives to mingle a cult of idealism which is utterly removed from the tone and temper of Grenville's legal disquisition. He links the temporal to the eternal, and he is able to do so in virtue of the divine harmony he perceives in events, and his harmony is mystic and spiritual.”

C.

Black Elk Speaks, transcribed by John Neihardt; William Morrow & Company, New York; price, \$3.75.

This is a valuable contribution to the growing body of literature which is making the character of the Red Man intelligible to the white race that is supplanting him. To the Theosophist, the heart of the book is the religious fervour which inspires this very old Indian, a Shaman among the Ogallala Sioux, and its origin in the “Great Vision” which came to him as a child. During a severe illness he lay for twelve days in a state of coma or trance, and the psychic and spiritual experience of that time became ineradicably the keynote of his whole life. His own words best show his belief in its reality and importance.

“If this were only the story of my life, I think I would not tell it, for what is one man that he should make much of his winters even when they bend him like a heavy snow? I see now as from a lonely hill-top, and I know a mighty vision was given to a man too weak to use it,—of a holy tree that should have flourished in a people's heart with flowers and singing birds, and now is withered; and of a people's dream that died in bloody snow. So I tell this to you; and because no good thing can be done by any man alone, I will first make an offering, and send a voice to the Spirit of the World, that it may help me to be true.”

After making the smoke offering, ending with the words, “give me strength to walk the soft earth, a relative to all that is; with your Power only can I face the winds”, he continues: “I am sure now that when the Vision came to me, I was then too young to understand it all, and that I only felt it. It was the pictures I remembered and the words that went with them; for nothing I have ever seen with my eyes was as clear and bright as what my Vision showed me; and no words that I have ever heard with my ears were like the words I heard. I did not have to remember these things; they have remembered themselves all these years. I could feel the meaning with a part of me like a strange power glowing in my body; but when the part of me that talks would try to make words for the meaning, it would be like a fog and get away from me. It was as I grew older that the meaning came clearer out of the pictures and the words.”

Much of the book is a very literal account of his life and tribal experience; many of the

stranger incidents are undoubtedly dyed with superstition and psychism, but there is much that is pure poetry and much that is devoutly spiritual. Perhaps he sums up the balance justly when he says:

"The Vision was true and mighty, as I know; it is true and mighty yet, for such things are of the Spirit. It is in the darkness of their eyes that men get lost." E. A.

Nicholas of Cusa, by Henry Bett; Great Medieval Churchmen Series, Methuen & Co., London, 1932; price, 7s. 6d.

Any scholarly reader with a drop of Plato's blood in his veins, will be fascinated by the account of this ecclesiastical mystic, now told in English for the first time. Nicholas (1401-1464) born in the village of Cues, on the Moselle, near Coblenz, is one more link in the long chain of witnesses that descends from Alexandria, through Dionysius the Areopagite, Scotus Erigena, Eckhart and others. The distracted condition of Church and State during his lifetime, forced him to take an active share in outward events; there his influence made itself felt for unity. Whether it was the followers of Huss in Bohemia with whom he had to negotiate, or Greeks of the Eastern Orthodox Church, or even the devotees of Islam, he sought, in the belief of each, a point that could serve as nucleus around which might be constructed harmony with Christianity as established in the Catholic Church of Rome. "But his principal importance belongs to the world of thought rather than to the world of action." His writings (in Latin) published in 1514 and 1565, are difficult of access, and their scarceness has limited study and appreciation of his greatness. While ecclesiastical diplomacy was his daily occupation, mathematics was his consolation, and through mathematics he was drawn to the teachings of Pythagoras. In his own characteristic way, he sets forth anew the ancient teaching of the One and the Many. "All begins from God, and all ends in God, as motion begins from rest, and ends in rest. God is all of all that is, and yet nothing of all that is. He is all that is, in unity and perfection, but nothing that is, in limitation and multiplicity. Everything that exists is implicit in God, and explicit in the universe. God is the unoriginated, undifferentiated ground of all possibility and all actuality, and these are one in Him." "Since God is pure unity, absolutely bare of all differentiation, all the divine attributes coincide. All that may truly be said of God, though separated into different conceptions in our minds, is one and the same truth in His immutable nature. Hence all theology moves in a circle. The being of God, the will of God, the act of God, are absolutely one and identical; these conceptions are merely the different names by which we distinguish the different aspects in which our minds see the one, eternal, immutable essence of God." C.

Theurgy, or the Hermetic Practice; A Treatise on Spiritual Alchemy, by E. J. Langford Garstin; London, Rider and Co., 1930; price, 6s.

The Secret Fire, an Alchemical Study, by E. J. Langford Garstin; London, The Search Publishing Company, 1932; price, 7s. 6d.

These simply written volumes form succinct introductions to the study of the great Alchemical writers. They assemble quotations of the utmost interest from a wide range of famous writers—some of whom are almost inaccessible and often not yet translated from Latin,—and many are highly suggestive to students of Theosophy. Passages in *Isis* provide rich commentaries and often supply keys. The writer may be congratulated upon his entire lack of pretence, and for uncompromising condemnation of "black magic". As a result, his industry and enthusiasm should be of service to a wide circle of readers. Q.

Cosmic Problems: an Essay on Speculative Philosophy, by J. S. Mackenzie, Emeritus Professor in University College, Cardiff; Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London, 1931; price, \$2.00.

Professor Mackenzie describes himself as "a humble follower of the line of idealistic speculation in which I consider my earliest teacher, Edward Caird, to have been, on the whole, the safest guide". The philosophical idealists of the Nineteenth Century, especially those of the Scotch school, performed a great service, by keeping alive in Western thought the idea that consciousness is more fundamental, more *real*, than matter. They brought forward a host of arguments to show how impossible it is to separate the idea of matter from the idea of some

form of creative, conscious activity. They continued to propose the hypothesis of a Universal Mind which "would presumably apprehend all the universal conceptions; and having creativeness . . . would be able to give them that special form of reality which we call existence" (p. 30).

Unfortunately, modern idealism has suffered from a very mixed heredity. It may claim descent from Platonism and the Logos Doctrine; but its immediate ancestry is German. The orthodox idealist is obsessed by the notion that the wisdom of the ages reached a sort of climax in Hegel. No one will question Hegel's genius; but this genius was preponderantly, almost exclusively, intellectual. His philosophy is an impressive but rigid logical system which is founded, not upon experience, but upon certain intellectual postulates. Moreover, in Germany even small minds tend to become ponderous, and Hegel's mind was not small. His disciples have never been celebrated for the Platonic qualities of wit and grace.

As modern idealism developed along the lines indicated by Hegel, it became a speculative rather than an empirical philosophy; and this, perhaps, explains the relative oblivion which has overtaken so many of its exponents. Professor Mackenzie is aware of this isolation of idealistic theory from the hard facts of daily life, and recognizes the need for testing and corroborating speculation and hypothesis by experience and experiment. Without renouncing his belief in an *ideal* substratum of existence, he perceives the important distinction between belief and certainty. Therefore, he seeks by contact with actualities a greater measure of certainty than the Hegelian dialectic, alone and unaided, can provide.

Opinions will differ as to the way to proceed in such an undertaking. A student of Theosophy ventures to suggest that in spite of his sincerity and good intentions, Professor Mackenzie is looking in the wrong direction for confirmation of his "ideal". He says, speaking of the difficulties in the way of proving that there is "a supreme purpose" in the Universe: "For their complete removal, the co-operation of the special sciences (including psychic research) is required: and happily there is now no real opposition between the results of the special sciences and the demands of speculative thought" (p. 119). One wonders what he means. Certainly no one who seeks truth should ever neglect or despise "the results of the special sciences", in so far as these results are the records of experience. Even psychical research is full of instruction for him who knows how to separate the chaff from the wheat. But all the special sciences (including psychical research) are limited by their method to the study of objective phenomena. They are not concerned with consciousness.

Is it not obvious that the paramount need of idealism is a basis of spiritual experience? Without a basis of spiritual experience, idealistic speculation is only an intellectual game which must finally become a bore, even for the idealists. According to an old tradition, the Universal Mind will be known only in so far as the individual develops the germ of the Universal Mind, the Logos, in himself; nor can it be known by any other means. S. L.

A Fortune to Share, by Vash Young; Bobbs-Merrill Co.; price, \$1.50.

This is the story, or, rather, the experience, of a man who made himself into a new creature. It shows what anyone can do who realizes the need to do it,—the trouble with most of us being that we see no such need, being quite well satisfied with things as they are. Vash Young does not make this point, which is the key to the whole problem, for most people think it is a matter of will, when the fact is that the limpest, flabbiest will is sufficient to move a man from a stick of dynamite when he believes that in another two seconds it will explode. Self-satisfaction is the enemy; not lack of will. But Vash Young's book is written for popular consumption and should do an immense amount of good. If any of us, because of our Theosophy, should think we know more than he does—as in a sense we do—his example should have that much additional effect. Fear was his worst obstacle, or so he thought, and he conquered that; but that was only one of the defects which he set to work deliberately to replace with their opposites. A great lesson for all of us. H.

Peace Veterans: The Story of a Racket and a Plea for Economy, by Roger Burlingame; Minton, Balch and Co., New York, 1932; price, \$1.00.

The author was First Lieutenant, 308th Machine Gun Battalion, A. E. F. He more than confirms, with ample statistics, what was said at our Convention and in the July *QUARTERLY*, in regard to payments to veterans or their dependents as compensation for peace-incurred disabilities, since the War. To buy, read, and lend this book to others, would be an easy but very practical way to assist those who are devoting their time and money, for patriotic reasons, in an effort to stop this outrageous political graft. The book is popularly written, is short, and is the best contribution to the subject so far brought to our attention. H.

Ancient Civilizations of the Andes, by Philip Ainsworth Means; Scribners, 1931; \$7.50.

One has fascinating but vague notions about the Incas. One has heard that they had a great Empire, that they built magnificent forts, and temples where they worshipped the Sun under the image of a huge disk of pure gold, and that their buried treasure is still undiscovered.

If one should wish to find out everything so far known about the civilizations of the Andes, the Empire of the Chimus and the Empire of the Incas, he should read Mr. Means' book. At a time when the body politic of the West seems so sick, it is helpful to read of the rise and fall of ancient nations. Mr. Means draws some very interesting comparisons and contrasts between their problems and our own. His book is written in a charming style, with a gaiety and humour all too rare in archæologists. Sr. C. LA D.

Meditations on the Gospels, by Bishop Ottokar Prohaszka; Sheed and Ward, London; price, 6s.

When Ottokar Prohaszka was ordained in 1881, Cardinal Mazella said that the young priest's mind was so strong that it would impress millions. The writer of the introduction to these *Meditations* thinks that the revival of Hungarian culture and the persistence of its religious life after the Red revolution, are due to him. The reviewer has found the life of Prohaszka more inspiring than the *Meditations*, charming as they are.

Ottokar Prohaszka was born in Hungary in 1858. After studying in Hungary and at the Germanico-Hungaricum college at Rome, he was ordained and became a teacher in the seminary of Esztergom. He was made Bishop, and, after the revolution, became a member of Parliament. All his life he gave religious lectures to students and to the public. In his teaching he laid great insistence upon regular, independent meditation. He constantly visited the poor. Although very ill, never in the press of his duties as Bishop and as member of Parliament, did he neglect his spiritual duties, his long meditations or his charity. He used to rise at five and spend two hours in prayer, then doing his daily tasks. Every day, he wrote from two to four hours. In the afternoons, he paid his spiritual visits, going about on foot. He used the time spent in walking in meditating upon the subject of his writings.

When the Red revolution overwhelmed Hungary with its horrors—and one will remember that Red agents from Russia went about in armoured cars shooting down whole villages with machine guns—the revolutionists themselves did not dare to kill the Bishop. When they came to his palace to tell him he must live in two rooms only, he replied, "One will be enough." He had given away all his lands to the homeless, and had spent all that he possessed in relieving distress. When he died, the whole city of Budapest attended his funeral, and when his body was sent to his birthplace, all the inhabitants of the villages through which it passed came to the train to salute it.

After reading about this truly inspiring life, one turns eagerly to these meditations upon the Advent and the Nativity. They are very simple. His great insistence is upon the reality of the Spiritual Life, and upon man's ability to attain and to progress in it. Especially interesting are his meditations upon the Cave of Bethlehem, the outer poverty of the surroundings of the Nativity as contrasted with Spiritual splendour. He has a great love of Nature and draws from it many correspondences. One point he frequently mentions is sensitiveness—the cultivation of exquisite sensitiveness in the soul. "The Soul of Jesus is infinitely sensitive."

One wishes that the good Bishop had known something of Theosophy, for he speaks of the degradation of all Pagans, and of the ancient cultures of China and India "which built *cults*

de sac for the human mind, blocked up by dull resignation and by the idea of the impossibility of progress".

One is, of course, unable to judge his style in translation. Perhaps a certain banality of expression is due to the English rendering, rather than to him. One feels after reading his little book that one has met a lovely and pure soul, and has been inspired by it.

ST. C. LAD.

Mysticism East and West, by Rudolf Otto, Professor of Theology in the University of Marburg; translated by Bertha L. Bracey and Richenda C. Payne; Macmillan and Company, London, 1932; price, 16s.

The Mystic Will, by Howard Brinton, Professor of Religion, Mills College, California; The Macmillan Company, New York, 1930; price, \$2.50.

Mysticism East and West is a "comparative analysis" of two "classic types of Eastern and Western mystical experience", as represented by the Vedāntin sage, Shankara Acharya and by the Alsatian monk, Meister Eckhart. In the first part of his book, Dr. Otto shows, by means of many parallel passages, that Shankara and Eckhart are in many ways so much alike that one might almost imagine Shankara to be a translator of Eckhart, or vice versa. In the second part, the author reverses his procedure, concentrating his attention upon the individual qualities which make the two great mystics so different from each other, in spite of their basic unity of vision. It is a most interesting problem, but one cannot compliment Dr. Otto upon his handling of it. As a Western theologian he feels that he must somehow prove that Eckhart was "what Shankara could never be: the profound discoverer of the rich indwelling life of the 'soul'. . . using that word in a sense which is only possible on a Christian basis" (p. 215). One immediate effect of sectarianism is that it closes the mind. In the present instance, Dr. Otto becomes so absorbed in his attempt to exalt Eckhart at Shankara's expense, that he has little energy left to meditate upon what both Eckhart and Shankara really meant by what they said.

As has often been pointed out, every mystical work is written in a cipher. Shankara and Eckhart adopted the current technical terms of theology and metaphysics, because only by so doing could they speak intelligibly to their contemporaries; but to each term they imparted an esoteric meaning. Unfortunately, the theologians who have commented upon the doctrines of the mystics, have interpreted them as literally as possible, with the result that their words have been made to support the dogmas which they actually attacked. For example, in Shankara's works there is frequent reference to Ishvara, the personified Divinity. Dr. Otto represents Ishvara as a "personal God". But Ishvara is wholly unlike any personal God known to the theologians. The significance of Shankara's teaching concerning Ishvara lies in the fact that, like the Logos Doctrine of the West, it evokes the idea of the Universe as an expression and vehicle of divine consciousness. By correspondence, Ishvara is related to the Universe, as the Higher Self is related to the human nature which it overshadows, and as the Master is related to the disciple. There are vast depths of meaning to be found here in what appears superficially to be only an enunciation of personal theism. Dr. Otto seems not even to suspect their existence. This explains why his book makes such dull reading, in spite of the fascination of its subject-matter.

It is a relief to turn to *The Mystic Will* which is based upon a study of Jacob Boehme. *The Mystic Will* is a model of scholarly accomplishment, but it has also the qualities of an original work based on experience. It is evident that the author has not merely correlated many valuable quotations from Boehme, but that he has meditated upon what he has read and, thus meditating, has investigated and proved for himself the reality of Boehme's magical universe.

One cannot praise too highly the resoluteness which enabled Professor Brinton to overcome the technical difficulties of his subject. Quite literally, it must require months of labour to arrange Boehme's terms in a comprehensible vocabulary, for the "cobbler of Gorlitz", who was not a trained scholar, invented as the vehicle of his thoughts a strange terminology, a unique amalgam of Biblical and alchemical symbols. No amount of toil could unravel this

knot, without the help of a lively intuition. One reason for Professor Brinton's success is that he has not approached his subject with the preconception that Boehme was a dreamer. He testifies that the one great purpose of Boehme's life was to discover a scientific basis for ethics.

However, as the author says, Boehme is not a moralist, in the usual sense of the word. He is concerned with the birth and growth of the spiritual man, and the spiritual man is typified by Christ. But Christ as the Logos is also manifested as the "light-world" of universal Nature. "We must constantly remind ourselves that Boehme thinks of nature as animated from within by the same vital forces which find more complete expression in man" (p. 136). "Boehme's philosophical library was nature itself. 'Thou wilt find', he says, 'no better book, in which the Divine Wisdom can be searched for and found, than a green and blooming meadow'" (p. 11).

Boehme's central problem was "the reconciliation or harmonization of two wills, the negative in-going religious will, and the positive out-going nature will. The first is a 'resigned will' seeking, through self-surrender, a supersensible divine object. The second is a 'self-will' seeking through self-assertion to know and control external nature". Our life, indeed, is "the operation and manifestation not of a twofold but of a 'three-fold will'. This trinity is (1) negative in that it wills backward to the Father, (2) positive in that it wills forward to the Son, and (3) intermediary in that it alternates between the negative and positive as a Spirit which fashions the warp and woof of temporal existence" (pp. 95-96). "The will can attain no true self-consciousness by having itself as an object. It must be reflected in a mirror independent of itself. Accordingly there arises within it a painful desire for genuine objective self-knowledge" (p. 233). In the macrocosm, this desire is the magical power which calls the phenomenal universe into being. So, in the human correspondence, "Through imagination and earnest desire, we are again impregnated with deity and receive a new body in the old" (p. 112).

According to Boehme, the creative force becomes manifest as the seven forms or "fountain-spirits" of Nature. Professor Brinton's interpretation of the "fountain-spirits" is a very important contribution to the study of Boehme. They recall many other "hebdomads" in mystical literature, as, for example, the seven *Shaktis* of Indian metaphysics, the six primary forces in Nature, synthesized by the seventh, "the Light of the Logos" (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, I, 311-313). Professor Brinton remarks that the desire for manifestation "is the first form of nature and manifests itself as 'attraction'. It exists only through an opposing force which is 'expansion'. The interaction of the two produces rotation, the multitude of circular processes which make up physical nature. These three constitute the Trinity on its lowest physical level. Hence the creation of physical nature . . . externalizes the original three-fold will. . . . This descent into matter or particularity, is symbolized as the 'Fall of Lucifer'. As these forces are independent of the original ideal harmony and of each other, conflict and confusion arise. . . . In the fourth nature form, there is a retreat to the Absolute Will which reconciles the jarring discordant particulars through the harmonizing influence of the abstract ideal Wisdom of God. In theological terms, God is crucified on the cross of nature in order to experience resurrection in the Heaven of a higher life. In physical terms the friction of opposing forces generates a spark of light which is nature's knowledge of itself. In human terms the discordant forces in man's soul are harmonized through an act of self-renunciation by which his will is identified with the original Absolute Will. . . . When the first three nature forms unite with the Absolute Will in the fourth nature form, they are internally harmonized and vitalized, and then become the last three forms. The first three remain, however, as the unmanifested material substratum of the last three. When whole and part are thus adjusted to each other in an organic union, the seven forms comprise Eternal Nature, the final objectification of the original three-fold will in a completely self-conscious life" (pp. 233-234). Elsewhere, he says that "the soul stands at the fourth nature form where light and darkness divide. . . . It can project itself through imagination either into the dark world or the light world" (p. 212). The three higher nature forms are named Love or Light, Sound or Understanding, and

Eternal Nature, the highest being "the final adjustment and harmonization of all seven" (pp. 154-157).

In the light of this exposition, one is better able to understand why Madame Blavatsky spoke of Boehme as a Theosophist and as "the Nursling of the Nirmānakāyas". It is significant that in spite of his manifold obscurities of expression, Boehme's system has always possessed the power of stimulating the imagination of those who have studied it with sincerity and devotion. The debt of Schopenhauer to the "God-taught seer" is recognized, as is that of the English mystic, William Law. Students of Theosophy will recall his influence upon the great French occultist of the Eighteenth Century, Louis-Claude de Saint-Martin, who referred to him as *mon second éducateur*. S. L.

The Wheel of Life, A Study of Palingenesis in Its Relation to Christian Truth, by the Rev. A. Henderson, Vicar of St. John de Sepulchre, Norwich; Rider & Co., 1931; price, 1s.

This is an excellent and significant appeal by a clergyman of the Church of England, for a return to the historic belief of the Early Church in Reincarnation. For the cogency of its argument, as well as the official position of the writer, this little book will interest all students of Theosophy, and may well serve them in discussion with friends. He points out that several of the most distinguished modern philosophers (Dr. James Ward, and Dr. McTaggart of Cambridge; Dean Inge, etc.) "accept this, 'the Oldest Creed'"; building in their turn on a long line extending through Hume, Henry More and the English Platonists, Bruno, Campanella and others, back to Origen, Clement of Alexandria, and the authors of the Gospels. Many will be surprised to learn that: "It finds favour even with Roman Catholic theologians, amongst whom was the great scholar, Monsignor Archbishop Passavalli (1820-1897), who not only declared that reincarnation is not in conflict with Catholic dogma, but himself accepted the doctrine, at the age of sixty-two, from two disciples of the Polish School of Philosophy, and 'lived up to the age of seventy-two, unshaken in his conviction that he had lived many times on earth and that he was likely to return'"; while Cardinal Mercier wrote in his *Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy* (Vol. II, p. 326, Eng. tr. 1927): "It seems difficult to demonstrate by unaided reason that the end of man's probation will necessarily coincide with the last moment of his life"—for "the theory of metempsychosis, provided that it allows that the Soul retains through its successive reincarnations the consciousness of its own personality, and that the series at some time will have an end, cannot be shown by reason alone to be impossible or even to be false" (p. 20).

The commonest misconceptions of Reincarnation are refuted, and a concluding chapter deals briefly with "Reincarnation and Christian Doctrine". M. H.

Dante: The Divine Comedy, Its Essential Significance, by Arthur H. Norway, C.B.; Student Christian Movement Press, 1931; price, 5s.

This is an admirably conceived interpretation in brief compass of the *Divine Comedy*, addressed "not to scholars, who are few, but to the unlearned also, who are many". Dante has a message to the hearts of men, and he makes an appeal to the hearts of men, as well as to their intellects. The writer brings forward this phase of Dante's great poem—often neglected, avoiding all controversies or subtle questions, and showing rather Dante's understanding of human nature in the light of his fixed purpose to "withdraw living people from misery and bring them back to peace". M. H.

Tongues of Fire, a Bible of Sacred Scriptures of the Pagan World, by Grace H. Turnbull; Macmillan Co., 1929; price, \$3.50.

There are several good collections of religious and mystical verse, but this volume is something more; as the sub-title declares, it is an anthology of Sacred Scriptures, of the Bibles of non-Christian peoples. The title itself is given by the Book of Acts, where St. Luke describes the event known as Pentecost,—and St. Luke's words are printed on the title page: "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak . . . as the Spirit gave them ut-

terance." That quotation would seem to indicate a belief on the author's part, that the Sacred Scriptures of the world have a common origin and inspiration. Fifty-five years ago, Madame Blavatsky declared that common inspiration to be Divine Wisdom.

The selections are comprehensive, representative, and generous. The writings of Confucius and Mencius, of Lao-tze and Chuang-tze speak for China and Japan. Persia, Egypt, and Babylonia make their contributions. The *Upanishads*, the *Dhammapada*, the *Bhagavad Gita*, and the rock inscriptions of King Asoka indicate how deep was the religious life of ancient India. Plato, Plotinus, Empedocles, and Pythagoras represent Greece. Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, Rome (though these last would appear to be devotional books rather than Scriptures). The collection includes many treasures.

The book is a labour of love and devotion made by one who has lived in a literary and religious environment. The author is not academic, and though much consultation with erudite authorities was required for the making of the book, that contact has not deadened. She is to be congratulated for keeping immune from the deadly academic virus.

The purpose of the anthology being to present to Christian readers the documents of other religions, no Christian materials are included.

As one examines this interesting volume, the question arises: "what would a thoughtful Christian do, after studying it?" For if his own religion ever meant anything to him, he might be perplexed and confused by variant expressions of truth, for example, the parallels in the lives of Gautama and of Jesus: "the Immaculate Conception, symbolic star, and angelic choir; the renouncing of an earthly kingdom, the fasting and temptation in the wilderness, the sending forth of the disciples", etc. [p. VI]. Miss Turnbull offers no guidance to one thus perplexed, no interpretation; the very brief paragraphs prefixed to each section contain matters of information only. Indeed, for all its treasures of truth, this anthology may only *misguide*, only *harm*, in the end, by distorting, as has been done so many times in the past, truth that is perceived through a mist. In an Introduction the author shows her horror of war, and denounces the World War as "criminal", thereby revealing the domination in her mind of the "pale Galilean" type of religion which alienates all who are not emasculated. The necessity of war in the present stage of human evolution has been many times set forth. The following extract from Edmund Burke ought to demolish the pacifist's argument. Substitute "peace" for "civil liberty", Burke's reasoning is valid for both. "Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love of justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves. Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters" (*Letter to a Member of the National Assembly*).

QUESTIONS OF HINDUISM ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 373.—*In a Branch study of the Crest Jewel of Wisdom, these questions arose on stanzas 21, 22, p. 4: (a) What is the meaning of "Freedom from self-indulgence is . . . a surrender of the allurement of all non-eternal things from the body up to the Formative Power"? (b) Why is the Formative Power classed as non-eternal? (c) How should it be surrendered? (d) May one think of it as being what is often termed the creative power?*

ANSWER.—(a) A surrender of the allurement of all non-eternal things is the first step toward chéliship; it is "the trial initiation of the would-be Occultist." We are told: "Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness." "Allurement", in the sense used in the *Crest Jewel*, does not mean merely the enchantment of happiness; it means the allowing of our attention to be occupied by any temporary or illusive thing whatsoever, thus failing to "live in the eternal" itself. Despair may be as "alluring" as joy; we succumb to the fascination of terror as easily as we do to that of exultation. The being content to remain on any of the lower planes (physical, psychic, manasic etc.) is self-indulgence, because it is on these planes that the lower self finds it easiest to live—without effort and with the greatest satisfaction, feeling at home there. It is a "surrender" of this deadly illusion which must be made. (b) It is not clear that the stanza does definitely state the Formative Power to be non-eternal. It speaks of the surrender of all non-eternal things *up to* the Formative Power. Moreover, a distinction is apparently intended since, in the translation, the words are spelt with capitals. (c) Would perhaps be answered by (d), in which we might also get more light on the earlier questions. If we do consider the Formative Power as synonymous with the creative power (and it appears a not unlikely interpretation), then we may see how, from one point of view, it is to be surrendered; while, from another, it is to be cherished as a priceless inheritance. For the creative power is to be found on every plane of existence, from the physical up to the highest that we know of or can imagine; it is an attribute of the Logos, and as such could not be classed as non-eternal; but manifested on the lower planes of life, its expressions there are but reflections, its use too often a perversion. It is the persistent clinging to the idea that the shadow is the Reality, as well as the deliberate misuse of the Power, which must be surrendered—not the Power itself. To the lower nature it is largely in this misuse that the "allurement" lies, and misuse of anything is invariably self-indulgence. T. A.

ANSWER.—(a) It is the *allurement* of all non-eternal things that is to be surrendered, not the things. All powers are dangers, for each one has its "allurement" for the personal self, that is, with each power there goes a temptation to use it for the gratification of the personality. Powers are rightly used by a "seeker for the Eternal" only when they are used for the purposes of the Eternal, or to draw the seeker nearer to his Master and to his home in the spiritual world. (b). All powers *as we know them* must be only reflections of real powers and hence not eternal in themselves. (c) and (d) It would be interesting to know what the Sanskrit word was that has been translated as "Formative Power". Perhaps the "power of the imagination" would be nearer the meaning than the "creative power", although the allurements of both

must be surrendered before spiritual growth becomes possible. To surrender the allurements of the imagination would mean never to use it for self-indulgence, vanity, etc. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Taken from its context, the quotation from *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom* would seem to indicate that the "Formative Power" was classed as non-eternal, but the remainder of the sentence seems to indicate clearly that the "surrender of the *allurement* of all non-eternal things" refers to the objective aspect of the "Formative Power", as the same verse goes on to say that this surrender is to be "continually made through a realization of the faultiness of all *objective* things". Freedom from allurement (glamour) is to be accomplished through discernment of the "Real",—the Real aspect of any quality. By reference to *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 312, Third Ed.), where the Shaktis are enumerated and described, we find the statement, referring to Kundalini Shakti, that "A Yogi must thoroughly subjugate this power or force, before he can attain Moksha" (Nirvana). This would seem to furnish a key to what is meant in the verse from the *Crest Jewel*, by indicating that as long as we use universal forces wrongly or for selfish purposes, we are making this universal or eternal force assume a non-eternal aspect through perversion of its use, which is an "allurement" to be surrendered. We must "subjugate this power or force", first by refraining from misusing it, and second, by controlling it,—as the *Crest Jewel* says, by "the mastering of the powers of perception and action". The same principles would seem equally applicable if the phrase "Creative Power", instead of "Formative Power", were used in this connection. G. H. M.

ANSWER.—(a) It means complete and absolute detachment, that is, not looking for a reward, material or spiritual, of any action. (b) Because, as is implied in *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 84), all is Maya up to the Supreme Absolute, and what is glamour or illusion cannot be eternal. (c) The surrender of the allurements of the Formative Power is explained in *Light on the Path*: "It must be the Eternal that draws forth your strength and beauty, not desire of growth." "Live neither in the present nor the future, but in the eternal." (d) Yes; the power that creates or forms character and spiritual growth. S.

ANSWER.—(a) Non-eternal things allure us because we use them to gratify the desire for sensation. They cease to allure us in so far as we kill out the desire for sensation.

(b) The Formative Power may be classed as non-eternal, when it is conceived as the cause and source of all non-eternal things. In this sense, it is the "mighty magic of Prakriti", which is described as non-existent in Pralaya, like the physical Universe which is its production.

(c) It has been said that when we surrender the allurement of anything, we are for the first time capable of using that thing intelligently and dispassionately, as Nature intends it to be used. In other words, the non-eternal may be transformed into a vehicle of the Eternal.

(d) It would seem to be another name for "the creative power". Our objective must be to employ this power, as it is employed by the Logos, for the purposes of soul. S. L.

ANSWER.—(a) I think the word *allurement* gives us the key. The author of *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom* points the way to liberation through discernment; and shows that discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal, between the Real and the unreal, leads man to give up what is non-eternal or unreal in his quest of the Eternal or the Real. But man does not suddenly reach the Real from where he is. The verses indicate that his surrender is a progressive one, from the unreal to the less unreal through graduated stages, beginning with the surrender of the grossest forms of physical self-indulgences through those which are psychic and mental, up to the Formative Power. But it is always the *allurement* of these things he must surrender, not the things themselves. While still using the eyes, the ears, the body, he is to surrender their allurement. Likewise, while still using the Formative Power, he is to surrender its allurement or the joy of using it. Then, the joy which accrues from using it will be a consequence, a by-product—in other words, he will not use the Formative Power *because* of the joy of using it. (b) Anything that is *out* of the Eternal is non-eternal. As I interpret the verses, the Formative Power is a power exercised by the Eternal. As soon as the Eternal

so uses this Power, the Power is *objectified* and to that extent is out of the Eternal and therefore non-eternal. (c) The Formative Power is not to be surrendered, but the *allurement* thereof. (d) I should suppose the Formative Power is an aspect of the Creative Power—that stage at which the Creative Power is active, is objectifying itself, is forming forms.

G. M. W. K.

QUESTION No. 374.—*Why do many Theosophical students allude to everything easy and agreeable as "good" Karma, and everything hindering or unpleasant as "bad" Karma? Isn't it our own fault if any Karma is "bad"?*

ANSWER.—It is clearly a mistake to refer to everything that is easy and agreeable as "good Karma", and to everything hindering or unpleasant as "bad Karma". Students of Theosophy look at everything, or at least try to look at everything, from the standpoint of the Soul. From this view-point, "good Karma" would be that which afforded the most favourable conditions for spiritual development, but these might, and in all probability would, be far from "easy and agreeable" to the personality. The only "bad Karma" is that which prevents or makes spiritual advancement difficult. Theosophy teaches that, whatever our outer circumstances in life may be, they are precisely those which we need in order to learn the lesson which that incarnation is intended to teach us.

G. H. M.

ANSWER.—Although we have created our own Karma, brought upon ourselves our own trials and tribulations, that is no reason for our labelling any Karma as "bad". It is by the operation of this beneficent law that the soul receives just the right opportunities for growth. It is the way in which we use these karmic opportunities which is either "good" or "bad". Because our Karma is what we have made it, we do not have to be *victims* of circumstances; we can be *victors* over them. The circumstances do not have to change, only our attitude toward them. If we view life as a school, the purpose of which is the training and development of the soul, then that which is hindering or personally unpleasant is not necessarily "bad". Quite the contrary; probably it presents the very problem or task needed at the moment for the soul's development; whereas that which is easy and agreeable may be but another indulgence of the lower self. "Man, know thyself."

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—Referring to Karma as "good" or "bad" is sometimes done half jestingly, but all serious students of Theosophy know that Karma, of whatever apparent nature, is invariably opportunity, and is therefore in reality beneficent. Many have also learned that what, at the time, they had looked upon as good Karma, had proved a far severer test of their selflessness and sincerity of purpose than what, under other circumstances, may have been considered overwhelmingly bad Karma. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that more would-be chélas have gone on the rocks because of their supposed "success", with the self-delusion and self-complaisance which too often accompanies it, than have met final shipwreck as a result of supposed or perhaps even actual "failure". Lower nature being what it is, there is always the danger that with fancied success we sink into effortless days, lulled to sleep by a fatal sense of security; while to the man who is worthy even the name of would-be chéla, it is at the moment when he faces utter defeat that he buckles on his armour and grips his sword more firmly. Therefore, it is our own fault if any Karma whatsoever appears to us "bad". T. A.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society will be held throughout the winter and spring at 64 Washington Mews (between Washington Square and East 8th Street), on alternate Saturday evenings, beginning at half-past eight and closing at ten o'clock. Branch members will receive a printed announcement, giving the dates. The same announcement will also be mailed to non-members who send their names to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York. Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York, and visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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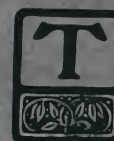
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Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875



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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.



JANUARY, 1933

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THEOSOPHY AND FOREIGN MISSIONS

MANY students of Theosophy have reason to believe that the great religions of the world reveal, as their common and fundamental principle, "that spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul which is the basis of true brotherhood". They explain this underlying oneness by the tradition, recorded by Madame Blavatsky, that every real religion was founded by the Lodge, the Great Brotherhood, to which belong all the Saviours of humanity. In other words, the inner life of the various forms of religion is one and the same, because it is an undivided part of the united life of the Lodge. The outer forms themselves differ, according to the racial and temporal conditions determining their growth, but each form contains within itself the same vital principle.

This principle is not a colourless abstraction. In so far as it has any significance for us, it is vibrant with an intense and *individual* life. It has been said that the spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul is only possible when each Soul has attained a certain measure of real individuality. The inner life of all forms of religion, though one and the same, has a distinctive quality in each of its "incarnations", the stamp of genius which marks every true work of art. A real religion is, indeed, a work of art, the unique creation of an individual Master who acts as a Mediator between the Lodge and the human group or race over which he presides. Nature is not monotonous on any plane. When one compares Buddhism and Christianity, for instance, one discovers the same basic truths, but at the same time the greatest divergence of expression and emphasis.

If the human race were more highly evolved than it actually is, competitive bidding for converts by the various religions would be inconceivable, for each individual would be aware, in some degree, of the "Ray" of the Logos to which he belonged. But most people have so little spiritual individuality that it cannot matter greatly whether they be nominally Buddhists or Mohammedans or

Christians. What is important is that they should have some real religious attachment. When an exoteric religion becomes hopelessly corrupt or virtually extinct, it is in the order of Nature for another to take its place.

Therefore, the missionary has his appointed rôle in the evolution of religious consciousness. This is obvious when he is a man of genius, like St. Paul, or the great Buddhist apostle to China, Bodhidharma. But he has often done good when one would least expect it, when his motives were confused and impure. It is hard to deny, for example, that the Catholicism of the Spanish Conquistadores, though bigoted and cruel, was a vast improvement over the sorcery and human sacrifice of the Aztecs. Again, he may be helpful in ways which he does not intend, as in Japan, where the rivalry of the Christian missions has been instrumental in stimulating the Buddhists to begin a profound study of their own religion.

Nevertheless, from a Theosophical point of view, the Christian missionary has built up for himself an unenviable reputation for ignorance and narrow-mindedness. There are exceptions, of course, many of them, but in general it seems to be only too true that the average missionary has made no distinction between the Noble Eightfold Path of Buddhism and the rites of "Mumbo-Jumbo", for he has regarded all non-Christian cults alike, as special creations of the Evil One. Religious tolerance has certainly not been one of his virtues.

AN ADVANCE TOWARDS RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE

However, powerful undercurrents of thought have been active, and there is evidence of a changed attitude towards other religions by those who are responsible for the direction of Foreign Missions. We quote excerpts from the report of the appraisal commission of the Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry. The commission, consisting of representatives from seven Protestant denominations, recently returned from a nine months' sojourn in China, Japan, India, and Burma. Their report has been published with the title, *Re-thinking Missions*, by Harper and Brothers.

At the beginning of our century of Protestant missions, Christianity found itself addressing men attached to other religions; its argument was with those religions. At present it confronts a growing number of persons, especially among the thoughtful, critical of or hostile to all religion.

Its further argument, we judge, is to be less with Islam or Hinduism or Buddhism than with materialism, secularism, naturalism. The growth of this third factor, non-religion, alters the relation of the other two; Christianity and the environing religions face at the same moment the same menace, the spread of the secular spirit; the former opponents have become to this extent allied by the common task. . . . What becomes of the issues between the merits of one sacred text and another when the sacredness of all texts is being denied? . . .

The chief foe of these oracles [i.e., the religions of the East] is not Christianity, but the philosophies of Marx, Lenin, Russell. The case that must now be stated is the case for any religion at all.

Thus it is that Christianity finds itself in point of fact aligned in the worldwide issue with the non-Christian faiths of Asia. It is an alignment which solves no problems of religious difference, but simply shows how necessary it has become for every religion to be aware of and to stand upon the common ground of all religion. . . .

[It is necessary] that the modern mission make a positive effort, first of all to know and understand the religions around it, and then to recognize and associate itself with whatever kindred elements there are in them. . . . If a new idea is to take sturdy root it should make maximum use of whatever kindred ideas have been there before. . . . It is not what is weak or corrupt but what is strong and sound in the non-Christian religions that offers the best hearing for whatever Christianity may have to say.

It is clearly not the duty of the Christian missionary to attack the non-Christian systems of religion. It is his primary duty to present his conception of the true way of life and let it speak for itself (Chapter II).

The common sense of this appeal is obvious, for it is a fact that both East and West are threatened by materialism masquerading under many forms. Doubtless, it is a call for an inter-religious armistice rather than for permanent peace. These churchmen are still far from the point where they can think of the Buddha and the Christ as really comparable. They may recognize the spiritual genius of the Buddha; but their idea of the Master Christ is almost inevitably coloured by all sorts of theological preconceptions, and they have not heard or apprehended the doctrine of the Lodge.

In spite of their reservations, however, they seem to have made a real advance along proper lines towards religious tolerance. It remains to be seen whether their proposals will bear fruit. Already some missionaries are making "a positive effort to know and understand the religions" with which they come into contact. One of them in particular, recounting a conversation with a Shin Buddhist priest in Japan, says that he found "an unworked mine of spiritual possibilities". Such a remark is enough to have made some of his predecessors turn over in their graves. One hopes that it is really typical of a new spirit of enlightened interest in other creeds, among the "ambassadors" of the Christian Churches in the Far East.

THE ILLUSION OF HUMANITARIANISM

Unfortunately, the standard set by these arguments for tolerance and co-operation is not maintained in the remainder of the report. The commission professes to condemn materialism and secularism, but they might profit by meditation upon the words: "Physician, heal thyself". They practically recommend that the major activities of the missions should henceforth be confined to social service and humanitarian work.

Ministry to the secular needs of men in the spirit of Christ . . . is evangelism, in the right sense of the word; to the Christian no philanthropy can be mere secular relief, for with the good offered

there is conveyed the temper of the offering, and only because of this does the service become wholly good.

We believe that the time has come to set the educational and other philanthropic aspects of mission work free from organized responsibility to the work of conscious and direct evangelism. We must work with greater faith in invisible successes, be willing to give largely without any preaching, to co-operate whole-heartedly with non-Christian agencies for social improvement, and to foster the initiative of the Orient in defining the ways in which we shall be invited to help (p. 326).

If there must be a choice between the old-fashioned methods of conversion and the methods of the social reformer, we frankly prefer the former, and believe that spiritually they are far less dangerous and may even produce good. It reveals a complete misunderstanding of the Christian Master's message, to assume that the first duty of the disciple is to go everywhere, ameliorating material conditions. A man whose only idea is to minister to the physical wants of others may be personally a saint, but in the end he may cause as much trouble as a devil. An illustration is afforded by the present state of China. It is impossible to calculate the damage already accomplished by the attempts of missionaries to extend to the Chinese the "advantages" of a secular Western education.

The words of Christ are in complete accord with the Indian saying, used as a text by Emerson, that the Universe exists for the purposes of Soul. Karma—that is to say, the Divine Will—places the incarnate soul in an environment adapted to its needs, and the true philanthropist is careful not to interfere with the wise processes of Nature. This is no argument for hardness of heart or for refusal to assist another in distress. The point is that it is not Christian but materialistic to regard "ministry to the secular needs of men" as an end in itself. It would seem that the Laymen's commission have forgotten that the function of a religion is to respond to the needs of the soul, and to concern itself with the body only in so far as its well-being is necessary to the soul. A religion which ceases to fulfill this function will also cease to exist, because its reason for existing will have disappeared.

A MODEL FOR MISSIONARY ACTIVITY

Surely one can be a missionary without being either a sectarian bigot or a semi-socialistic humanitarian. We suggest that Madame Blavatsky's work was a model for missionary activity. She brought to Europe and America ideas which were old in the East but new to the West. As a result of what she accomplished, many have found a deeper meaning in truths which were familiar to them; and also have learned other truths which are absent from the *exoteric* religious and philosophical tradition of the Occident. They have not become Buddhists, but they have been given an opportunity to assimilate some of the qualities and virtues of Buddhism.

Why should it be impossible for an apostle of Christianity to do for the East

what Madame Blavatsky did for the West? Through the teaching of such a man, new spiritual perspectives might be opened to the vision of Orientals, and they might be helped to discover profundities which they had never suspected beneath the surface of their exoteric creeds. In brief, what is needed is a missionary who really understands Christianity,—as Madame Blavatsky understood esoteric Buddhism and Hinduism.

CO-OPERATION AND COMPETITION

Philosophers since the beginning of history have dreamed of an ideal commonwealth where all men would freely co-operate towards the fulfilment of the great destiny reserved for humanity. It is a noble dream, and possibly this planet continues to exist in order that some day it may come true. But the Golden Age as an actual condition belongs to the remote past or to the remote future. We are living in Kali Yuga, the Age of Iron, and we shall be wise not to forget it for an instant.

At the present stage of human evolution, competition and strife are inseparable from human existence. Pacifists and internationalists may protest, and economists and efficiency engineers may argue, but men continue to compete and to strive with one another, not only because they instinctively enjoy a fight, but because they have no alternative if they desire to go on living. Many minds have, therefore, been tormented by what seems to be a hopeless paradox. How can humanity become a Brotherhood when Nature imposes struggle and war as the price of existence?

It is a searching question, but it is not without an answer. Indeed, there have been wise men in every age who have replied to it, and in all cases the responses have been essentially the same. For example, there was Heraclitus in ancient Greece. "Men do not understand", he said, "how that which is torn in different directions comes into accord with itself,—harmony in contrariety, as when one bends the bow. Opposition brings men together, and out of discord comes the purest concord, and all things have their birth in strife. So war is the father of all and king of all, and some he has made Gods and some men, some bound and some freed."

Before men can co-operate as in the Golden Age, they must become really human, and that involves more than is generally imagined. Birth in human shape is not sufficient to provide one with a diploma of humanity. As has been said, only a Master is a human being, in the truest sense of the term, for only a Master's humanity is complete and unalloyed. One does not wonder that such men as Gautama and Jesus have been called Gods by their followers; but it seems more pertinent to think of them as perfected men.

Whether they be named Gods or men, the Masters have become what they are by the agency of "War, the father of all and king of all". Their qualities are those which we intuitively attribute to the righteous warrior,—loyalty, courage, compassion for the weak, wisdom, concentrated power. These virtues could not have sprung up in their consciousness by some sudden miracle. Like all the attributes of being, they are products of Karma, of action. The Masters

can co-operate spontaneously, without stress or friction, because they have learned the intent of Nature through their age-long experience of war.

WHEN NATURE CLASHES WITH ECONOMICS

It is well to remember, in these difficult times, that "out of discord comes the purest concord". Sir Arthur Keith, the British anthropologist, seems to have been moved by such a consideration when he prepared a recent article for the *New York Times Magazine* (October 2, 1932), to which the editor gave the appropriate heading: "When Nature Clashes with Economics".

As Sir Arthur notes, many professors of economics seem to imagine that the major cause of the prolongation of the present depression is what they call "the disease of nationalism". If they could really have their way, one surmises that they would abolish national boundaries, convert the whole human race into one family having a common standard of living, and perhaps even compel everybody to speak one language. If this or something approximating to it should happen, so they argue, trade would begin to flow through the old international channels and we should all live happily ever afterwards. Perhaps we should, but as Sir Arthur points out, there is practically no chance of our witnessing such an experiment. Nature evidently has other plans for us, and in the end Nature always wins. Sir Arthur actually reminds one of a Taoist in his insistence upon the uselessness of the human reason when it sets itself in opposition to natural "design". He almost goes so far as to attribute to Nature a divine foresight and wisdom.

What, then, is wrong with the world? To me the answer is clear. Man has been seeking after false gods—power, trade and wealth. And nature is now bringing him to book. Business men and philanthropists dream of a world State through which trade will flow with the utmost freedom. They demand universal peace and eternal security. They want to see mankind regimented into a single uniform nationality.

As I read the book of creation, all of these postulates are anathema to the order of nature. Nature has so ordered things that ultimately mankind must carry out her scheme, which is the production of manhood. For this reason she demands that the world should be broken up into a multitude of separate, self-contained nationalities. She demands courage, sacrifice and competition; she refuses to give security, even of life, to her competing teams. Danger keeps them alert.

Nature scoffs at the laws of economics. Nationalism is nature's call, and it is just because she has called, that an economic disaster has fallen on us. We have to suffer until we accommodate our lives to the conditions of self-contained nationalities. . . .

My readers may remember the last episode in the life of Jeremiah. The leaders of the remnant of the children of Judah resolved to seek safety in Egypt. Egypt could offer them what men and women crave for most: security—security of life, security of property, security of personal comfort.

Having made up their minds, the leaders asked Jeremiah to

approach the Lord to ascertain the divine will. When Jeremiah declared unto them that it was God's will that the remnant should remain in Palestine and face danger and hardship, the "proud men" rose up. "Thou speakest falsely", they exclaimed. . . .

I know very well that when I counsel men to face the dangers and poverty of nationalism rather than flee to Geneva for safety, the "proud men" will again rise up and say: "Thou liest". Nevertheless, sooner or later my words will come true.

Who among us does not long for a "soft job" in life—one by which for a modicum of work we are assured food, raiment, home-life and leisure for all our days? Yet we also realize that such a mode of life, free from risk and lacking in incentive, leaves the best that is in us undeveloped.

We believe that these are healthy words well spoken. One thing is certain. The internationalism of to-day is almost without exception either grossly materialistic in its aims or a mere "slopping over" of pacifist sentimentality. There can be no union of Souls by such a medium as this. Before we can become Brothers in a true and inward sense, we must completely evolve out of the semi-animal state in which we now are. There can be little doubt that nationalism, with its "dangers and poverty", is one of Nature's means of converting potential human beings into human souls; nor is it reasonable to attack nationalistic sentiment and patriotism because they may be turned towards evil as well as towards good. Duality is a quality of all manifested things.

As we began by saying, there is an ideal of true internationalism, an ideal which we believe to be realized in the Lodge, where there is a maximum of individuality and of "nationality", at the same time that there is a maximum of co-operative effort inspired by perfect unity of heart. But the Lodge was founded neither by professors of economics nor by "augurs of Geneva".

ECONOMIC PLANNING

One of the curiosities of our century is the "confusion of castes". It is not unusual to find a man of science or a banker upholding the standards of the Soul, while material ends and values are fluently defended by someone whose official business is religion.

We have noted Sir Arthur Keith's view of the depression as a great test imposed upon evolving humanity by Nature. Now, by contrast, let us turn to what was recently said upon this same subject of depressions by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the Riverside Church, New York. Dr. Fosdick seems to fancy that by some sort of economic planning it will be possible to prevent the recurrence of business cycles with all the troubles which accompany them. We quote from a sermon reported in *The New York Times* (November 7, 1932):

We hear so many dark outlooks on the future that we may well set over against them another kind of outlook altogether. John Maynard Keynes, one of the ablest economists in the world, says that a hundred years from now there will be no economic problem. . . . As a matter of fact, that prophecy is sensible, and is clearly

within our power to fulfil. There are just two major problems in economics: the problem of producing enough goods for other people, and the problem of distributing the goods so that all the people will get them. Already we have solved the first. . . .

With our new machinery, we can produce enough goods with a few hours' work a day per man to care for all the world, and that took brains, magnificent brains! If now the desperate need of being saved from an utter breakdown of our social order can weigh heavily enough on our consciences so that our intelligence is conscripted for social use, so that the same kind of scientific and business brain power which solved the problem of production is set to solve the problem of distribution, until wealth becomes common wealth and all the people share in the goods which they help to create, then a hundred years from now there will be no economic problem.

Dr. Fosdick who is, after all, a clergyman, adds that "a final thing" must of course be included to make this Utopia complete. "We must as persons and as a nation be born again into a better spirit", for "mankind still needs nothing quite so much as to be saved into the spirit of Christ".

These concluding platitudes, in our opinion, serve only to bring out more distinctly the materialistic bias of his thought. What justification is there for supposing that the "spirit of Christ" is in any way associated with the schemes of economists to reduce the whole earth to one dead level of security and comfort? Dr. Fosdick, like so many others of his cloth, has failed to perceive that suffering is not an abnormality; that it is an altogether normal constituent of physical existence. Any Buddhist could have told him this, but he need not go to the Buddha for instruction. The great drama of the Christian Master's life is an illustration of the doctrine that birth and life and death are suffering;—it is *by means of suffering* that the mortal puts on immortality. Indeed, there can be no more perilous illusion than the fancy that the ascent of consciousness to the level of Divine Humanity is easy and painless, and that in the future the aspirant will at least be spared the worries incidental to poverty or to panics in the stock market. The Mohammedans have preserved a saying of Christ which might well be carved in stone above the portals of our churches: "Life is a bridge; pass over it; do not build upon it."

But there is another mode of approach to this whole problem of economic planning. Some things are impossible, and the most impossible of all is any sort of effective opposition to spiritual and natural law. We cannot conceive of any permanent way of "distributing the goods so that all the people will get them", until all the people are safe and sound in Nirvâna. The reason for this certain failure is that Nature uses sorrow and privation as nourishment for the Soul. As a Hindu would say, it may be the Karma of many people to be deprived of the goods of this world. To put it crudely, they may deserve to be deprived of them. If in spite of this decree of Divine Justice, goods be forced upon them by economists or by sentimentalists, the operation of the law of supply and demand on inner planes will be thrown into disorder. Anyone who believes that economic law is an expression of spiritual law, cannot doubt that

sooner or later this "astral" confusion will be projected in catastrophic form on the physical plane; as a moral disease tends to work outwards through the body until it culminates in a physical ailment.

Such ideas may appear harsh, but they are not original, for they are to be found in every real religion and in every real ethical system. Divine Charity and Compassion cannot be conceived apart from Divine Justice. At the time of the great earthquake of 1923 in Tokyo, some missionaries, whose minds were not as clear as they might have been, assured the Japanese that God did not cause the earthquake, but "Nature". But the Japanese, like most Orientals, found themselves unable to separate Divinity from "Nature". They said that the earthquake was an effect of the Good Law, since it forcibly drew their attention to the materialism that threatened their civilization and gave them an opportunity to re-create a noble national ideal.

To return to economic planning, no one will deny that there is room for improvement in our actual methods of distribution. There are phases of the unemployment problem which can and ought to be solved. But even our present anarchy is preferable to what must happen if human society should fall into the hands of a few socialistic fanatics with a "general staff" of engineers. If we assume that the units of the human race are potential Souls, it is apparent that any scheme of social change which involves injustice to the individual, or which obstructs individual development, is doomed to failure. One recalls the splendid ideal of the Roman Law: "To give to every man his due". In the new economic order which Dr. Fosdick prophesies, who will have the duty of determining for every man his due? A committee of professors, or a gang of politicians, or a group of bitter and cruel dogmatists such as governs Soviet Russia?

ECONOMIC LAW AND MORAL LAW

As has been said many times, the supreme need is for "God-instructed men" to govern the nations; for those who can co-operate with the divine purpose of Nature because they understand it. But before such rulers can take their rightful place, men must pray for their coming, and to pray effectively they must labour to prepare their own minds for the reception of the truths for which an "Adept King" would stand.

There is evidence, here and there, that some people have really begun this work of mental preparation,—perhaps, more people than one imagines. As a remarkable example of lucid thinking upon economic issues, we refer to the *Bulletin* of the National City Bank of New York for August, 1932.

We wish to quote two passages from this *Bulletin*. The first may not appear *à propos* of our principal subject, but we give it here because it reveals such a clear and just view of the problem of the Inter-Allied Debts, and suggests a solution in accord with the moral principle involved.

It is unjust to say that they [the French] are unwilling to make concessions to Germany unless they can pass the cost on to the United States, for France has assented to a concession to Germany

which, upon the assumption that all obligations are worth their face value, is much larger than her debt to the United States. Her claims upon Germany under the Young Plan aggregate over \$14,000,000,000, while her annuities to the United States under the debt settlement aggregate only \$6,840,000,000. The Lausanne terms of settlement would give her 52% of \$714,000,000. Therefore if the United States should cancel the French debt *in toto* it would wipe out only about one-half the sum that France forgives to Germany. And it is not out of place to add that in one case the forgiveness would be bestowed upon a friend and associate in the war, and in the other case upon an enemy country.

The other passage might be a commentary upon the fundamental tenet of the Roman Law which has been cited. The writer says, with special reference to the fact that, in certain trades, wages are inordinately and irrationally high:

This is unfair, and not only unfair but unworkable, for the economic law does not permit it. If the wage-earners could pick their gains out of the sky, they might enjoy them, but when they come out of other sections of the population, the loss of purchasing power by the latter inevitably forces wage-earners out of employment, as witnessed in the last two years. It has upset the "sound, fair, balance" in the industrial system. *The whole situation affords another demonstration that the basis of sound economics is the moral law. In truth, the economic and the moral law are one and the same.*

And the Kingdom of Heaven is within you, and whosoever shall know himself shall find it; for if ye shall truly know yourselves, ye are the sons and daughters of the Father Almighty, and ye shall know yourselves to be in the city of God, and ye are the city.—SAYINGS OF JESUS DISCOVERED IN EGYPT IN 1904.

Political liberty does not consist in a man doing what he wishes, but in his being able to do what he ought to wish.—MONTESQUIEU.

FRAGMENTS

DUTIES are not things of the heart, but of the hands. They are to be performed faithfully and exactly, but with detachment; for love of the Master, not for love of them. In this way the smallest is made sublime; otherwise their performance is but part of the dust and ashes of Earth.

Do not be small; be large. Expand to the blue of the sky, the depth of the ocean, the snow-covered peaks of the mountains. Step out from personality into the wide and open areas of Life. Why always within four walls, instead of the circle of God's circumference?

Morning and noon and evening, pulsing spring and full-blown summer, still autumn, and stiller winter with the living heart; youth with its promise and opportunity, maturity with its power, age with its harvests of fruit or thistles: these are the phantasmagoria of time that pass and repass, in braided harmony and loveliness, across the luminous mist that veils the changelessness of the Eternal. Illusions all, yet reflections of Reality; else how could they exist? For Beauty is always real, since inseparable from the True as from the Good; and no Beauty ever dies, or passes, or changes,—save to be more beautiful. In the passing the illusion lies; in the remaining lies reality.

Last night while the stars were singing, there appeared to be joy amongst them, as if one of their number had attained; and great thanksgiving arose as he passed onward to his goal. A Planetary Spirit, clothed in the new radiancy of his achievement, swept upward into uncharted regions of ether. The waves of glory that followed him beat upon the utmost confines of Space, rocking the constellations; and, returning, lapped in reflected rhythm against even the shores of Earth. So that some were drawn up, of which the stars sang as well, and others were drawn back; therefore while the stars sang on, men were fearful.

He who saw those prodigies in the sky saw also the gloom and confusion upon Earth; saw the blackness against the light, saw the vain against the true, saw the terror and dismay, which were only *shadows of glory*: and seeing, he understood and remembered and would pass the word.

Cavé.

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

VII

THE lecturing tour was continued. After Toronto, Buffalo was again visited; then Jamestown (a lecture in the Independent Congregational Church); then Sandusky. On November 1st, Toledo, with two lectures in the Unitarian Church, which were reported at length and in a most friendly way in the local newspapers. From the 6th to the 10th, at Fort Wayne, with three public lectures besides other meetings, the newspapers again most friendly. Next, Columbus, lecturing twice in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, and so to Cincinnati, with lectures and meetings from November 13th to 18th, under the auspices of Dr. Buck. Following this, came St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis, Nashville, and New Orleans (December 9th), where three public lectures were given, the third attended by just ten times as many people as the first (40 to 400), as the result of an attack on Theosophy in one of the local papers. Finally, before reaching Aiken, S. C., where Judge was then staying, lectures were given and meetings held at Macon, between December 17th and 22nd.

Ill as he was, and in constant pain, Judge followed all this with intense and active interest, as his letters show. Theosophy was the passion of his life. He created a current—very deep and therefore almost invisible except in its effects—which carried along with it all those who shared even a glimmer of the same love with him.

It was at Providence, I think, that the members charged admission to one of my lectures, turning over to me, as a contribution to the Headquarters' Lecturing Fund, after paying for the hall, tickets, and advertizing, the ten dollars to which the following letter refers with such amusement.

Judge encouraged me to write to him fully and freely about the different Branches and the members I met, and later, when I stayed with him at Aiken, checked my impressions at length. "The Bostonians" of the present letter included especially George Ayers (Malden), Louis Wade and Robert Crosbie. Wade, although a "bull", as Judge had remarked in an earlier letter, had a touch of genius and a delightful sense of humour,—a characteristic which the others lacked. Like the others, he was self-opinionated, but more amenable because fundamentally free from conceit. Crosbie, with a gentle, pleasing personality, was very psychic, and took his psychism seriously, which of course impressed the feeble-minded. Judge, knowing how "impressionable" Crosbie was, did what he could to safe-guard the situation, both for the Work's sake and for Crosbie's, and, while he lived, held things in check; but after Judge's death, there was trouble, and Crosbie left Boston under a cloud. Some years later, in California, he announced himself, or allowed himself to be announced, as a chêla of Judge's, which was nonsense, for he was no more than was Wade or Ayers, or Purman of Fort Wayne or Wright of Chicago or Thurston of

Providence or any other of the fifty men upon whom Judge counted, but whose understanding of his inner life—as he painfully realized—was nil. Although Crosbie perhaps did not suspect his own motive, the fact is that this claim insured him a comfortable living for the rest of his life,—an extraordinary kind of “chêlaship”!

At the time of my visit to Boston, however, Crosbie, although President of the Branch, was merely one worker among many, and the Branch as a whole was probably the largest and most active after the Aryan of New York. Wade alone would have supplied the fire and energy for a dozen Branches, while the average of the membership was extraordinarily good.

[Postmarked] ASHEVILLE, N. C., October 16th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

Just got yours from Syracuse. You will get one at Buffalo. C.F.W.'s lecture was a success, although only 175 people were there, where 1,500 ought to be.

Ha! ha! your first money? Is it so? If so, do tell the Ks. That \$10 fruit of your brain and your bent legs is worth 500. Glad of it. It is an omen—good. How did you feel over it, and did you make an ass of yourself in the way you took, just as Cæsar gently, all too so, put back the crown?

Your judgments of the Bostonians are correct. Richardson is what you say. Oh it's a strong movement. At that instant, as I wrote, my jigaree exploded a loud and fine metallic crack close by.

Good Lord, what a world. I am (for a long time) much occupied thinking of the mental development of the day, and how we might best affect it more. It is a big question, and I don't think the T.S. can by any means do it alone. There's an idea in me struggling to get out. Do you get it? I can't yet. But it is high and mighty. I don't think India is in it at all, but Europe and U. S. If I could only get at it. We are a lot of poor devils anyway, so go on and lecture.

Adieu,

24.

Judge enclosed the following undated note with a letter received by him from W. W. Harmon, President of the Malden Branch, requesting me to convey his answer either orally or in writing. It is a good indication of the way Judge handled “Branch troubles”.

Harmon.—Express sorrow. It must be obvious that I can do nothing unless I can use names. Will he therefore consent to my saying to Ayers and anyone else he names as the offender, that he has so written, and thus focus the matter. There is no other way. I have given no orders, suggestions or indications there to anyone, save that I disapproved bad business policy and debts. Or, take another way. Say boldly to those you [Harmon] mean, that you [Harmon] have written me that letter. Surely 3 or 4 can't be a majority.

Following the Boston Convention of April, 1895, the reorganization of the Movement which resulted, and the election of Judge as President of the Theosophical Society in Europe, he was called upon to deal with many Constitutional and similar matters which arose in the various national sections. As a lawyer, he did not always find the procedure followed, either logical or simple, as this note witnesses:

These, received from —, are forwarded E.T.H. as he has a hand in the matter. When done with them, send on to C.F.W. as by request of W.Q.J. so that they may be filed among my European T.S. archives (if any). As usual they have gone ahead piecemeal, and it will all be a patchwork like the laws of England. Oh gawd!

No news.

As ever,

24.

Judge's enemies never tire of asserting that he "consulted mediums" and was "guided" by them. Judge did not consult mediums, and although he was pursued by psychics with their special revelations, he practised what he preached, and "tested all things" with unfailing detachment and clarity. Mrs. McKinstry was one of those who have been named as "influencing" him. The following letter should indicate how absurd the accusation is. Judge had sent me some of her lucubrations—partly, for me to practise on—and the opinion I sent him, with my reasons for it, which Judge approved, would not have pleased their author.

[Postmarked] ASHEVILLE, N. C., October 26th, 1895.

Dear Chew Yew,

Read enclosed and then return to me. The envelope is the one in which came the paper by Omega. It was sent over to me by —, who seems affected by it. I am not, but see ignorance and fraud in it. I want your intuition also on it, and on the affair which C.F.W.'s letter details. Be as clear about the Omega thing as you were about McKinstry. Meant to write you a long letter but can't. Just got yours from Toronto. I send this to Stevens [Buffalo]. I want Omega paper back soon, as I may want to use it in *Path* some way.

As ever,

24.

As explained in an earlier instalment, lecturing tours were supposed to pay for themselves, each Branch visited contributing the cost of transportation to the next Branch. I had sent Judge a statement of expenses and receipts, adding: "I yet have 2 dollars surplus on travel excluding the \$50" [advanced by the Headquarters' Lecturing Fund, when I started from New York]. Judge, on a slip, wrote: "Does this mean you have the 50 yet? If so, why not say so; I cannot tell." It did mean that: but how he hated ambiguity!

[Postmarked] AIKEN, S. C., October 29th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

Don't feel well, so write briefly. Yours about Harding, and enclosing the financial statement, I was to reply to by wire. But on reading it I think it unnecessary to wire. You and Harding will not clash even if you do meet. But you cannot expect payments by Columbus, Dayton or Toledo. Toledo alone paid in \$168 to the Committee Harding is under.

Before you plan beyond Kansas City I want you to let me know. I have to write to Lopez in New Orleans. There is a Branch at Macon, Georgia, not far from here; they are active and good. Please write C.F.W. for particulars as to places between Kansas City and New Orleans.

Be sure at Cincinnati to say nothing about money. They are large, but poor, and most of it falls on few, who are just now hard up.

I know your trip is going off well, and hope you will get all valuable experience possible out of it.

The financial statement is very encouraging, is it not? God looks after his sparrows and hawks.

What you say of Toronto kickers is what I thought. It is true of all. Don't spit on or kick any such, but don't go off to labor with them. If there is a ghost of a show for such to return, it will be voluntary. Glad you thus again agree fundamentally with me. There is a similar condition in Toledo, only the kickers are self-satisfied prigs.

Well, I'll get down to a longer letter later. Meanwhile I am always regarding you and your shadow on the wall.

As ever,

24.

[Postmarked] AIKEN, S. C., November 4th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

The enclosed from your folks was misdirected by Claude. It was at a time he was sending me many letters. I got it this a.m., and send it out to you the same p.m. There is only one mail out per day.

I am away in the rear with my *Path* work, and not yet have had time to write you. Have you yet received from me "Omega's" paper?

Harding says that Columbus wants only one; so if you like, avoid it.

I hear that Sturdy brought over Vivekananda to London from here, and the sly fellow is now smashing at Theosophy. It will do good, as all such attacks do, though the faithful are now and then scared. Arch and J.C.K. say the throat-cutting still goes on—God bless them. It was really a good thing that the Burrows ass didn't bray until he did. He has done those people much wounding indeed. In various other ways, hell is threatened to the crew all round.

Well, adieu again, and may you be blessed.

As ever,

24.

[Postmarked] AIKEN, S. C., November 5th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

Just got your article. Thanks. Very good. But it's less than 2 pages. I am stuck all the time. For each article try and make 3 pp. at least, or 1,500 words (500 to the printed page). It is very timely. Write as often as a good idea strikes, and if I get a small stock on hand, all the better. We must get in now and then, article or articles on some striking point. There are several.

Now I like the yellow ruled paper your article is written on, and wish you would send me some or tell me where to get it. I don't want much at first as I wish to try it.

Just glance at what I have to do medically:

Water, drink 4 times a day. Carbon pills.

Hepar Sulph. and Phos.—homeopathic.

Oxygen, inhale 3 times.

Lynosulfite, inhale as often as you can.

Listerine, gargle to try to stop sore throat.

Some d—— thing after meals.

Hot treatment nightly.

Be in the open air all the time.

Where does the *Path*, etc. come in.

As ever,

24.

[Postmarked] AIKEN, S. C., November 5th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

It is delightful to get that letter from Toledo returning Omega's paper. Am very glad to see that you are succeeding. But I expected it. Two things are being thereby done. You are doing them good and getting experience yourself. And it is not at all subsidiary that you are making personal acquaintance with our people. That will be needed in the future. Besides, it becomes a fine connecting thread with each one. And among them you will find some men whom it will be well to have as friends.

I know your experience exactly with letters and private talks. They are such idiots. It is the personal element, and you must always look out. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." A gentle reply is enough. Not every question has to be answered. And if I could I would not reply to *any* letters from women, except on business. Give them no holy talk in letters: it reads badly after-

wards. I am simply telling you my ideas, as it is possible you know all this yourself.

Make yourself especially kind and friendly with Buck, and be as nice as possible with the family. I do not say this because you wouldn't, but for other reasons. As I know nearly all the people you are seeing, I have considerable fun with myself about it, as I can see exactly the effect. All you have to do is to see it does not hurt you via vanity, and, second, that you do not get contemptuous.

Now my boy one person in writing, casually said you stooped a little. Ha! ha! You must look out for this; and you *must* draw up to the last inch. How many years will it take to drive the fact into your head that, aside from health, you look better when all your inches are straight? And this holy war demands the use of every element and factor. If you do not fix this matter we will call you, "The stooping Theosophist". The person who spoke of this is Mrs. Fenton, who wanted an explanation of the wonderful thing, etc. [This did not refer to the stooping!] I told her it was the impression of the picture on her senses, and not to make mystery, and that it was recorded of Webster and others that they changed when speaking on great subjects.

I will write to Constance [one of my sisters, a devoted member of the Society, who died a number of years ago].

Now for Omega. I think you are right. I can't catch the clues, but your analysis is so good it must be true. My own judgment was that the writer knew a lot by reading, but not enough to avoid a lot of errors, and that the list of names would be a grand clue to some one. There is gush in it also. It is singular that — was to some extent taken in by it. I wrote yesterday saying the paper was bosh, but couldn't go into your details as I knew no one. I discarded A.P.S. [Sinnett], I.C.O. [Mrs. Cooper-Oakley] etc., one after the other. Have no news from the New York episode. Guess you are right there too, as the large money could only exist in summerland, and no one who knows me would dare to think they could have any influence in this case by any talk of money.

I feel very pleased and justified in you after this reply on Omega. You may know why, and you may not; the fact remains.

As to your father, I can't say. When I first heard of him I felt he was not a long liver, but in "the matter of hyleg", or of life and death, no prognostication is reliable.

Can't say much as to W.Q.J. Varying days. Much bronchial cough; fits of indigestion; bad nights; good days. Damn mess. Voice gone absolutely, etc. Got the digestive tract all squee-gee and am trying to right it. Look out for yourself and see that you have good digestion and good enough exercise. Doesn't seem that climates are of any value. I haven't got better anywhere but in Cincinnati and New York, neither having any climate to speak of.

Your southern trip will not be so much as the others. You have only Memphis, Nashville, Macon, New Orleans, Washington and Baltimore. The south

is petrified in orthodoxy, and is full of niggers. It has always been weak for T.S. But I expect great good to result from your work even there. You must say I sent you to these places. I hope I shall be near enough to see you. If I am here when you are in Macon, that is not far from here. Good-bye.

As ever,

24.

[Postmarked] AIKEN, S. C., November 15th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

I enclose question for *Forum*. Will you please write out a good answer and send on to C.F.W. for *Forum*, saying I asked you to do so.

Haven't time to-day to write at length. But I am full of "ideas". The Masonic is, yes, an old scheme; yet it is not given up.

Toledo also writes. The good you are doing is splendid. Don't think of it, but of Master and that friend of yours.

As ever,

24.

I was in St. Louis when I received Judge's next letter, forwarded to me by Dr. Buck from Cincinnati.

[Postmarked] AIKEN, S. C., November 19th, 1895.

Dear Chewytz,

Don't know where this will catch you. This last from you was done in Columbus and posted Cincinnati. I will send this to J.D. [Buck].

The enclosed I send you to read and destroy now that a sufficient time has elapsed. It came with the fool paper ["Omega's"]. It is a sign I do not like that this mistake was made,—to give so much attention to it. What is the cause, do you suppose?

I have millions of things to say to you that I can't write. I believe I will stay here long enough for you to come here. That will be on way back and I suppose by coming from Macon. I propose that you stay here a week with me, and we can then pow wow to satisfaction. The food and beds here are good, and I don't think all their boarders will be here by that time.

Don't know what you can do at St. Louis. It needs some men of different calibre and stratum. That is the trouble. Some poor devil will some day have to sacrifice himself by going there for a space to try to work it up.

It seems to me you ought now and then to send to your sister at any rate a good newspaper report about you.

Well, no other things. Don't forget a *Path* article.

As ever,

24.

(To be continued)

DESCARTES AND THE EASTERN WISDOM

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat:
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth.*

IT has seemed to many that the hemispheres of our globe are divided by an abyss, by a chasm which no bridge of thought can ever span. It is said that the Occidental can never understand the Oriental, nor the Oriental the Occidental, because they respond to such different motives and dream of such different ideals. Europeans and Americans who are obsessed by the notion that Asiatics live in a separate world, frequently quote the first two lines of Kipling's stanza. They omit or forget the other two.

"East is East, and West is West", but it is unfortunate to imagine a great gulf fixed between them. It would seem that their differences are more aptly described as "differences of polarity". Their thought-processes appear often to start from opposite points in consciousness and to move in inverse direction. One may illustrate what is meant in terms of the laws of reflection. When an object is reflected in a mirror, its image is an exact replica, with one exception. There is a reversal of aspect: the right side appears the left and the left side appears the right. So, if we examine some of the ways in which Eastern and Western minds differ, we shall find that there is no essential contradiction between them, but only a "reversal of aspect". They reach the same terminus though they seem to move away from each other; as two men making the circuit of the earth in opposite directions will ultimately meet.

If one adopt such a method of comparison, many things become clear which have baffled the Orientalists. For example, one no longer has to suppose that the motive which inspires the Buddhist disciple to practise austerities is the assurance that if he persevere to the end he will be completely annihilated. Such has been the supposition of many Occidental scholars, but they would never have fallen into this error, if they had recognized that, exoterically, the Buddhist Way of Salvation is in general outline almost diametrically opposite to the Christian. They have tried to conceive it as if it were a copy or imitation of Christianity, and have not unnaturally been astonished to find that Nirvâna bears no superficial resemblance to the orthodox Christian picture of Paradise. But the apparent contradiction disappears if we consider the actual documentary evidence. This indicates very clearly that the Way of the Buddha, in the phase known to us, is primarily a discipline of *detachment* from form, in particular from the illusion that the separate ego is a reality; while the Way

of the Christ may be described as primarily a discipline of *attachment* to the highest form that can be conceived; the ego or personal self is to be transmuted into a vehicle of Divinity. It is no wonder that Nirvāna, the ideal of "formlessness", seems negative and lifeless to the exoteric Christian; or that to the exoteric Buddhist the Christian emphasis upon personal or formal excellence of conduct seems only to fasten consciousness more securely to the "heresy of separateness".

However, in the last analysis, the difference is only one of emphasis. This is equivalent to saying that as they progress along their respective paths, the Buddhist assimilates the virtues of the Christian, and *vice versa*. They are like two men, one left-handed and the other right-handed, but united by their common destiny, which is to become ambidextrous. Thus it has been said that esoterically Nirvāna and the Kingdom of Heaven are one. "In Heaven", states Plotinus, "the sun is all the other stars, and again each star is the sun. One thing in each is prominent above the rest, but it also shows forth all." This is the state where "there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth".

These considerations suggest that the two hemispheres are as complementary in terms of consciousness as they are in terms of geography. The East needs contact with the Western genius for action, to preserve from degeneration its own genius for contemplation; for too often the Oriental confuses quietude and selflessness with their psychic counterfeits, passivity, fatalism, indifference. The whole history of the West shows how easily its love of action is degraded into a restless craving for excitement and sensation. Left to its own devices, the Occidental mind tends to become hard and materialistic; it needs contact with the Eastern genius for contemplation.

According to tradition the Lodge has made several carefully planned attempts to infuse a measure of Eastern thought into the consciousness of the West. At least four of these infusions were followed by marked revivals of spiritual life. There was the movement associated with the name of Orpheus which is connected with the beginnings of Hellenic civilization. There was the work of Pythagoras who gave a definite impetus to the philosophical genius of the Greeks, and who revived the Orphic tradition. There was Christianity which contains so many Oriental elements in spite of its predominantly Western tone. There was the Neoplatonist School which nurtured the genius of Plotinus and which has had so profound an influence upon the history of Christian mysticism.

Many believe that in our own century we are witnesses of another attempt of the same order. If asked to define one ultimate goal of the Theosophical movement, one might reply,—to make manifest the point in spiritual space where East and West meet.

We can illustrate by an historical example what happens even to a very great Western mind when it is virtually closed to all Eastern influences. If René Descartes had studied the work of some one Oriental philosopher, of Shankara Acharya for instance, the whole course of modern philosophy might have been changed. Descartes might have become a mystical philosopher. As it was, he became a brilliant mathematician whose principal avocation was metaphysical

speculation. Unlike some more recent mathematical philosophers, he had an exceptionally clear intellect. He certainly would not have shared Bertrand Russell's notion that mathematicians are the only people in the world who do not have to know what they are talking about. In a sense, his superb lucidity was actually a misfortune, for his works are easy to read and easy to understand; it provided a medium for the quick and wide dissemination of a system of ideas which has had a poisonous influence upon Western thought. He was the father of the mechanistic hypothesis and of many other metaphysical nightmares. Yet, in spite of his rigid rationalism, in spite of the spiritual myopia which dimmed his inner vision, Descartes began his philosophical career with an immediate experience of spiritual truth such as seldom falls to the lot of any philosopher.

The errors of his philosophy may be said to have resulted from his failure to understand the meaning of that experience. But one wonders how, in the circumstances, he could have understood it. If he had sought and discovered the Christian Master, the wisdom which he needed would have been found. But Descartes seems to have had no conception of Christianity apart from the official creed of the Church, to which he was quite indifferent. That is why it was suggested that the work of an Eastern philosopher, with its new mode of approach, might have brought light to his mind.

Descartes describes this crucial moment of his life in the Third Part of the *Discourse on Method*. He explains that he was bewildered and confused by the numerous conflicting conceptions of truth which were prevalent. All of these ideas could not be true, and he could not help wondering whether any of them could be regarded as unassailable. He felt a pressing need for experimental proof that there is such a thing in the universe as a truth which must be accepted as absolute. It was not enough to know the truth; he must know that he knew it,—in other words, he must know it self-consciously.

He proceeded to conduct a very interesting experiment upon himself. "Because our senses deceive us sometimes, I decided to pretend that nothing is what we imagine it to be; and because men deceive themselves in their reasoning, even as regards the simplest matters of geometry, . . . judging that I was as subject to error as any other, I rejected as false every reason which I had formerly taken to be a demonstration; and finally, considering that all the thoughts which we have while awake, can also come to us while asleep, when none of them is true, I resolved to feign that everything which had ever entered my mind was no more true than the illusions of my dreams. But immediately afterwards I took note that while I willed thus to think that everything was false, necessarily I who was thinking these things must be something: . . . *I think, hence I am*, was so firm and so certain that all the most extravagant suppositions of the skeptics could not shatter it, and I judged that I could accept it as the first principle of the philosophy which I was seeking."

Descartes' report of the event is deceptively impersonal and detached. It is quite probable that the experience which he records and which he himself precipitated by concentrated effort, was sufficiently intense to endanger his sanity:

This becomes obvious, when it is realized that, even if but for an instant, Descartes was certain of only a single reality, the reality of his selfhood, of his ego. Traditions of occultism indicate that an overwhelming sense of "I am I" is imposed at one stage or another upon every aspirant to real knowledge, and that the prolonged contemplation of the bare ground of the self brings a sense of solitude which is almost unbearable. But one need not be, in any sense, an extraordinary person to have some idea of what Descartes passed through. Anyone may have a sudden glimpse of the bare ground of the self. It is an experience of which it is exceedingly difficult to speak, for it is as if one were immersed for a fraction of a second in the most profound of mysteries, the *mysterium magnum* itself. Perhaps this explains why Descartes gives so few details. A modern French philosopher has said that the attentive reader often suspects an esoteric substratum beneath the rather prosaic surface of Descartes' description.

The experience of "I am I", if intense enough, forces upon the soul a choice which cannot be evaded. It is like Pascal's "abyss". One must advance or retreat, for no one can remain on the brink and retain control of his faculties. To advance means to extend the zone of pure and immediate experience beyond the sphere of the ego proper. To retreat means to return to the light of common day, to identify the sense of selfhood once more with the mind and the emotional nature and the body, to accept the phenomenal world as it appears to the senses, to seek the comfortable shell of old habits and old beliefs.

Descartes retreated in the end, but not before he had made a further advance. He began to meditate upon the connection between the *self* and the atmosphere of mind-images which surrounds it. He observed that those images are not all of equal value. Pondering upon their source, he was ready to admit that many were reflected from the ground of the self; but there was one idea which persistently entered the field of consciousness and which he could not derive from his ego. This was the idea of a being more perfect than himself.

"To have received it from nowhere was manifestly impossible, and since it is no less repugnant that the more perfect . . . should depend upon the less perfect, . . . I could not have received it from myself; therefore, it must have been implanted in me by a nature which was veritably more perfect than I was, and which indeed had in itself every perfection of which I could have any idea, that is to say, to express myself in a word, which was God."

This experience of the Divine, though according to his fashion he demonstrates it logically, seems to have been as real and as direct as the primary experience of the ground of the self. He was not merely copying the arguments of St. Anselm and Aristotle and Plato. It is clearly attested in the *Méditations Métaphysiques* that Descartes was as certain of the being of God as he was of his own being. He knew that the soul is not alone in an infinity of non-being, for its "aloneness" depends upon the supreme "aloneness" of God.

In a magnificent phrase, Plotinus describes the mystical way as "the flight of the alone to the Alone". Descartes seems actually to have reached a point in consciousness where he possessed certitude as to the eternal reality of the

two terms, but he did not essay the flight. Like Moses, he viewed the Promised Land from a mountain top but descended on the hither slope.

Unlike Moses, he does not appear to have been aware that he actually looked towards the Promised Land. There is no evidence that he tried to repeat his experiment or to broaden its scope. Only one part of his personal nature seems to have been profoundly affected, his mind, which was stimulated to extraordinary activity. But this activity led him into a morass of speculative thought, far from the spiritual height on which he had stood. Doubtless, there was in his intellect no pattern, no mould, to which he could conform his inner experiences. On the other hand, the truths which he had proved could be adopted as axioms, as starting-points for an interminable series of inferences about everything under heaven. He indulged in an orgy of inductive reasoning. By a curious and tragic inversion, spiritual truth served as the basis of one of the most unspiritual systems in the history of thought.

Let us try to imagine what might have occurred if Descartes had had in his mental consciousness some abstract understanding of what happened to him. In such a case, he would have had some dim recognition that the soul and its Divine Master are not two beings, but one; that their apparent duality veils a fundamental unity. But if we accept the testimony of those who have become mystics, this premonition of The One which transcends all duality might have increased, until it became an all-consuming desire to realize that unity here and now by determined effort, as he had already realized the duality which is, in essence, only a *polarization* of The One.

He could have found the necessary formula for his intellect, if he had read such a work as Shankara's *Crest Jewel of Wisdom*,—the *Vivekachudamani*, to give it its Sanskrit name. Shankara teaches the doctrine of the One Self. His treatise is a manual for those who would attempt the flight of the alone to the Alone. It is not suggested that his method is suitable to everyone. His disciples were men of the East, and the practical ideal which he held before them is not unlike that of the Buddha. He stressed detachment, quietude, selflessness. It is not his method, however, which concerns us here, but his general vision of the nature of the Real, and in particular his conception of the relation between the soul and God; for he had the same fundamental experience which came to Descartes,—with this distinction, that he extended it far beyond the range of Descartes' consciousness and resolved its duality into unity.

What Shankara proposes to the student is, in fact, an indefinite extension of the limits of self-consciousness. In this process of progressive introspection and self-examination, the human reason has a most important rôle, but it is the servant of the spiritual will and not its master. It is interesting to note that he uses his mind chiefly to deduce the nature of particulars from general principles. In his thought there is comparatively little inductive inference; that is to say, he does not make a practice, as Descartes did, of inferring the general or universal from the particular. If we understand correctly, the Sanskrit word *Chit*, which is often translated as "intelligence", has a special meaning. It is not an analyzing but a synthesizing power, and seems to denote

a condition in which the Self understands general principles by immediate perception of them. In the Buddhist phrase, the soul sees the Universe face to face. There is no need, then, for inferential reason to prove the existence of any universal principle. When we *see* a tree or a dog, we do not generally feel obliged to demonstrate by a series of syllogisms that it is really there.

In one sense, the purpose of introspection is to enter into the realization of *Chit* or universal knowledge. This knowledge is latent in everyone, and the various modes of spiritual discipline are intended to awaken the soul, by degrees, to an awareness of its own powers. As each degree is attained, the aspirant participates in a greater portion of the universal wisdom, *Brahma Vidya*, and he is thus able to illumine the particular problems confronting him, by reference to his increasing understanding of the general laws which determine all right action.

However, as Shankara describes the way of the disciple, the motive which drives him forward is certainly not desire for personal knowledge, as this is commonly understood. It is defined negatively, as the anguish of the soul when it becomes aware of the glamour which separates it from the Divine Self. That glamour is to be dispelled by the birth of the spiritual will, and by the conversion of the powers of imagination and desire to serve the upbuilding of the Immortal.

Therefore, introspection in the Vedanta is regarded as a creative act, being identical with the transformation of the soul into a series of "impersonations" or forms, each more sensitive and more subtle than its predecessor, until that "formless" state is reached wherein the Individual Self attains full consciousness of its oneness of essence with the Universal Self, the Eternal.

"Freedom from self-indulgence is . . . a surrender of the allurements of all non-eternal things from the body up to the Formative Power, continually made through a realization of the faultiness of all objective things" (22).

"In the text of Scripture, 'That thou art', the Eternal and the Self are indicated by the words, 'That' and 'Thou'; when they are thus understood, the oneness of the Self and the Eternal is clearly seen. . . .

"The seeming difference between the two is caused by the vestures which contain them, but these vestures are themselves unreal. Hear the truth: cosmic differences, beginning with the world of abstract forms, come into being through the Lord's power of Glamour, *Maya*; the five vestures come into being through the separate self.

"When these vestures which enwrap the Lord and the separate self, are cast aside, there remains neither Lord nor separate self. The king has his kingdom, the vassal his village; when these are taken away, there is neither vassal nor king" (244, *seq.*).

The One Self which is the centre of Shankara's system is not a mathematical formula. It is pure consciousness, pure intelligence, pure experience. It is described in abstract and impersonal terms only because it cannot be identified with any form or body, and because its sole object of contemplation is said to be itself. Cosmic Mind, *Ishvara*, and the individual mind or ego, *Ahamkara*,

are polarized centres within the One Self. Polarization or duality must be known as the product of ignorance or "not-knowing", *Avidya*, before the soul can know the bliss of unlimited consciousness, *Ananda*, the "positive characteristic of the esoteric Brahman which presupposes the negation of all differences". When such an experience is known, it is so intense that no image, no symbol, no idea can express it. The images of thought, like the images perceived by the senses, may figure the transcendent reality; but they become irrelevant when that reality is seen in its proper nature.

"The Scripture explains that the undifferentiated Brahman is pure intelligence and free from all that is different from it, for it says: 'As a block of salt has no inside or outside; but through and through consists only of salt taste, so also this Atman has no inside or outside but consists throughout altogether of intelligence'" (*Commentary on the Brahma Sutras*, 3, 2).

We assumed a great deal when we suggested the possibility that an acquaintance with ideas such as these, might have helped Descartes to comprehend what is really involved in the great antinomy of the soul and God which he discovered. Descartes' mind was hard and positivistic, nor would it have been easy to implant an idea foreign to it. After all, God implanted the idea of himself there, as Descartes testifies, and yet his other ideas were not greatly affected thereby. He had, indeed, that type of intelligence with which we have become painfully familiar in the modern world, the type which is known as scientific. It has its magnificent qualities,—perseverance, concentration, respect for facts of a certain order; the inventions which have metamorphosed the surface of the earth are its handiwork. But also it is capable only of receiving ideas of external things, its comprehension of consciousness is nil;—like the moon, on one side it is radiant with physical light, but on the other side all is dark and cold.

Nevertheless, Descartes was something more than his mind, for he proved it even to himself, and no cut-and-dried rationalist would ever have undertaken the experiment which he attempted or, in any case, would have gone so far into the true "land of mystery". We like to think of him as a potential mystic who might have "broken through" under more favourable auspices. Perhaps, he will "break through" next time, if he has not already done so. But we feel certain that such an event will not occur until some of the wisdom of the East is mingled in his nature with the Western love of concreteness in form and action. Moreover, this reflection is equally applicable to others besides Descartes.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

ONE PURPOSE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THE Theosophical Society has often been described as "a missionary organization for the conversion of people to their own ideals". No greater service can be rendered a man than to reveal to him the true ideal of his own heart and soul. Once seen, if it be in truth the ideal of his heart, he cannot but love it, and loving it, will seek to follow and attain it. The war showed that the world is capable of responding to an ideal that it can see. Belgium's King answered the call of honour—delaying thereby the German armies for a few urgently needed days—and the nation followed him. In England, after Zeppelins and atrocities in Belgium had made clear the character of the enemy, four million men volunteered before conscription became necessary. Thousands of men who in peace had led dull, commonplace lives, attained to heights of heroism and endurance. The war over, they seem to have sunk back to the level from which they rose, as if they saw nothing worthy of their further effort.

What the world needs is an ideal, a vision of something that men can love; that will call forth all that is best in them,—something that will lift them from interest in the material to the things of the spirit, from their false to their true selves. Devotion to a cause, as in the war, to a leader or to their religion, has done this in the past. The trouble to-day is that men see no cause worthy of their whole-hearted devotion; personal loyalty to a leader is out of fashion, and men do not understand their religion. Time was when whole nations responded to the call for the Crusades with the answering cry: "Crosses, crosses, give us crosses." They knew that their Master had died for them, and leapt forward at the chance to serve Him in return, to give their lives for him as he had given his life for them.

Men are less simple to-day. They have ceased to believe in a jealous God who insisted on a victim, however innocent, to appease his wrath at the sins of men. To the ordinary man, the story of the incarnation is unjust or meaningless. As presented to him, it insults his conception of Deity. For the most part, he has ceased to believe in hell, and hence sacrifice to attain salvation, for himself or for others, seems unnecessary to him. As a result, the passionate gratitude and devotion of the times of the Crusades are seldom found. Modern feeling rarely goes beyond admiration for nobility of character. As usually pictured, the so-called Christian ideal is an ideal of meekness, of patient endurance, of indiscriminate and premature forgiveness; but it contains no element of the powers of accomplishment. Men know, instinctively and rightly, that the world needs men of action. They give lip-service to Christianity, but their real worship goes to accomplishment.

The ideal that does not include effective power is no ideal of theirs. The Master Christ is represented to them as being led unresistingly to torture and death by the forces of evil. They admire his self-sacrifice and courage, but have no slightest trace of desire to grow like him themselves. It is not the ideal of their hearts, and hence has little power to draw them.

Students of Theosophy know that that picture is a terrible travesty. Christ was not led unresisting and submissive where the powers of evil chose to take him. His whole life was war against those powers, his passion a single-handed combat to the death,—a combat which he won before he died. Probably no one but a Master can understand all that is involved in the incarnation of an Avatar and its portrayal of the life-cycle of the soul, but even a little knowledge of theosophical principles brings greatly increased light and understanding, making it evident that infinitely more lies beyond, hidden in golden mist. Let us see what light such theosophical principles as we do know, will throw on the battle fought and won by the great Western Avatar, nearly two thousand years ago.

We know that there is a White Lodge and that there is a Black Lodge, and that they are at war. The battle-grounds are the hearts and minds of men, to which both sides have access. As has often been pointed out, all battles of every sort, in outer as in inner warfare, are fought, and won or lost, within the hearts and wills of those who fight. He who refuses the longest to admit defeat, wins the fight always. It is also a fact that in inner as in physical things, action and re-action are equal and opposite. Hence, when an attack is repelled—or a temptation resisted—the attack recoils with equal force on the attacker. It follows that every temptation conquered, is a positive blow for good, weakening to that extent the evil of the world at its source.

We know further that spiritual power is given on the condition that it shall not be used for self. The penalty is the loss of the power. We can see, even on lower planes, how power perverted to self becomes blunted, weakened and finally lost. On higher planes, the results must follow much more rapidly and completely. The Masters have gained and hold all of their great powers in trust, in accordance with this law. Still another principle, and one that the modern world sorely needs to learn, is that Masters never compromise with unrepentant evil. They act on their principles and leave results to the Law.

Tradition says that the members of the Great Lodge were not unanimous in approving the incarnation of the Western Master at the time chosen, on the ground that the risk of defeat and resulting loss was too serious, the evil in the world too powerful. We think of the Master Christ's victory as a foregone conclusion, but it was far from being so. His danger was very real, and the outcome was not determined until that final cry of triumph: "It is finished." When he incarnated in a physical body, he entered the lists, like a knight in the days of chivalry—he was himself the source and embodiment of chivalry—throwing down his gauntlet to the hosts of evil. To take such a body was in itself to enter the lists, for the body is the battleground, to which all the forces of evil have access, and against which, in his case, they

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were later to hurl their full power. This attack, we may be sure, was not merely to inflict meaningless suffering. Its aim, in part at least, must have been to force a great Master to violate spiritual law. If the Black Lodge could succeed in any particular, the victory to that extent was theirs.

The conditions of the battle and the weapons available to the Black Lodge would be determined in large measure by the evil of the world; the degree to which men could be dominated through their vices, on the one hand, and, on the other, the extent to which they would respond to the Master's call. Another great Avatar, Buddha, was not crucified outwardly—though outer crucifixion, terrible as it is, must be only a small part of the crucifixion of the soul involved in the physical incarnation of a great Master, and in the subsequent waiting for the return from men of the love and life which he, as Avatar, pours out upon the world. ("The ingratitude of men is more painful to me than all the sufferings of my Passion.")

The great task of a soul on incarnating is to come to consciousness of itself, of its purpose and its immortality; "to know itself to be," in the words of *Light on the Path*. To do this, it must pierce the darkness made by the sin and materialism of the world, must "break down the middle wall of partition," as St. Paul says, between its temporary dwelling in the body and its true home in the spiritual world. The greater the wickedness of the world at any given time, the denser and blacker its atmosphere and hence the greater the difficulty of the soul in coming to self-consciousness. At times this difficulty must be so great that only a very high soul has any chance of success. Krishna, speaking as the Oversoul, says in the Bhagavad Gita, "When there is a withering of the Law and an uprising of lawlessness on all sides, I manifest Myself for the salvation of the righteous." At such times some great soul incarnates and re-establishes the connection with the spiritual world. The way once broken and the light let through, it becomes more possible for others to follow. Men can grope their way toward a glimmer of light in the darkest night, when, without it, they might be hopelessly lost.

At the time of the incarnation in Palestine, the materialism of the world seems to have been at its deepest, and the power of the Black Lodge at its height. It may be that, had this condition continued, millions of men would have sunk so low that their redemption would have become impossible. Sometimes it is necessary to check an advancing enemy at almost any cost. Once during the Indian mutiny, a force of Sepoy cavalry surprised an English battery and charged down a narrow road to capture it. To gain the few precious minutes needed to enable the guns to be brought into action, the officer commanding the battery leaped on his horse and dashed alone against the head of the charging column. The force of his impact overthrew the first few men, blocking for a moment the narrow road and throwing the head of the column into confusion. Then he was himself ridden down. But he had gained the time needed to load the guns, and the battery was not taken. That act, in its dash and utter self-immolation, suggests on its small scale, the "cavalry charge" aspect of the Master Christ's incarnation.

Or we may picture him as in the scene in *Letters to Friends* (p. 185), where the "youngest of the gods," he who was "of all most faithful," stands on the battlements of heaven, pitying the misery on earth, and asking himself if there be no way to help.

"'There is a way,' he said.

"Like light, bursting from the dark rim of a cloud, or like a shooting star, the youngest of the gods plunged from heaven into the depths of space.

"Far, far below, drawn from the utmost Nadir, there rose a cloud of darkness to meet that straight diving ray of light. As it rose it took shape, till Queen Nephthys saw spread out before her the mighty hosts of evil, ranged rank upon rank of chariots and horsemen, spearmen and bowmen, fire-breathing dragons and demons of the pit. Rank upon rank, they rose from the distant pole; yet it seemed that they rose not of their own will, but drawn forth by the swift coming of the youngest of the gods.

"Midway they met. And now, as when the sun has freed itself from clouds, its rays spread forth covering all the land, so from the youngest of the gods went forth his light, engaging all that mighty host of evil in such combat as the worlds had never seen before. Like rain upon the earth fell the life-blood of the god; like brimstone from the pit fell the bodies of his foes; till naught of all that marshalled host remained, nor light nor darkness reigned."

Christ's life on earth was a battle throughout. In that battle, one of the main objectives of his foes of the Black Lodge must have been to force him to violate his own code of honour,—one with spiritual law itself. We are not told the extent to which he knew in advance the details of what was to occur, or the exact time a given event would happen. Such prevision of the future is hidden from the eyes of men, and he took many of man's limitations upon him. Surely he must often, and at critical times, have had to press forward in the dark, as we have to do. Guidance is given to us in the form of duties. "Duty" is only another name for the plan of God for us. When we are wanted to do something, either for our own growth, or for others, or for the warfare of the Lodge in the world, outer circumstances are so arranged as to make what is wanted our every-day duty. No voice speaks from the sky. We are not told the inner reason why we are to do a given thing, or what the outcome will be. All that we may know is that something has become our simple duty. Our path to the true objective of our souls in coming to incarnation lies always through our duties; never apart from them. Did the Master Christ know in his humanity just what was to happen to him and when? Or did he know only that it was his duty to do certain definite things, and that, if he did them, the temper of the Jews was such as to make his torture and death certain?

Take, for example, the final phase of the battle, the last desperate struggle of the Black Lodge to redeem the day. Let us remember that the Master's victory was by no means sure. Was, or was not, his will as a man, in his humanity, stronger than all the force the powers of evil could bring against him? They used all their weapons in that final stage to force him to abandon

his purpose or to violate the law of his spirit,—the extreme of pain and torture brought to bear on an exhausted body, ignominy, shame, ridicule from those he despised, pain to those he loved, ingratitude and desertion from those for whom he was laying down his life. It is this tremendous, single-handed conflict, with its heaping of suffering on suffering, which seems so meaningless to many men; yet perhaps we may get glimpses of some small part of what it means. We know that an Avatar pours out his life and love and compassion upon men until the very rocks and trees respond, and the whole earth is made new. If by blackest ingratitude or severest torture from those he came to help, his love and compassion could be weakened or made to falter; or if, by subjecting him to the extreme of agony, the representative of the White Lodge could be forced to break whatever it may be that, with a Master, corresponds to the rule that those trusted with spiritual power must never use it for themselves, the victory then might be with the powers of evil, and the White Lodge be weakened by the loss of one of the greatest of its warriors.

There was no time during the scourging or the crucifixion when the Master could not have stopped the pain and ended the battle by asking his Father for "more than twelve legions of angels," or by simply willing it so. "Yet for this cause came I unto this hour." Every moment of pain endured, of compassion poured out in spite of the wickedness of men, was a new victory; and he fought to the end. The scourging is passed over quickly in the Gospels, yet it is the most terrible of all punishments. Every blow of the scourge was a fierce effort by his bitter enemies to make him yield. The taunt, "If thou be the Christ, free thyself and come down from the cross," was perhaps no idle jibe, but may well have been the expression of what the Black Lodge was desperately trying to accomplish. He could have come down, and he would not. His unconquerable love and compassion for men, and his perfect obedience to spiritual law, turned every weapon, every attack, back on the forces of evil, their onslaughts recoiling on themselves with overwhelming force.

Some day, when the world is ready and can understand, the story of the Passion will be told as it occurred—and as it is to-day. Then the heart of the world will catch fire at the foot of the Cross, and passionate devotion to the great Western Master will flame forth once more. Those on his ray, who belong to him, will see him for what he is, the greatest of warriors, and will recognize in him the ideal of their own hearts, with nothing lost of what they truly see to-day, and all they long for added,—the fountain head of heroism, of chivalry, of wisdom, effectiveness and power, as well as of love and tenderness and compassion. In the Great War men showed that they could still give all for an ideal, dimly seen, blurred and obscured though it was. What might they not do if they could realize that the deepest, truest ideal of their hearts is embodied in their Master, and that he lives, and calls them to his warfare.

To understand, requires preparation, and knowledge of spiritual law. To lay the ground-work of this preparation, and to conserve knowledge of spiritual law in the world, is one of the tasks of The Theosophical Society.

J. F. B. M.

WAR MEMORIES

XVIII

POST-ARMISTICE DAYS

THE signing of the armistice changed practically every outer circumstance of life, and after the long years of wartime conditions, the readjustments seemed even more drastic than when we had been shot from the pre-war state of peace, into the turmoil of July-August-September, 1914. Until the armistice I had always believed it far too easy to resume old habits, no matter of what nature they might be; they simply resumed themselves, sometimes most inconveniently but always more or less automatically, I thought. *Now*, I found it dreadfully uphill work to face the idea of doing the old, old things in the same old, dull, respectable way—regular hours for everything, instead of doing unexpected everythings at almost any hour, day or night: dinner uneventfully at half-past seven, with a maid in spotless cap and apron, instead of snatching a meal when you could, served by an improvised orderly in horizon-blue or in khaki; being prosaically sure that you would have a substantial roof over your head, instead of enjoying the more spontaneous and satisfactory feeling that you were glad to have any roof at all; to be obliged to waste good time planning your new wardrobe, when it had been so simple, all these years, merely to order a new uniform when you needed it—what an awful fuss and bore these outworn “manners and customs” seemed now! Yet Paris, with that serene, silent and most ancient witchcraft of hers, passed gracefully over the breach, without hesitation and without delay transforming herself almost overnight. How she did it, Paris herself only knew, but before you had time so much as to notice it, she had begun to shed her wartime look; the streets were brilliantly lit again for the first time in more than four danger-darkened years, the dismal blue lining of the lamp globes was removed as if by magic, the great arc-lights blazed out again, making Paris more fairylike than ever; the shop windows were illuminated to their utmost; the mountains of sandbags which covered the façades of the public buildings and monuments, and even from end to end of the Rue de Rivoli, began to melt away as snow does under a summer sun; the narrow strips of paper pasted with the usual care and precision, and with the characteristic French eye for the beautiful, in intricate, geometrical designs over many of the large, plate-glass windows, to protect them against shattering by bomb explosions, vanished from sight, while to our unbounded pleasure, the great fountains in the Place de la Concorde began to play again, and, after their long sleep, were throwing their splendid, silvery jets high into the cool air, splashing joyfully into the wide, round basins below. Perhaps most unbelievable of all, however, we realized that we no longer had to keep our blinds down at night—no fear of air raids now! As a matter of fact, it

took me more than two years to get over the habit of thought, as night came on: "I must close the shutters before I turn on my electric lights", so indelible had been the impress of the Defence of the Realm Acts—as ineffaceable as a Government Seal. So I found that the old peace-time habits had been far easier to cast off than were the habits of War.

The armistice revelry in Paris continued, of course, for several days; the German guns—those that were not too heavy to be moved by hand—continued to be dragged about town (there were rumours that Clemenceau had given full consent to this), and the streets continued to be thronged. Then, on Sunday, November the seventeenth, came Alsace-Lorraine Day, with High Mass at Notre Dame, which all Paris attended; a great parade down the Champs Elysées and the joyous news of the official repatriation of the "lost provinces", known of old, and again now spoken of as "The Nursery of French Generals"—the homeland of at least two of Napoleon's Marshals and two of his Generals: Ney, Kellermann, Rapp, Kléber—news of the triumphal entry into the beloved fortified towns there, which, for forty-eight years, had been in alien hands. Yet, despite the splendid and stirring accounts of the ceremonies which took place in that peculiarly French city, Metz (the very keys of which had never been surrendered to the Germans, because when they so shamelessly stole it in 1871, those keys—symbol of true ownership—had been rescued by one whose heart was ablaze with patriotism, and ever since had been preserved in French hands)—even so, you could not help regretting that well-planned drive, frustrated by the armistice: the drive for which Foch had made all the detailed arrangements, including a quick advance along both sides of the Moselle, and a sharp attack which would certainly have taken the old, grey city as a military achievement, instead of as the result of an ill-judged cessation of hostilities. You felt that even if we had had to wait another fortnight or so, to be assured that French flags were once more streaming from the topmost pinnacle of the cathedral, flying triumphantly from the ring of forts crowning the encircling hills—as we were told they now did—nevertheless we should have been better satisfied to know that it was because the Germans had been driven out *à coups de baïonnette* instead of being allowed to withdraw in safety. However, we read with misty eyes of the deeply moving and unaffected rejoicings of the people, as they watched the French troops come marching in, and when, a few days later, the entry into Strasbourg was made, we in Paris had our share in it because that night the great statue, in the Place de la Concorde, of the long-ago lost and now happily-recovered town, stripped of its mourning *crêpe* and its funerary wreaths, was dramatically draped in a vast French flag which swept to the very earth, while the most brilliant Bengal-fire lights, blazing from the gaping mouths of huge enemy trench-mortars drawn in a wide circle around it, illuminating it from below, transformed it into such dazzling whiteness that you could hardly look at it. People who were present at that entry into Strasbourg, said that the scenes which took place there were unforgettable; the inhabitants were like people long imprisoned in dungeons finding themselves in the sunlight again; women and children of all ages and classes, dressed

in the national costumes and with the *cocarde* fastened to their huge Alsatian bows, dancing through the old and narrow streets, often actually impeding the regular marching of the troops; all of them marched *with* the troops, singing, throwing flowers, waving old, torn banners—banners which had belonged to the happy days before the Franco-Prussian War. We were told that one of the very first things which the French did when they entered Strasbourg, was to set the famous great clock at French time again, to set it once more beating in unison with every other clock in France.

The return of Alsace-Lorraine to the mother-country was everywhere accompanied, over the length and breadth of the land, with the same profound thanksgiving, the same undisguised, unaffected transports of joy, and we heard the most touching accounts of old people who had been young when the terrible blow of separation fell,—old people who, all those long years, had kept French flags concealed at home (it was a "crime", followed by the severest punishment to possess them), and who now brought them out to wave again in the light of day; of others who, not having been able to preserve the old, made new ones out of Second Empire material, the existence of which even the Germans had not suspected. Everywhere, as the French troops advanced toward the Rhine—in Metz and Strasbourg, in Colmar and Mulhouse, in Château-Salins and Sarrebourg, in Saverne with its bitter memories of an injustice which became famous the world over, in Morhange where the French defeat of 1914 was more than revenged—in every town the French troops were treated with rapturous outbursts, all in the mother-tongue, by the heart-hungry inhabitants who, for nearly fifty years, had kept the French language alive in their homes and families, despite every effort of the Germans to prevent it. The old, hated German spelling given to the dearly-loved and lost French towns, was altered without delay; the German signs in the streets disappeared at a stroke; the old German names for public buildings and hotels changed overnight. In the smallest wayside villages, in the remotest twilight-haunted valleys, the unfaltering loyalty to France was made so touchingly, so searchingly evident that it was said many of the common soldiers, marching with the advancing French Armies toward the old German frontier, marched with the tears streaming down their bronzed and furrowed cheeks, so deeply moving was the reception given them. All this is very ancient history now, but it was indescribably stirring to us at that time.

Of course, the armistice was soon followed by a series of royal and diplomatic visits of congratulation—King George, and then King Albert with Queen Elizabeth, were among the first. But even these ceremonies were relatively simple and quiet affairs, for Paris was waiting for just one thing—for the great day when the Armies of France should come marching home, and nothing else in the way of a celebration really mattered; Paris was not going to dim the glory of her dear *poilus*, or their triumphant entry, even for so great and revered a War-hero as King Albert—and he would have been the first to wish it so. Besides which, even at this early period, there was already a growing, anxiety-breeding realization, rapidly spreading even among those who had appeared

to be the most optimistic about the armistice, that "defeated Germany" was not going to live up to her promises. Just how or where this feeling first began, in a wider sense, I cannot now remember, even if I ever knew, but men on leave from the Rhine districts brought back stories about things they had seen and heard there—stories which were not calculated to allay our uneasiness. It was quite evident that, as Germany had never suffered the horrors of invasion, as no part of her territory had ever been destroyed or whole populations (old men, women and young children) deported and pressed into slavery and abject misery through the years, as life there had never been disorganized (towns razed so that you could not even distinguish them from the land which surrounded them, and fertile fields laid bare)—it was quite evident that in a far shorter time than France was now facing, Germany would be on her feet again; it was also evident that she herself already knew this. Therefore, with the most heartbreaking tales daily reaching us from the devastated regions of France—regions where there was hardly a house left standing, where as yet there was practically no food or any immediate hope of food; where the fields which might have been cultivated had been systematically, scientifically made barren for years to come—it is not surprising that at first incredulity, and then the utmost indignation was felt in France when we heard it said (even within a few days after the armistice was signed) that in America, where the food relief campaign was vigorously being pushed, there was serious discussion and apparent intention "to feed the starving Germans" who, moreover, were demanding it as though by right! For four long and bitter years the Germans had been methodically and with malign purpose, starving millions—women and children as well as men; now they were eloquently pleading hunger on their own account; they were demanding that food be sent them without delay. I believe that, apart from the burning indignation which was felt when the pitiful condition of the returned French prisoners became generally known, there was nothing, at least in the later part of the War, which roused public feeling to such a pitch as did this amazing idea from overseas (the plan to feed the Germans was referred to there as proof of "impartiality"!), and many of us who were Americans living in France, particularly those of us who were daily learning more about the fearful destitution which existed in the devastated regions, were outspoken in our protests against the injustice of feeding the murderers while the victims were still dying of hunger. France did not feel "impartial"—why *should* she? How *could* she? Did America imagine that France could feel and act as though nothing had happened? The Germans had not yet even acknowledged their guilt, and we felt they could quite well feed themselves out of their superfluity of land—land which had never been laid waste. Perhaps for many people it is difficult to realize to-day, when so much has been forgotten, how strong and deep and unrelenting was our condemnation of the organized atrocities in Belgium and in France; of the shameless deportations of noncombatants, especially of the women and young girls; of the unheard of cruelties to the Allied prisoners of war. But perhaps it is even more difficult to realize to-day, how, with some of us who were there, and who saw with our own eyes what was

taking place, this condemnation, this burning indignation still remains, and must remain, unquenchable.

News of the most distressing kind came in from the devastated regions—stories of unbelievable misery and need. Those civilians who, despite everything, had remained in or near their old, now ruined homes, were facing conditions which mortal man could not live through unless immediate help reached them. Those who were slowly returning, after evacuation, found the conditions almost as dangerous as before they had left, for, of course, not only were the fields strewn with still unexploded bombs (which, however, did explode if inadvertently jarred), but the retreating Germans, true to their fiendish methods, had left time-fuse bombs in countless semi-demolished houses all over the country from which they had been driven out, so that a returning family, thankful to find even a few tottering walls of what had once been their home, would be blown out of existence the moment they crossed their shattered threshold. Even small children, who had escaped the savagery of earlier days, now fell innocent victims to this later, perhaps more refined and diabolical atrocity, being killed without a moment's warning, as they played in the ruins of their former homes. So it was dreadfully dangerous to return at all, both because of live shells in the fields, or those hidden in broken chairs or under innocent enough looking tables in the smashed-in houses; and also because even if these poor, foot-weary wanderers did return, where was their food coming from—and with winter setting in, too?

France, of course, was quick to recognize the immense, far-reaching need, and, almost before the ink of the signatures to the armistice was dry, relief on an even larger scale than that which had been organized and working from the beginning (for civilian relief organizations had steadily advanced as the enemy retreated), was mapped out and set rolling. Close in the contaminated wake of the retreating Germans, followed the various French Relief Committees, and although it was poignantly realized that years and years of work, and millions in money, could not restore the North to what it had been before the War, everyone set heartily to work to do whatever he or she could do. It was at this moment—about two weeks after the armistice—that *my* Committee asked me to go up to the *Département du Nord* on a quick tour of inspection; to come back and report and, if it appeared feasible, to return there and open a supply depot in that devastated region, by means of which the Committee would undertake to furnish warm clothing, shoes, blankets and other necessities to a given number of villages. The general area I was to investigate was that part of the country which lay between Douai and Valenciennes; I was to get details of the varying needs of towns and villages in the locality, and as, on my return from this first trip, we knew the French authorities would officially assign us a definite number of communes, we should thus lose no time in getting started. I had little difficulty in obtaining my various passes, for not only was my Committee well known, but the French were, of course, eager to push all relief work, and they offered those engaged in it every possible facility and assistance. So, toward the end of November, I started on what proved to be one of the most harrowing

yet, at the same time, one of the most deeply interesting journeys which I have ever made. The camionnette furnished me by my Committee was, I believe, a Ford—though everything, to my uninitiated eye, appeared to be a Ford in those days—and the driver was a young French girl in the Motor Service Section, who proved to be as eager for the trip as I was. She was very good natured about the load we had to carry, for it was not only heavy, but cumbersome as well. It needed good packing to get in all that we had been told we should find necessary: our petrol for the entire trip; a formidable array of tires, for we had been informed of the condition of the roads we should have to pass over; all our food—for even if, as relief workers, we might be offered a meal here and there, we naturally had no wish to take a single mouthful from those who were in far more need than we could possibly be. In addition to this we took all we could squeeze in of clothing for the most destitute, especially for the children—blankets and condensed milk. For although this was really but a tour of inspection, we knew that we were going where, as yet, little relief had penetrated. When we had completed our packing and were at last ready to start, we looked rather apprehensively at the springs of our poor old Ford—they were as near flat as they could well be! Nothing daunted, however, we determined to start, taking whatever chanced, and we left Paris shortly after noon one bright, late November day.

We had, of course, made many inquiries as to our best route, wishing to make good time if we could, and feeling somewhat as though we were on an exploring expedition into an unknown country, so uncertain was the going on almost all of the roads toward the North; but we could learn little save that we had better head straight for Beauvais, and from there go on to Amiens, where we could probably stop the first night; after that we must shift for ourselves as well as we could; no one in Paris (no one that we came upon, at least) had any idea what lay beyond that point.

As far as I can now remember, this first part of our journey was comparatively uneventful, for, in order to avoid difficulties, we kept as far to the west as we could, thus skirting the high-water mark of the German advance, even that of 1914. As we passed through Beauvais I was greatly relieved to see that the beautiful cathedral was apparently unharmed, but as we continued our way toward Amiens, the wide-rolling country became increasingly seamed by long, waving, white lines—trenches which stretched away as far into the distance as we could see; deep, cruel slashes on the face of the earth. We also came upon many blown-up bridges, and soon gave up counting them. It has been estimated that the *Chemin de Fer du Nord* alone lost well over fifteen hundred, and as for the bridges which spanned any river we came to—all seemed to have been sacrificed. We reached Amiens long after dark, and finding, as we might have expected, that every available building which had been left intact had been "taken over by the military", my little French driver began to be worried as to what we were to do next, especially with the car. Being in the English sector, however, I felt quite at home, and more than equal to taking any liberties which might prove to be necessary. The streets were thronged

with the familiar British khaki, and everywhere you heard English spoken (not a little of it unmistakably hailing from that indefinable, but by no means mythical region which lies within the sound of Bow Bells); so, way-laying a friendly N.C.O. who chanced to pass just at the right moment for us, I appealed to him for help. With my usual good luck I had fallen upon a Secret Service man who knew all the ins and outs of Amiens at that time. It was a lucky thing for us that we found him, for he assured us that he knew of only one house in the whole town where he felt we could be even half comfortable or reasonably quiet and undisturbed, and that house was practically windowless (all the glass having been shattered), and was riddled with shrapnel holes. However, he took us under his protection, and left not a stone unturned until he had got us safely lodged, fed and our car put up for the night. He was up at dawn the next morning to see us on our way, telling us to take the Albert-Bapaume-Cambrai road which would be the least impassable, as well as the least destructive to our small car. We wanted, before nightfall, to reach a tiny village somewhat to the north of Cambrai, where a Paris friend had offered us the use of what remained of her château (her two old caretakers and the curé being in charge); there we could make a kind of temporary headquarters with at least a roof over our heads, and could obtain what was of far more importance—good, *local* advice which would be invaluable to me in starting a centre for work.

That second day's journey was one long, black horror, yet, back of the horror, perpetually shone the glory. Shortly after leaving Amiens we entered an indescribably awful desolation—we were crossing the old battle-fields of the Somme—a desolation which, once seen, was to haunt me for ever after.

It was in the summer and autumn of 1916 that the great Allied offensive, the First Somme, was fought—fought, as far as Great Britain was concerned, chiefly by Kitchener's "New Army", the result of that superb and instant response of five million British Empire volunteers to the call of their great chief. Most of the "Old Contemptibles" had already fallen at Mons and on the Aisne, at First and Second Ypres, at Neuve Chapelle and Festubert in the following months, and it was here, in the lovely, smiling, agricultural country which stretched from Amiens to Bapaume that, between July and November, a vast portion of the younger generation of Great Britain and her colonies was wiped out—those hills and valleys of Picardy were to prove the last resting place of the most gallant, the most single-hearted among her younger sons. The real object of the Somme offensive was to relieve the terrific pressure at Verdun, but for two years the Germans had been uninterruptedly busy here, strengthening their defences, so that the obstacles which would have to be overcome before any breach in the enemy lines could be made were well recognized as almost insuperable. Perhaps it would be safe to say that, since the end of open warfare in the autumn of 1914, scarcely any offensive on the western front had been more hazardous or more momentous than this one. It was here, too, more than at any previous time, that the terrible truth was at last realized—the truth of what Kitchener had, for so many futile years, been openly and ceaselessly declaring: the wicked folly of unpreparedness. I have always found it

an arresting circumstance that it was less than a month after Kitchener's own tragic death, that the men of his splendid New Army faced (and how they faced it!) their first great baptism of fire; that through all the blood and agony of that long, disheartening struggle, those men who, but two years before, had known absolutely nothing of military training or of what the life of a soldier involved, demonstrated the stern metal of which they were made, fully lived up to the high traditions with which Kitchener himself had inspired them. The First Somme has always seemed to me one of the highest tributes which could have been paid him, for, while the military results may have fallen short of what was hoped, the superb, unflinching valour of those troops, in the midst of that unprecedented carnage, and under conditions which, up to that time, had never even existed, would be difficult to surpass.

The *Grande Route Nationale* which we were now following, and which runs eastward out of Amiens, leads at first through somewhat level country, and then, toward Albert, enters a region of low-rolling hills, the ground rising gradually until it reaches "the ridge"—that famous ridge!—a little beyond Pozières, where it descends again gently toward Bapaume. It was on either side of this great highway, for some miles to the north and south (to the south where, at Maricourt, the British lines joined those of the French), that the severest of the fighting of that summer and autumn took place; and it was straight through what remained of the country, not only after the first bitter and sanguinary struggle, but also after the second and third, that we were now passing. From the first advance of July, 1916, on a front of twenty miles, to the last phase at Beaumont-Hamel, the following November, that gigantic effort, that fighting against what proved to be overwhelming odds, resulted in little less than annihilation for a great part of the British forces; while as for the land itself, what had once been spoken of as a smiling "garden" became known, at the end of 1916, as "*La Picardie Mutilée*", and still later, when Second and Third Somme had been fought in 1917 and 1918, as "*Le Royaume de la Mort*".

The day was dark and gloomy, which intensified the awfulness of what we saw, and the farther north we got, the more the horror grew. Before we had reached Albert, practically all vegetation had disappeared; no grass, no shrubs, no trees; the face of the earth, as far as the eyes could reach, a vast desolation of mud, noisome, black mud everywhere, and in this mud, half floating, all that one could expect or dream of finding on an abandoned battle-field—all the ghastly relics, the memories of war: gun carriages shot to pieces, with shreds and tatters of uniforms still hanging to them, caught in the wreckage, and telling of the men on whom the lightning had flashed, and who, in a moment of time, had lost even the semblance of men; guns which had foundered in the morass, dragging living men down with them; floating carcasses of mules and horses; and out across the rotting waste, above which great, hideous flocks of carrion birds constantly hovered, as we sped on, mile after mile, were huddled groups of charred and blackened stumps of trees, lifting shell-splintered, ghostly arms in silent protest, where, in happier days, shady forests had once grown. It was in 1916 on the Somme, that tanks were first used, and everywhere we saw their

huge, dark shapes, floundering like great Tertiary monsters, in the slime of a primeval world; enormous shell-holes made by Cyclopean explosions, wide and deep like the craters of extinct volcanoes, stretched as far as our eyes could reach—it was as lonely and awful as the dead face of the moon. And over it all was the mournful greyness of the wintry day, the bite and sting of the wintry wind. Often too, as some hillock lifted itself painfully out of the surrounding quagmire of death and decay, were to be seen those little, solitary graves so familiar to us all by now, each with a wooden cross, and a name written crudely upon it, or perhaps the single, eloquent word, "Unknown", with sometimes a trench helmet or even a Highlander's glengarry laid at the foot of the cross. The mutilation of the surface of the earth, its actual transformation, by the levelling of hills due to the springing of gigantic mines, and by the obliteration of valleys, was beyond anything I had ever seen before, and helped me to understand why the toll of life in that offensive, had been what it was. Of the hundreds of little villages which had been scattered all over this fertile and prosperous land, only a few shapeless mounds remained to show that clustering houses, under their sheltering trees, had once been there; some, we knew, actually lay at the bottom of the measureless, black-water-filled craters into which also, during night attacks or advance under heavy fog, both men and horses (whole battalions at a time it has been said) fell and were drowned. It was a devastation terrible beyond words to describe. Once or twice I had the car stopped and, getting out, walked off a little distance alone: there was the stillness of death; I *missed* the sound of the guns! The only normal things we saw in that forlorn and dreadful waste—something which helped to keep the balance—were the groups of friendly Tommies, mostly R.E., at work on the road, or who splashed past us in their solid British lorries, and to all of whom I called a greeting, their faces lighting up with surprise and pleasure when they heard what must have seemed to them like a voice from home.

As we passed through Albert we looked in vain for one unbroken wall to relieve the monotony of the destruction which had been wrought there; we found not one. The great cathedral where, until the German advance of 1918, the famous Virgin and Child still hung so miraculously, was a wreck of a few crumbling arches and mountains of piled-up stone—aching, gaping spaces through which the cold November winds were moaning. A little way out of Albert, at a particularly dreary, ravaged spot, on a bare knoll which raised itself beside the road, we passed a lonely Calvary—it might have towered on the bleak heights of Golgotha itself, so utterly abandoned was it; and in the gloom of that November light, the face of the Crucified One held you in awe, so great was its appeal; a special atmosphere seemed to emanate from that sad and quiet spot. Later it was told me, by one who was there during those terrible months of crisis, that that Calvary was well known to all, and that it had upheld and fortified many a man who knew, as many a man did know beforehand, that his last hour was near. We came to La Boisselle, another heap of ruins, and from a rise of ground I looked back westward, to where, toward Amiens, the friendly

green of vegetation, and little, shapely houses which were still standing, could faintly be discerned, and it seemed to me as though I were looking out on another and a happier world, a world which I had left for ever behind me, having wandered into a strange, twilight region from which I could not hope to find an escape. What must that same view have meant to those men of 1916 (because many of them must have stood just there, on that very spot), as they turned for what they well knew was the last time, to take farewell of the old, dear and familiar life, before entering the death-filled trenches! Then, on again we went. A little farther along that melancholy road, we passed through what had been Pozières, and over the famous "ridge", so bitterly contested, and then slipped down the incline toward Bapaume, and out beyond the line of the old battle-fields, out of the worst of the wrack and ruin, out of that overwhelming desolation.

Future generations may (perhaps justly) remember the immortal stand on the Marne; the splendour of the struggle for Verdun and the epic battles in the deadly Ypres salient, long after the incalculable sacrifice of the First Somme has been forgotten; but our memory of the thousands upon thousands of the flower of Great Britain's New Army—Kitchener's Army—who fell there on the chalk uplands of Picardy, or those whose young bodies were hopelessly crippled and broken there, can *never* really fade. Somewhere that magnificent if unsuccessful effort must be for ever graven in the annals of the ages. The First Somme has been called "the supreme tragedy", but to many of us it will for ever remain a supreme glory, and those dear British lads, and those lads from the far-off colonies who, in that fearful summer of 1916, there met death so gallantly, helped in a way which, perhaps, they may never even have guessed, to bring about the final victory of Verdun itself—so inextricably interwoven are our destinies in war!

In Bapaume we discovered that we had another bad puncture as well as engine trouble (no wonder, considering the roads we had just been over!), and my little French *chauffeuse*, without a moment's hesitation, heroically disappeared under the car—at least, most of her did—while I looked about for help, way-laying a youthful and amiable one-star subaltern, who chanced, to his misfortune, to be passing our way. With the usual wartime effrontery, I immediately commandeered his attention. He was charmingly amenable, and took us to the nearest repair station, where the car was soon patched up according to the most approved British Army methods, and we were on the road again. This road, from Bapaume to Cambrai, was of great interest to me, for it was here, in November, 1917, that the British, mostly infantry with the aid of many enormous tanks, had plunged forward in their terrific drive which came so near to breaking through the Hindenburg Line. Had the Battle of Cambrai been wholly successful, it would have put an end to trench warfare, then and there. Yet, even failing in this, the battle was of importance, as it held out a distinct hope which was, in fact, fulfilled the following spring; it presaged the open warfare of 1918. The country beyond Bapaume had a far less exterminated look than that which we had just been passing through; the miles of mud and

slime were being replaced by increasing stretches of grass,—the poor earth began to take on a more familiar look.

It was night (and pitch black night too) when we reached Cambrai, only to discover that we had still another puncture; but, emboldened by my past successes, this time I appealed to the Town Major himself (I was coming up in the world!), who soon got us into shape again, and, with his metaphorical blessing, started us off once more, explaining, as well as anyone could explain to anyone else—a greenhorn at that—the confusion of the roads, once we had left the beaten track; telling us the best course to follow if we wanted, that same night, to reach the small village toward which we were headed, and where we knew we were impatiently awaited.

This last lap of our journey was, in a way, the worst we had had as far as actual roads went, for, on leaving Cambrai, we also had to leave the main thoroughfare, and head, in the darkness, rather indefinitely north-east. Despite the fact that we were far behind our pre-arranged schedule time, we were obliged to crawl along, for, every few yards, shell-holes yawned ahead of us, and these back roads not being paved, the ruts made by the heavy motor lorries and other traffic were so deep that we lurched ominously from side to side. It was too dark for us to see anything to right or to left, and the churned-up road as we ploughed through the mud, looked dismal enough. To add to our general discomfort, perhaps to a general sense of uneasiness, enormous and loathsome rats kept scurrying across our path, lit up for the moment by our headlights, their elongated, black shadows magnifying their real size to dreadful proportions. It was quite late by this time, and these smaller roads were very confusing. We had long since ceased to meet the friendly Tommies who, throughout the day, had given us so much help, encouragement and cheer, and we were beginning to feel terribly lost and strange, two lone women out there in the night, when suddenly, at a sharp bend in the road, we almost bumped into an overturned lorry, lying ignominiously in a ditch by the roadside, while only a few yards away, in the adjoining field, were two of the familiar, khaki-clad figures, warming themselves beside a cosy-looking camp fire. They were a welcome sight indeed, to our bewildered eyes, and I called to them gladly. In an instant they were on their feet, naturally as astonished to hear themselves addressed in their native English and in a woman's voice, at that hour of the night, and in that remote and desolate region, as we ourselves had been to find them there—at a moment too, when we were beginning to be so much perplexed and in such great need of help. They came stumbling toward us, over the rough ground, their honest young faces peering eagerly at us through the darkness as they reached the side of our car; they had not seen an English-speaking woman for a long time, and could not believe their eyes or ears. Having ditched their lorry by mishap that morning, they were waiting for the help which had been promised them, to get it out on the road again, and we spent a happy few minutes discussing that never-failing topic of conversation, "Blighty", and their homes there, and what they had done before the War, and what they hoped to do once they were "demobbed", telling us as much about themselves

as they could crowd into those few minutes, in turn asking me boyishly and frankly all about myself—where I had come from and where I was going to, and why I was there at all. All the little conventional nothings which mar so much of ordinary life, had dropped away, as I believe is always the case in times like this—we were just like old friends, reunited. Then, at my request, they explained the false turning we had taken, putting us on the right track again, and reluctantly we drew off, leaving them standing there, side by side, until they were lost in the darkness. I have always remembered that little incident, though I do not exactly know why, for it was a common enough thing during the War; but it remains a vivid if fleeting picture to this day:

We finally reached our destination—the beautiful but semi-destroyed château lent us by our Paris friend—and though, of course, everyone had long since gone to bed (we were hours later than we had hoped we should be), we nevertheless received a warm welcome from the two old caretakers, and the aged curé who was living there, his own home having been destroyed. The following few days were busy ones, while I was making my investigations regarding the need for help in the surrounding cantons; but one case stands out from that grim and sombre background of misery—one case which alone would have been sufficient to fix me in my determination to come back again to the devastated North, as soon as my report was turned in at headquarters in Paris.

It was the evening after our arrival, and we had returned from a full day in the outlying districts where I had had my first glimpse of the heroic endurance, the silent suffering of these people who had lived through four long years of the German occupation—suffering which had left its mark on every face. It could not have been much more than nine o'clock, but the small household had already settled for the night. Everyone kept early hours in this part of the world, chiefly to save light and heat. Even my young French driver had fallen into a deep sleep, tired out with her exertions, for it was no easy task day after day to guide the car over the torn-up roads. As I sat there, reading by the light of a single, flickering candle which I had brought with me for the purpose, the absolute quiet within was only broken by the tempestuous winds without—winds which shrilled eerily around the broken corners of the old building, making a heavy shutter, partly loosened from its hinges by some well-aimed shot, bang suddenly to, and then bang again with a disturbing, slow, broken rhythm. The splendid great trees out in the park, groaned and swayed in the heavy gusts, and an ice-cold draught swept suddenly across the room, finding its way through a great shell-hole in the wall—a hole which was too wide and gaping to be securely closed.

Suddenly I was startled by a sharp, new sound—a loud, insistent knocking on some downstairs door. A pause, and again that loud knocking, even more pressing this time. Then I heard someone stirring in an adjoining room, and footsteps going quietly down the stairs; bolts pulled back and a heavy door opening somewhere below. I went out into the hall, my candle almost extinguished by the strong current of air which was rushing along the corridor, and I waited there to learn what the matter was. Up the stairs I heard feet slowly

climbing, and one of the old caretakers appeared with a troubled face, telling me that a man had come, and was asking for "the relief ladies"—he wanted their help for a neighbour's child who was dying. He had walked many miles across the sodden fields, having, in some way unknown to me, heard of our arrival (the rapidity with which the news of relief travelled at this time, showed only too well the desperate need), and he begged us to return with him to his village; he would not go away, he said, until the caretaker had promised to tell us that he was there, and the reason of his coming. I went back into the room I had just left, and roused my poor, exhausted driver, knowing well she would never forgive me if I did not call her. While she was getting into her warm things, I went downstairs to gather what information I could from the man who had come so far to find us, and then, collecting some of the clothing and blankets which we had brought in our car, condensed milk, a "Tommy cooker" and whatever else I could find, with the man as guide, we started. A few dark and dismal miles brought us to a ruined village where but a handful of wrecked houses was left—I could distinguish their poor, misshapen forms even in the blackness of that night—and we drew up at the broken door of one of them. As we entered, I heard a little weary, feeble cry, but I could see absolutely nothing in the darkness of that forlorn interior, so, shading the dim light of a small electric torch which I had brought with me, I looked about. A woman, dressed in some dull, threadbare material, was kneeling beside a disordered pile of straw, on which lay a delirious child, tossing feverishly under a rag of covering—part of a khaki overcoat, probably taken from some dead British soldier, or discarded on an old battle-field—her little, burning, restless hands plucking at the few discoloured buttons of the coat, in a kind of wild distress. The woman's attitude was one of absolute despair, and I have never forgotten it. She knew there was nothing she could do as she knelt there on the cold flagstones—nothing except watch the ebbing life of her child. She was evidently quite destitute; there was no heat in that shattered room, with its shell-splintered walls, where the icy winds drifted in; there was no light, save that of my own electric torch; there was not a crumb of food anywhere to be seen—there was only that heart-broken, lonely, ragged mother bending over her dying baby. When she heard us enter, she lifted tearless, unseeing eyes in which I instantly read that we had come too late as, indeed, in a very few minutes we knew for ourselves. It had been nothing less than a case of out-and-out starvation; exhaustion from lack of food, and then the inevitable consequences—something I was to meet with, over and over again.

The thought of that one woman was with me perpetually during the following days before I started back to Paris, for perhaps even more than the child, was she herself, in her abandoned sorrow, unforgettable; in her inarticulate anguish, her desolation, it was she, I think, more than anyone else I saw at that time, who made me feel that I must not and could not rest one unnecessary hour until I had returned again to the North, and to the work of which this stricken area was in such crying need.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be concluded)

as they could crowd into those few minutes, in turn asking me boyishly and frankly all about myself—where I had come from and where I was going to, and why I was there at all. All the little conventional nothings which mar so much of ordinary life, had dropped away, as I believe is always the case in times like this—we were just like old friends, reunited. Then, at my request, they explained the false turning we had taken, putting us on the right track again, and reluctantly we drew off, leaving them standing there, side by side, until they were lost in the darkness. I have always remembered that little incident, though I do not exactly know why, for it was a common enough thing during the War; but it remains a vivid if fleeting picture to this day:

We finally reached our destination—the beautiful but semi-destroyed château lent us by our Paris friend—and though, of course, everyone had long since gone to bed (we were hours later than we had hoped we should be), we nevertheless received a warm welcome from the two old caretakers, and the aged curé who was living there, his own home having been destroyed. The following few days were busy ones, while I was making my investigations regarding the need for help in the surrounding cantons; but one case stands out from that grim and sombre background of misery—one case which alone would have been sufficient to fix me in my determination to come back again to the devastated North, as soon as my report was turned in at headquarters in Paris.

It was the evening after our arrival, and we had returned from a full day in the outlying districts where I had had my first glimpse of the heroic endurance, the silent suffering of these people who had lived through four long years of the German occupation—suffering which had left its mark on every face. It could not have been much more than nine o'clock, but the small household had already settled for the night. Everyone kept early hours in this part of the world, chiefly to save light and heat. Even my young French driver had fallen into a deep sleep, tired out with her exertions, for it was no easy task day after day to guide the car over the torn-up roads. As I sat there, reading by the light of a single, flickering candle which I had brought with me for the purpose, the absolute quiet within was only broken by the tempestuous winds without—winds which shrilled eerily around the broken corners of the old building, making a heavy shutter, partly loosened from its hinges by some well-aimed shot, bang suddenly to, and then bang again with a disturbing, slow, broken rhythm. The splendid great trees out in the park, groaned and swayed in the heavy gusts, and an ice-cold draught swept suddenly across the room, finding its way through a great shell-hole in the wall—a hole which was too wide and gaping to be securely closed.

Suddenly I was startled by a sharp, new sound—a loud, insistent knocking on some downstairs door. A pause, and again that loud knocking, even more pressing this time. Then I heard someone stirring in an adjoining room, and footsteps going quietly down the stairs; bolts pulled back and a heavy door opening somewhere below. I went out into the hall, my candle almost extinguished by the strong current of air which was rushing along the corridor, and I waited there to learn what the matter was. Up the stairs I heard feet slowly

climbing, and one of the old caretakers appeared with a troubled face, telling me that a man had come, and was asking for "the relief ladies"—he wanted their help for a neighbour's child who was dying. He had walked many miles across the sodden fields, having, in some way unknown to me, heard of our arrival (the rapidity with which the news of relief travelled at this time, showed only too well the desperate need), and he begged us to return with him to his village; he would not go away, he said, until the caretaker had promised to tell us that he was there, and the reason of his coming. I went back into the room I had just left, and roused my poor, exhausted driver, knowing well she would never forgive me if I did not call her. While she was getting into her warm things, I went downstairs to gather what information I could from the man who had come so far to find us, and then, collecting some of the clothing and blankets which we had brought in our car, condensed milk, a "Tommy cooker" and whatever else I could find, with the man as guide, we started. A few dark and dismal miles brought us to a ruined village where but a handful of wrecked houses was left—I could distinguish their poor, misshapen forms even in the blackness of that night—and we drew up at the broken door of one of them. As we entered, I heard a little weary, feeble cry, but I could see absolutely nothing in the darkness of that forlorn interior, so, shading the dim light of a small electric torch which I had brought with me, I looked about. A woman, dressed in some dull, threadbare material, was kneeling beside a disordered pile of straw, on which lay a delirious child, tossing feverishly under a rag of covering—part of a khaki overcoat, probably taken from some dead British soldier, or discarded on an old battle-field—her little, burning, restless hands plucking at the few discoloured buttons of the coat, in a kind of wild distress. The woman's attitude was one of absolute despair, and I have never forgotten it. She knew there was nothing she could do as she knelt there on the cold flagstones—nothing except watch the ebbing life of her child. She was evidently quite destitute; there was no heat in that shattered room, with its shell-splintered walls, where the icy winds drifted in; there was no light, save that of my own electric torch; there was not a crumb of food anywhere to be seen—there was only that heart-broken, lonely, ragged mother bending over her dying baby. When she heard us enter, she lifted tearless, unseeing eyes in which I instantly read that we had come too late as, indeed, in a very few minutes we knew for ourselves. It had been nothing less than a case of out-and-out starvation; exhaustion from lack of food, and then the inevitable consequences—something I was to meet with, over and over again.

The thought of that one woman was with me perpetually during the following days before I started back to Paris, for perhaps even more than the child, was she herself, in her abandoned sorrow, unforgettable; in her inarticulate anguish, her desolation, it was she, I think, more than anyone else I saw at that time, who made me feel that I must not and could not rest one unnecessary hour until I had returned again to the North, and to the work of which this stricken area was in such crying need.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be concluded)

THE MYTHS OF PLATO

IT is risky to recommend books to people. The trouble is I have discovered Plato in my old age and am inclined to be rather noisy about it,—noisy, but *not* bold, not even venturing to lift the eyes to that scholarly minority among my friends who know all about Plato, but speaking only to those who, like myself, have been taught by wrong methods, or intimidated by big names, or bewildered by the dissensions of experts, and then left high and dry in a no man's land of thought. Queer beings that we are, we plume ourselves on queer things. It is quite usual to hear people boasting of no ear for sound, no eye for colour, no respect for the ocean, as though these drawbacks were distinctions, to be carried like *panaches*; so a lifelong ignorance of Plato is nothing to be set up about, even should egotism take that crazy twist. Speaking for myself, he was badly introduced in school days,—we were left blind to the charm and the beauty and the fun, we choked over the dialectics, dismissed Socrates as rather an old dear but lamentably plain, and only vaguely glimpsed that his display of jiu jitsu on young Greeks was quite a performance. Then we left school, “finished”, and forgot all about it. Years later it was borne in upon me that many writers, indeed all philosophical religious writers, seemed to have to refer to Plato every so often, and I began to wonder what I had missed at sixteen. The hour had struck for Karma to give one of those educational shoves. The next step in a dunce's progress was the discovery that Plato was an initiate, and the next a determined search of *The Secret Doctrine*. That discovery was a blessed incentive, for with all deference to the awesome language they use, the stock philosophers are distinctly not initiates. Now a start was made, seeking I should find, and Karma had a book ready for me. With subtle wisdom, and for purposes of infuriation, it was the wrong book, the very book a well-meaning, pedagogical sort of teacher would veto as too upsetting for an ignoramus—a suave, adroit, witty, well-bred, misleading book, the clever shallows of a brilliant essayist who had rushed into a temple with his boots on, and greeted the unseen with a sneer. It did its appointed task of rousing antagonism and stubborn protest. Here were the facts—Plato was an Initiate—a member therefore of the White Lodge—a philosopher therefore to whom later philosophers, skating on one skate like small boys down the alley, could go to find the other—a thinker with whom the world agrees or quarrels, but who, deriving from the Ancient Wisdom, must be reckoned with by the student of that Wisdom.

My soul and my body! but these belated struggles toward an education are wearisome. The dialectical method, as of old, is still obnoxious to the lazy mind, and the droning boredom of dead afternoons comes echoing back.

Once more, I said, is there anything beautiful?

Yes.

To which the only opposite is the ugly?

There is no other.

And is there anything good?

There is.

To which the only opposite is evil?

There is no other.

Then every opposite has one opposite and no more?

He assented—and on, and on, and on.

And then the books about him and about. There was no time to go climbing all over Plato on step ladders. My kingdom for a book, and a book by a lover. It passes belief how these writers fuss and squabble. For example, in *The Platonic Tradition in English Religious Thought*, Dean Inge, in his fine, sane way, says that "Platonism is essentially a philosophy of values—the famous Ideas are values—not unrealized ideals, but facts understood in their ultimate significance". Now what is there to question about that? Positively nothing. But along comes Santayana, with page after page (so exquisitely written that they cannot be skipped, bad cess to him!) fussing about the precise meaning in this connection of the word "values", and gets a body all mixed up again. Ignorance, conscious of hunger, cannot be bothered with games of metaphysical spillikins or with the pros and cons of the academical-minded. My kingdom for a book—another book! Then destiny stood smiling—a friend, the servant of destiny, said, "What *you* want is a book called *The Myths of Plato*", and put it in my hand. It was the right book at last, a lover's book, and the exotericists ceased from troubling, for "beyond these voices there is peace".

A brief word is called for here as to just what purpose this book is meant to serve. It shall be spoken by Professor Stewart himself:—

That Myth is an organic part of the Platonic Drama, not an added ornament, is a point about which the experienced reader of Plato can have no doubt. He feels, when the brisk debate is silenced for a while, and Socrates or another great interlocutor opens his mouth in Myth, that the movement of the Philosophic Drama is not arrested, but is being sustained, at a crisis, on another plane. The Myth bursts in upon the Dialogue with a revelation of something new and strange; the narrow, matter-of-fact, workaday experience, which the argumentative conversation puts in evidence, is suddenly flooded, as it were, and transfused by the inrush of a vast experience, as from another world—"Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground". . . . Each Myth is a unique work of art, and must be dealt with individually in its own context. . . . It is good that a man should be made to feel in his heart how small a part of him his head is. Herein chiefly lies the present value of Myth (or of its equivalent, Poetry, Music, or whatever else) for civilized man.

So the charm of these Myths is that of poetry; to arouse, as Dante, that other great maker of Myth, arouses it—"Transcendental Feeling", to regulate it and to satisfy it. Dr. Stewart argues that the Categories of the Understanding are

one thing, and the Transcendental Ideas are another; that in the mind of Plato they are mutually implicit, but that, in the Myths, he lifts us to a region where we are made to feel "the futility of rationalism, a region where Hope is confirmed by the 'vision splendid'."

This method of approach to the truths of life is distinctly obnoxious to certain types of mind; they complain that Socrates has become unhinged, they want his "demon" psycho-analyzed. A classical instance of this shortage of understanding is the charge brought against Plato by Kant, in the *Critique of Pure Reason*:

The light dove, in free flight cleaving the air and feeling its resistance, might imagine that in airless space she would fare better. Even so Plato left the world of sense, because it sets so narrow limits to the understanding, and ventured beyond, on the wings of the Ideas, into the empty space of the pure understanding. He did not see that, with all his effort, he made no way.

It is waste of time to argue with those who hate mysticism, who look askance on "esoteric jargon", and smile at the idea of Initiates. To that large and useful class, with heads like four nails and both feet on the ground, we would say with all friendly goodwill, "stay there and don't irritate yourselves with Myths—Plato's or another's." These things are for the others, (and surely the littlest theosophist is numbered among them) who prefer wings and intend to use them, intermittently and feebly now—but wait!

It was my avowed intention, when beginning this article, not to smarten it up with little tags and ends of Greek scrip, not to enrich it with long words like eschatological and etiological and suchlike, and above all not to start talking about any particular Myth—for are not these all written in The Book? I did not know how hard it would be to refrain, for Greek is lovely and the Myths endearing. How much of the Ancient Wisdom dare we read into them? What is the prevailing obsession of the mind behind them—the thinker, poet, knower, and impassioned lover of the race? It seems to me to be the kamic struggle, the unending contest of the Desire of the World with the world's desire. In an effort to pierce the fog of human thought, the Myths unfold how it was in the beginning, how it is now, and how it ever shall be.

How often have we wailed, or heard each other wail, "In what way can we best get rid of Kama?" How often have we heard the patient answer, "Never try,—foster, train, transmute, it is your most precious possession." In the Symposium Myth, the Lady Diotima, treading with agile, cautious steps along the edge of mystery, speaks of the soul's ascent through the passing shows of Beauty up to the Eternal Beauty. "'Tis then, dear Socrates, said the Woman of Mantinea, that life is worth living, and then only, when a man cometh to behold Beauty Itself. Then he hath become beloved of God and is himself immortal."

There are many ways in which to say it, and our Lady Diotima knows them all—"Love is the power that moves the world, the only power that moves the spiritual world."

L. S.

MATERIAL WEALTH AND CELESTIAL ECONOMICS

A horse is no wealth to us if we cannot ride, nor a picture if we cannot see, nor can a noble thing be wealth, except to a noble person.—RUSKIN.

WHEN St. Paul wrote to his lay-chêla, Timothy, that "the love of money is the root of all evil", he probably meant just what he said; and, furthermore, knew what he was talking about—living, as he did, a Jew in a commercial age corrupted by wealth and plenty. Moreover, we have it on the high prophetic authority of Isaiah that mankind "shall be redeemed without money and without price"—a statement of Celestial Economics in obvious contrast with the way the world sets about *its* philanthropic saving of anybody—be he War Veteran or mere unemployed. The antithesis between love of money and complete independence of it, is a commonplace; and, generally speaking, the idea is still not unfamiliar in religious circles, however much disregarded. Redemption—the Kingdom of Heaven—cannot be bought with money, but with "the blood of the heart" alone,—“thy money perish with thee”. Since, therefore, this era of special “enlightenment” in which we now live, has been heralded as one pre-eminently commercial and economic; since the “economic virtues” are extolled by teachers and publicists, endorsed by the clergy, and applied by statesmen to the solution of the world’s political problems; and since the root-principle of all economic theory is the enhancement of material wealth and well-being,—the need for clear thinking, and vigorous, disciplined action on the part of students of Theosophy is obvious. How many individuals has one met, inside as well as outside The Theosophical Society, who have no wish for more money or a larger income? Our outlook as children of the age is bound to be coloured; our personal Karmic inheritance is almost certain to be tainted; our working ideals as well as our practice may well need, not merely to be bettered, but revolutionized. The old-fashioned theory of release from this universal problem of God versus Mammon—that of simply dying, after doing one’s blundering best, and going with any luck to a moneyless heaven—is no longer open to most members of the Society, for they realize that ultimately the lessons of life cannot be side-stepped; every one of them has to be learned, and all problems solved by each in turn. Membership in the Lodge, not heaven (Devachan), is our destiny, for Devachan is but an interlude. Moreover, the next Lodge Messenger will have enough to do, without having to straighten *us* out about money matters.

Few people seem to appreciate the extent to which the traditional Christian—and therefore Western European—attitude towards money and commercial undertakings has changed, due, historically speaking, to what is known as the

Reformation. What may be called the true Christian ideal of money is almost unheard of, or unknown or disregarded, to-day. It survives in the ideals of a few of the old-fashioned aristocrats, who, while still maintaining their code to their own pecuniary disadvantage, are by now probably unaware that it was fashioned out of purely religious principles, which have existed and been taught since the dawn of Christianity. The change was decidedly for the worse, not for the better; it was a typical Kali Yug lowering of ideals, as unmistakable as the accompanying decline in art and architecture. "When man became wealthy", writes Mr. F. R. Webber in *Church Symbolism* (1927, p. 18), "and even before the wheels of the factory system had begun to whirr, an artistic decline set in. Read Mr. R. H. Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, and escape that conclusion if you can." This reference led to the reading of Professor Tawney's book, and it would seem that such a conclusion cannot be escaped. The volume is a study of the highest interest, demonstrating, with a wealth of facts and unmistakable cogency of argument, that the rise of capitalistic enterprise, with its concomitant attitude towards both money and religion, was a direct consequence of the deliberate and prolonged disregard, by churchmen, of the early Christian ideal, leading to a divorce between religion and business affairs, and, by reaction, to the wide-spread debasement, not only of ordinary practice, but precisely of the *ideals* of business ethics. The ethics of organized *religious* business seems supinely to have followed suit. May not the time have come when the Theosophical leaven will begin to restore these ideals in both domains? Professor Tawney's book provides a new incentive to this end; it was published in 1926, and the author has been a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and is now a Professor of Economic History in the University of London.

Before, however, attempting to survey in part, and perhaps interpret, Christian thought on the general subject of the "economic" use of money, it might be well to remind ourselves of what our own Movement has contributed directly, during the past fifty years, to elucidate the principles involved. Such principles, being the principles of the Lodge, are absolute, and inherently right in themselves. They foreshadow the actual practice of men of future ages and races. It will be easier, with this in mind, to measure the approximation of the exoteric Christian ideal, and to see more clearly in what directions effective future effort lies. Those who believe that the Lodge is preparing to send another Messenger in the near future; those who believe with Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, as expressed in his inspiring article, "The Purpose of Chivalric Codes" (QUARTERLY, January, 1931), that: "As a man's code is, so is he", and that: "Obviously it follows that the way to grow, and the only way, is constantly to raise the level of the code by which one lives",—will wish first to understand, and then to bring their lives into conformity with, the Code of the Lodge in all financial matters, so as to meet the next Messenger as nearly as possible at that point, on prepared ground. It is obvious that the way properly to regard and administer finances concerns not merely every chela, but every would-be servant of the Lodge in any capacity, however humble; and how far apart the Code of the Lodge is from that of the world, would hardly seem to need characterization.

Yet we do need reminders of just this antithesis, because we have grown accustomed to what *seems* so overwhelmingly inevitable in conditions about us, and have all adopted more or less of a compromise even with our own present ideals. It has become a characteristic of the Western mind to agree to the beauty and desirability of an ideal, and then to disregard it almost completely in action, a fact which the Maha Chohan himself called to our attention in his letter of 1881. It is not until confronted with a pressing personal problem that most men give heed to the implications of many of their ordinary acts. Chêlaship may be defined in terms of a growing self-consciousness, and of the ability to become self-moving, to seize the initiative away from the Karma of one's own past and that of one's race and country, and so to "stand alone" on the right-hand side. For a thousand years the Christian Church itself has, while preserving the ideal, at the same time deliberately acted contrarily to it. An incident told of Pope Innocent IV is unfortunately typical, and explains why lay-ideals have since fallen so low. The papal office, some claim, has always represented the great Western Master visibly on earth. Innocent IV has been characterized admiringly as "a consummate man of business, a believer, even to excess, in *Realpolitik*, and one of the ablest statesmen of his day". There was, perhaps on that account, little of "innocence" or other-worldliness about him. He is described as having stood with Thomas Aquinas on a balcony of the great Lateran Palace in Rome, watching a guarded caravan of mules, heavily laden with treasure, safely entering the Papal gates. Perhaps noting the expression on St. Thomas' face, he exclaimed, laughing: "The day is far past when the successors of Peter could say: 'Silver and gold have I none'." "Yes," replied the Angelic Doctor, "and equally so their ability to say to the lame and halt what followed: 'Rise up and walk'." Even such a Pope must have glimpsed then, if only for a moment, the direct relation between a cause and its effect. If such things pertain to Kali Yuga, must not the new Race be launched with better ideals and a higher common level of practice? Spiritual wickedness in high places cannot be permitted to hold the citadel of religion when the new "Golden Age" is inaugurated. Fortunately, as preparer for that great event, The Theosophical Society knows where to turn for the ideal, and also for the guidance to re-establish it on earth.

A fact which must give any serious member of the Society food for thought, is that Madame Blavatsky, the accredited Lodge Messenger of her century, had to earn her own living throughout her years of service, supporting herself by writing articles for the Russian papers, etc., while donating most of the proceeds of her books to the Work. Furthermore, she frequently rejected flattering financial offers in order to devote all the time possible to her theosophic writings. Recent letters of Mr. Judge in the *QUARTERLY* show how little money was available in his time for the Work, and how carefully he calculated the expenditure of every dollar. Certainly in the case of Madame Blavatsky, her poverty did not prevent her from appealing for and getting help on at least one occasion, narrated by Dr. Keightley, striking because of its very simplicity, when a five pound note to be used for an urgent charity was materialized through occult channels.

at her request. H.P.B. at the time explained that "under certain circumstances of merit she had the right to call on certain funds and on certain centres in charge of her occult friends for such aid to others" (QUARTERLY, VIII, Oct., 1910; p. 120). But apparently chélas could never assume that such money would be forthcoming *for their own use*. It has been said that since money is of the earth earthy, it is peculiarly the instrument of the Black Lodge. The implications of this, and the need for strict rules, therefore, are manifest. A chéla in the world, we are told, is expected to be *able* to earn his own living and fulfil pecuniary family obligations; in other words, to be master of his own environment and in no sense the inferior of, or dependent upon, worldly men, however capable.

A moment's thought will show how in important essentials this whole approach and mode of life is superior to that existing, not, of course, in Wall Street, but throughout the organized churches to-day, Protestant and Catholic alike. St. Francis of Assisi, whose spirit and effort were set against the worldly attitude towards money, was not wise enough to provide that monks must have it in them to earn their own living, and that his Order should refuse endowments. Laziness became an outstanding Franciscan fault. The churches one and all are notoriously acquisitive, as is even the Franciscan Order as a whole to-day; and the Roman Church is probably the richest single organization in the Western world. Chélas must be completely detached from money, not as the negative result of total abstinence (which is, as far as "practical", the basis of exoteric religious practice), but by means of the harder and higher discipline of its right use—to be "in the world but not of it" in literal fact. No man can be a real or dependable soldier until he has learned to handle with the indifference of complete mastery the most dangerous explosives, and weapons which, improperly used, would deal death to his own comrades as readily as to the enemy.

There can hardly be any need to discuss the obvious fact, therefore, that a right attitude towards money is essential, and an attitude not limited to common honesty, but one of rigorous discipline and detachment. We live, however, in a "commercial age", an age in which the popular demand is not even that whatever gods may be should prosper business, but that all religion, with its religious principles and ideals, must keep "hands off" business. It should be needless to say, however, that a Lodge Messenger can hardly be expected to conform to worldly requirements, or to fit his ideas into modern economic theories. Many people know that the current attitude of business towards religion is not that of the Middle Ages; and the most frequent explanation of the backwardness, relative poverty, and economic ignorance of the Middle Ages is precisely that "theology", enforced by ecclesiastical courts, anathemas, and a subservient or coerced secular power, dictated the canons of commercialism. But what those religious principles and ideals, which endured for more than a thousand years, really were, is forgotten to-day. Forgotten, also, is the fact that behind the technical formulations of theology lay a spirit, upon which the Church Fathers and Mediæval theologians drew, or into which they entered,—for a Thomas Aquinas literally wrote on his knees. It is highly instructive to appreciate

this traditional ideal, and to study the course of events and of actions which led to so complete a *volte-face*—and to the virtual loss, for all practical purposes, of a body of ideals which approximated far more nearly that of the Lodge than anything now held. The transition cannot be dealt with here; but a brief review of the Mediæval *Code* will be attempted, together with some indication of the contrast with modern points of view. It should without doubt be easier to reclaim or to revive the dynamic ideals of our own Western religion, than to adopt a new code which might appear to be alien. Moreover, the Western Master's method seems to be, not to destroy but to fulfil, the old dispensations. We might also surmise that most of us must have lived during the Middle Ages; so the foundations of a truly "Christian" ideal may already have been laid in our characters, and the fact be that once we held worthier ideals of money than those which we may now have adopted because universally current to-day.

Throughout the Middle Ages the Church was a kind of state, superimposed upon, or interpenetrating, the kingdoms, feudal estates, and peoples of Europe. No one conceived of a society which "treated religion as a thing privately vital but publicly indifferent" (Tawney, *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, p. 6); on the contrary, religious sanctions for every activity of life, and not "natural" or "economic" or "rational" motives, were universally admitted, at least in theory, to be essential. Human life and progress had no meaning unless conceived in religious terms. Progress meant an advance towards the realization of the Kingdom of Heaven, not the stabilizing or equitable distribution of wealth, and the multiplication of contrivances to reduce manual labour, provide amusement, and lighten the burdens of life. Church and King and Emperor, knights and military leaders and scholars, one and all held "supernatural commissions",—a last echo of the days of Adept Kings, and colleges or schools of an initiated Priesthood. No man was popularly considered really to be King until properly consecrated—as witness Charles VII and the mission of Jeanne d'Arc—for even in the XVth century the instinct of the people was still sound, and the Church taught traditionally what it no longer understood,—though "the light eternal" of a great mystic theologian like Siger de Brabant could declare that after consecration the King carried "the living image of God within him."¹ The outer, visible estate and power of the Church merely reflected the extent to which the mind and thought of Europe were saturated with Christian conceptions, however exoteric, which were focussed in the one common mind of the Church—its teachings, its practices, its ideals. To-day the divorce is so complete between the different and differing religions, and all the rest of life—family, business, political, and even military—that it is hard to realize the extent of this earlier single religious interpenetration and influence. The final "end", or object of every man, as ostensibly of institutions, was to achieve salvation, and to be assured of heaven in the next world. This world was therefore still the God-given means to an other-worldly end,—not yet an end in

¹ Quoted by Louis Madelin in *Jeanne d'Arc*, by Marshal Foch and others; Paris, 1929. p. 69; cf. Dante's *Paradiso*, x. 133-8, for the characterization of Siger.

itself, as it has become to-day. Men, it is true, did not by any means live up to their code; but the code itself had maintained its level, and was rooted and grounded in religious principle. It is precisely the loss of this code that marks the decline of to-day. Not until the deliberate and prolonged corruption of the Church's hierarchy, from the top down, had spread its evil influence broadcast, was there any serious questioning of the ideal itself. "A cynical unscrupulousness in high places is not incompatible with a general belief in the validity of moral standards which are contradicted by it", writes Professor Tawney (p. 9); but though this can seem true for a while, events have nevertheless proved that what started as despairing criticism of the Church's iniquities gave place at length to open revolt, schism, and defiance. For this, the Church was primarily responsible. With revolt came the loss of much that was good, and the perversion of a righteous teaching which, while being proclaimed and enforced on the laity, had been belied in act by ecclesiastics. It is unfortunately true that the attainment of intelligence and power has tended to produce more "blackies" than saints, and the official Christian Church became the antithesis of Christianity.

The change from higher to lower ideals, which began with the debasement of ecclesiastical conduct, found its first outer expression in the "emancipation" of the secular state from religion. With the best of motives, rulers could no longer in conscience obey Popes and archbishops,—while the best of motives were as scarce amongst worldly rulers then as now. A separation became inevitable; and Machiavelli's famous formulation of the new ideas in the first quarter of the sixteenth century was a direct outcome of ecclesiastical misdemeanours. Moreover, at the same time that the new and secularized philosophy of government and human behaviour was being worked out, the knowledge of the great pagan classical achievements before Christianity was recovered, which reinforced the secular attitude and, because of their fruits, seemed to justify it; while at the same time a tremendous treasure of gold, silver and precious things came pouring into Europe from the plundering of the newly discovered Americas, which served to whet man's natural appetite for gold. With the rise of new governments, therefore, entirely independent of the Church and often openly hostile to it, and with the enormous expansion of trade and wealth, a new set of laws grew up, outside the ecclesiastical courts and canon law, which was deliberately designed to further business enterprise, and which no longer regarded the old religious sanctions. We take for granted this condition of affairs to-day, and suppose that what is, has always been. But such was neither the Christian theory, nor, in essentials, its practice: "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus" (Col. iii. 17). Two centuries, roughly from 1500 to 1700, witnessed a momentous change in polarization. At the earlier date, "the typical economic systems are those of the schoolmen; the typical popular teaching is that of the sermon, or of such manuals as *Dives et Pauper*; the typical appeal in difficult cases of conscience is to the Bible, the Fathers, the canon law and its interpreters; the typical controversy is carried on in terms of morality and religion as regularly and inevitably as two centuries

later it is conducted in terms of economic expediency" (Tawney, p. 9). In England, even as late as the reign of Charles I, to discuss business solely in terms of profit and loss, or of expediency, was still considered disreputable and cynical. The desire to "get rich quick" smacked of defiance of God's will and His Providential ways with men. To make money, if it meant to take a profit from one's neighbour, so as to amass riches for oneself, was *usury*, and put a man outside the pale. The courts severely punished such an offender, and always made him restore the money he had gained. But after the Civil War in England, and the religious wars on the Continent, it became apparent that division among the Churches, and contradictory teaching emanating from high quarters, no longer left unquestioned a common standard of economic conduct, and the ecclesiastical courts found themselves unable to enforce their decisions, and soon became impotent. Furthermore, where religious tolerance existed—which implied a relaxation of all harsh measures to maintain and enforce the old commercial standards—trade flourished, as in Holland. The effect was inevitable, human nature and human appetites being what they are. Able business men, usually unscrupulous, acquired for themselves as much money as they could get, and worked out economic theories to justify the gratification of their desires. Their very success and prosperity, which in due time good and worthy people shared also, enabled them to overcome the prejudice grounded on the old religious ideals. God manifestly prospered their undertakings! So religious standards no longer restrained "economic appetites", and the so-called "economic virtues" first appeared.

But before 1500, such things as "economic appetites", by the gratification of which merchants and bankers could amass fortunes, were not paraded as virtues, nor were the public conveyances and country landscapes given over to the artificial stimulation of those appetites. The Schoolmen and Church Fathers applied, instead, simpler and more homely terms, namely, "avarice", "usury", "gluttony", "luxury", and the like. Asceticism, exemplified however imperfectly by the religious Orders, was the ideal; and the simple layman admired and revered where he did not, or felt that he could not, follow. Christ's Kingdom of Righteousness, the ever-watchful eye of ministering and protecting angels, the Communion of Saints, were still everyday realities. Worldly activities could not escape the heavenly witness, and so, sometimes perforce, accepted the heavenly standards. "Paradise is everywhere", Dante tells us, "though the grace of the highest good is not shed everywhere in the same degree" (*Par.*, iii. 89-90)—expressing in matchless phrase the beliefs not merely of a truly Christian poet, but of his age.

The first and fundamental assumption of the Middle Ages, therefore, was that the ultimate standard of human activities and institutions was religion. Could there be a sharper contrast between this and the modern assumption of "economic expediency"? Professor Tawney seems justly to characterize the temper of English commercial enterprises in the last quarter of the XVIIth century (during the Restoration after the Civil War), as "a ruthless materialism, determined at all costs to conquer world-markets from France and Holland,

and prepared to sacrifice every other consideration to their economic ambitions" (p. 268). Two centuries later, Ruskin was constrained to write of his own countrymen: "I said in my last paper that nothing in history had ever been so disgraceful to human intellect as the acceptance among us of the common doctrines of political economy as a science. I have many grounds for saying this, but one of the chief may be given in a few words. I know no previous instance in history of a nation's establishing a systematic disobedience to the first principles of its professed religion. The writings which we (verbally) esteem as divine, not only denounce the love of money as the source of all evil, and as an idolatry abhorred of the Deity, but declare mammon service to be the accurate and irreconcilable opposite of God's service: and, whenever they speak of riches absolute, and poverty absolute, declare woe to the rich, and blessing to the poor. Whereupon we forthwith investigate a science of becoming rich as the shortest road to national prosperity" (*Unto This Last*, end of Essay III).

This spirit, typical of man's lower, selfish, and acquisitive nature, had once been held in check by the religious teaching of the Church. Exoteric religion, whatever its limitations, is a step in the right direction; and the religious *code* of the Christian Middle Ages was better than any purely worldly or business *code* to-day. Religion has a spiritual end, dependent upon moral attainment; and therefore it envisages results, not in terms of expediency, but in terms of principle based on whatever vision it has of everlasting truth,—on that which is inherent in the very nature of the Universe. To-day, any idea of a spiritual end is held to be chimerical; nothing is visualized above material prosperity, on which human happiness is supposed to depend. So a lowering of the physical standards of living is held to be a crime against civilization, a hideous backward step, provoking an outcry far louder than the most terrible lowering of moral standards, as, for example, the murder of the Russian Imperial family, which evoked no single official protest, any more than did the subsequent *governmental* sale of the victims' stolen personal effects. Science having greatly enlarged the average man's idea of the duration of time, without having given him the least indication of his own reincarnation throughout that stupendous sweep, the millennium of an Archbishop Usher, if there will ever be such a thing, is held to be indefinitely remote, of no practical personal concern, and so is left to take care of itself. Similarly, the Kingdom of Heaven, if there be any outside the dreams of men, is confounded with the millennium; and both are denominated "mystical concepts". What the Western world wants to-day are "practical" ideals; and the practical is something which man's lower nature can grasp without taxing either his imagination or his faith. The Great War demonstrated that men are not yet incapable of responding to an ideal; but even so, in the case of several of the nations involved, the demands of an ideal were enormously reinforced by a very evident necessity. But when the appeal of the ideal involves money, where is there evidence of response to idealism? To-day, the remission of the debts of the Allies by the United States is again being publicly discussed; but the majority of those advocating it make their

appeal on the ground that remission would pay more than collection. Men of consequence are prepared to state openly that: "*Aside from the question of the justice of cancellation, I am firmly convinced it would be good business for our government to initiate a reduction in these debts at this time.*"² An appeal to justice, honour, and righteousness has so far failed, and would still fail; therefore those who would get action must appeal to business "horse sense" and to economic expediency. When ideals and economic expediency clash, ideals are brushed aside as unessential, however ornamental; while if the two are occasionally seen to coincide, and the masses can be convinced that for once they really do, then all good people are outspokenly delighted, cynics are amused, while politicians can wax, not merely rhetorical, but eloquent.

In the Middle Ages, however, it was still taught, and believed, that "the perfect happiness of man consists in the vision of the Divine Essence", and that this "perfect happiness is not possible without a righteous (*recte*) will"³—things which no accumulation of gold would ever buy, and which experience has taught are actually impeded by even a slight gratification of "economic appetites". For "Divine Essence" we might substitute the term "the Masters"—with all that that implies. "It is impossible for man's happiness to consist in any created good," writes Aquinas, Pope Innocent IV notwithstanding.⁴ Such bald statements are actually far more needed to-day than in the XIIIth century when Aquinas made them, for to-day even theologians might hesitate to proclaim such a doctrine too often and too loudly. Mediæval Society, accepting the teaching of Christianity, had a genuine and dynamic code; but it should be obvious that "expediency" and "appetites", based on a "ruthless materialism", can never become the basis for a code in any true sense. Admitting that the sins of mankind have always been numberless and always black; that "from the middle of the thirteenth century a continuous wail arises against the iniquity of the Church, and its burden may be summed up in the one word, 'avarice'" (Tawney, p. 29); that therefore the very citadel of religion no longer revered the Gospel according to St. Mark, but "according to Marks of Silver",⁵—nevertheless the Middle Ages had an ideal, and achieved as a result a virtue, which has been submerged to-day, and which it must surely be the part of Theosophical leaven to reintroduce, purified and reinforced, into the minds and hearts of men.

It is a mistake to picture the mediæval man of affairs as too naïve, or too ignorant, economically speaking, to recognize where his immediate and personal economic advantages lay. On the contrary, he saw them; but because he had a code which made a genuine appeal to something finer and better than his sole material prosperity, he rejected them. Jewish money-lenders and Lombard bankers were outcasts and became a byword, though ecclesiastics did not hesitate to do business secretly with them; and finally, though Dante put the

² Albert W. Wiggin, "head of the world's largest bank", as quoted in *The New York Times*, January 12, 1931.

³ Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I^a II^æ, Quæst. iii, art. vii; and Quæst. iv, art. iv.

⁴ *Summa*, I^a II^æ, Q. ii, art. viii.

⁵ From a 13th century MS. known as "Carmina Burana", extracts from which are translated by G. G. Coulton in *A Mediæval Garner*, 1910, pp. 346-7.

Cahorsine money-lenders in hell, Pope Innocent IV gave them the title of "peculiar sons of the Roman Church" (*Romanæ ecclesiæ filii speciales*; Tawney, p. 29). Nevertheless, the universal theory was that "economic advantages" had to be subordinated to the real business of life, which was salvation. Material riches are a part of worldly life; men cannot support themselves without them; but because they provoke powerful appetites, like other strong passions, they must be repressed, not given a free field. "There is no place in mediæval theory for economic activity which is not related to a moral end"; and, "to found a science of society upon the assumption that the appetite for economic gain is . . . to be accepted, like other natural forces, as an inevitable and self-evident *datum*, would have appeared to the mediæval thinker as hardly less irrational or less immoral than to make the premise . . . pugnacity" (Tawney, pp. 31-2). To "better oneself" in the Middle Ages meant either to advance in royal favour, or to enter religion; to-day it means to make, or to be in a position to make, more money. "Now it is lawful to seek of God in prayer temporal good things", wrote Aquinas, again epitomizing Christian teaching, "but not, however, putting them in the first place, as though setting our end therein, but regarding them as helps whereby we are assisted in tending towards blessedness, inasmuch as they support the life of the body and are of service to us as instruments in performing acts of virtue."⁶ So as to leave no possibility of misapprehension, he adds later: "Temporal goods are to be despised as hindering us from the love and service (*timore*) of God", though, ideally, "they are not to be feared", because they help us "as instruments to attain those things that pertain to Divine fear and love."⁷ Surely this ideal is one which the chéla might make his own without qualification. As the sainted Archbishop Antonio of Florence (c. 1450) wrote: "Riches exist for man, not man for riches."

The Mediæval Code had its foundation in three main currents of thought, which represented, as they should, the best of the past; first, Christ's teaching which reinforced the Old Testament practice; second, Roman commercial ethics and procedure; and third, Greek ideals as they affected Roman theory and the earlier Church Fathers. Together they throw into bold relief the utter materialism and selfishness of to-day,—though, alas, these ancient ideals remained too often in the realms of abstract ideas. The field is large and full of interest, but can only be briefly summarized here. Perhaps the heart of the matter lies in the actual use of money, or capital, for it is the modern methods of making money "work", of deriving income or interest from capital given out for use, which primarily distinguishes this age as a capitalistic one from those which preceded it. Naturally the influence of Christ's teaching, together with the Old Testament legislation, provided the principal basis for the Mediæval Code; and it will probably be a surprise to discover how far the modern Jew has fallen from his own original standards. Inevitably, back of any code as to the use of money, stands the Code of the Lodge; and an Initiate, such as

⁶ *Summa*, II^a II^æ, Quæst. lxxxiii, art. vi. The condensed Latin phrases require an expanded rendering.

⁷ II^a II^æ, Q. cxxvi, art. 1, reply to objection 3.

a Moses or a Plato, in the nature of things must have expressed the Code of the Lodge in terms fitting the times and the people addressed. Plato in his *Republic* (Bk. II, 357) spoke disparagingly of "the business of money-making, which *no one* would choose for its own sake"—an assumption refreshingly at variance with modern conceptions; and he pointed out that the more men prosper in trade, "the more they think of this and the less they think of virtue; for when riches and virtue are placed together in the scales of the balance, the one always rises as the other falls" (Bk. VIII, 550). Aristotle defined money, not as a thing in itself, which it has now become to all intents and purposes in the popular mind, but as "a sort of medium" which has, "not a natural, but a conventional existence" (*Ethics*, Bk. V, cap. viii).

As for taking accumulated wealth, or capital, and lending it at interest, or making it "work" in the sense of "turning it over", rather than oneself using it creatively,—such a thing was forbidden, and denominated "usury." Usury has come now to mean iniquitous or illegally high interest, but formerly it meant interest of any kind on money lent. In the quotations that follow, usury always means the taking of *any* interest or increment on a loan. Aristotle stated outright in his *Politics* (I. 10) that "to make money by usury is exceedingly unnatural". Plutarch, an initiated Greek whose life almost spanned the first century of Christianity, spoke of "the strong and unpleasant smell of usury", and wrote a delightful and penetrating essay "Against Running into Debt, or Taking Up Money Upon Usury".^{7a} Money, in Rome, was once upon a time minted as a sacred thing at the temple of Juno, and derived its name, *monēta*, from a surname of that goddess. Roman law forbade the taking of interest upon money lent, until a late date, and even then, prohibited the collection in interest of more than the equal of the original sum loaned, no matter how long the debt ran, nor how high was the rate of interest originally agreed upon. This concession to money-lenders was later specifically repudiated by the Church Fathers and by canon law.

The principles underlying this attitude towards the use of money are nowhere more clearly defined than amongst the Jews. It is not always remembered that to take interest was forbidden by the Old Testament legislation, and no Jew charged another Jew interest for money loaned;—though with typical concession to the hardness of their hearts, exception was made where strangers were concerned.⁸ "Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of anything that is lent upon usury: Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury; but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury: that the Lord thy God may bless thee" etc. (Deut., xxiii, 19-20); "And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee; then

^{7a} *Plutarch's Lives and Writings*, ed. by A. H. Clough and Professor W. W. Goodman, New York, 1905; Vol. X, pp. 412-424.

⁸ This exception enabled the Jew money-lenders of Mediæval Europe to control the money-market and banking. For Christians, all men were brethren; but as that did not result in any readiness to lend to each other or to hold all things in common, frequently the only money accessible was that of the Jews. Finally, Christians could no longer endure the strain, and they took to lending to one another at interest as avidly as the Jew to strangers. To-day the Christian and Jewish precepts alike are utterly disregarded and forgotten.

shalt thou relieve him: yea, though he be a stranger, or a sojourner; that he may live with thee. Take thou no usury of him, or increase: but fear thy God; that thy brother may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase" (Levit., xxv, 35-6-7; cf. Exodus, xxii, 25; Ezek., xviii, 8, 13, 17; Ps. xv, 5). The Jew for the most part lived up to his code with amazing strictness, sparing his brother, but finding an outlet for human nature in grinding his neighbours. We find Philo, as might be expected from one whom H.P.B. calls an Initiate, emphasizing the underlying principles clearly: "Moses prohibits a man from lending upon usury to his brother, meaning by brother not only him who is born of the same parents as oneself, but everyone who is a fellow citizen or a fellow countryman, since it is not just to exact offspring from money, as a farmer does from his cattle. And he enjoins his subjects not on that account to hold back and to be more slow to contribute to the necessities of others; but rather, with open hands and willing spirits cheerfully to give to those who are in need,—believing that gratitude may in some degree be looked upon as interest repaid in a time of greater prosperity for what was loaned in an hour of necessity,—and as paid back voluntarily by the recipient of the kindness. And if a person be unwilling to make a gift outright, still, let him anyhow make a loan, so as to provide freely and cheerfully the temporary use of what is wanted, without expecting to receive back anything but the principal. For in this way the poor will not become poorer, by being compelled to return more than they received; nor will those be committing any wrong if they receive back that only which they lent. And yet they will not receive nothing more in return, for with the principal—instead of the interest which they have not required—they will gain the best and most honourable of all human things, as they will have been kind and magnanimous, and will have earned goodwill and a good name. And what acquisition equals this? For verily the mightiest king appears poor and helpless if he is compared with one single virtue; for he has only inanimate riches stored in his coffers or in the earth, but the wealth of virtue is stored up in the superior part of the soul; and that purest of all essences, heaven, claims itself a share in that, as also does the Creator and Father of the Universe, God.

"Therefore we must look upon and call the riches of money-changers and usurers as poverty, though they appear to themselves to be mighty kings, whereas they have never even seen that wealth which is itself endowed with sight, no, not even in their dreams. And these men are so extravagant in wickedness, that if they lack money, they make usurious loans even of food, lending it on condition of receiving back more than they lent. Accordingly, such men will at once contribute to those who ask; and will even prepare a famine or scarcity at a time of plenty and abundance, and make a profit out of the hunger of the stomachs of miserable men, weighing out the food in a scale, and taking care not to give overweight. Therefore he [Moses] necessarily commands those who live under his sacred régime, to eschew every kind of such revenues; for all such pursuits are the sign of a thoroughly slavish and selfish

mind, which must be changed into savageness and become like that of brute beasts, before it could adopt them."⁹

The Rabbis interpreted and applied these Mosaic principles with distinct fairness, and aimed at preventing the borrower from suffering any detriment, and the lender from gaining any advantage. The following quotations contrast so directly with modern usages, that they speak for themselves. In the Tannaite Midrash on Exodus (the School of Ishmael) one reads: "If a man lends a *sela* (worth four *denars*) on condition of receiving five *denars* at the expiration of the term, or two *seahs* of wheat to receive three, this is usury."^{9a} "Increase", the word used in Leviticus, is interpreted as follows: "A man (A) buys of another (B) a quantity of wheat at the market price of twenty-five *denars* a *kor*, and pays cash for it, but leaves the grain warehoused with the seller (B). The market price goes up to thirty, and (A) claims delivery of the wheat, proposing to sell it and with the proceeds buy wine. The original seller (B) offers to buy back the wheat at the current price of thirty *denars* [quite legitimate], and to give to (A) wine of equivalent value at the then ruling market price, having at the time of the negotiation no wine in his possession. This is constructively usurious, because in the interval before delivery the price of wine may advance, and (A) may thus receive more than his due." On this Professor Moore comments: "The effect of this and similar regulations was to prohibit dealing in futures which have so large a place in modern speculation." Another example is equally illuminating. "A man may not give a shop-keeper produce to sell with an agreement to share equally the profits made in disposing of it at retail, nor give him money to buy at wholesale and sell at retail on the same conditions, unless he pays him wages, because, if the venture proves unprofitable, the shop-keeper will be out of his time and labour, besides the risk of loss by fire or larceny, or by depreciation." Half of modern business would cease if such principles were applied, but who can say that men's souls might not be benefited! All the persons involved in any way in a usurious transaction were guilty—the lender, the borrower, the surety, the witnesses, and even the scrivener who drew up the contract. Interest actually paid might be recovered at law during the lifetime of the lender (but not from his estate). Is it to be wondered at that "a usurer is represented by Rabbi Simeon ben Yoḥai as saying: Our master Moses was wise and his law is true; but if he had known what profit there was in the business, he would not have written the law"¹⁰ Is it not the spirit of the outcast usurer of old that has inherited the earth to-day, abrogating wisdom and true laws, and substituting fat profits and economic virtues? Plutarch tells us that usurers "laugh at those natural philosophers who hold that nothing can be made of nothing and of that which

⁹ *Peri Philanthropias*; text of Sigismund Galenius, Frankfort, 1691, pp. 701-2. It may be found under a different title and placed as part of a treatise *On Three Virtues*, by Yonge in the Bohn translation, Vol. III, pp. 430-31, which was of assistance in making the above translation. Cf. for a briefer and less illuminating exposition, Josephus, *Antiquities*, Bk. IV, cap. viii, sec. 25.

^{9a} M. Baba Meši'a, 5, 1; quoted by Prof. George Foot Moore, of Harvard, in *Judaism In The First Centuries of the Christian Era, The Age of the Tannaim*, Cambridge, 1927, Vol. II, p. 143. The following citations are quoted from the same work, pp. 143-6.

¹⁰ Baba Meši'a, 75b; quoted in a foot-note by Prof. Moore, *op. cit.*, p. 145.

had no existence; but with them usury is made and engendered of that which neither is nor ever was". Persians, he tells us, "repute lying to be a sin only in a second degree. . . . Now there are not in the whole world any people who are oftener guilty of lying than usurers, nor that practise more unfaithfulness in their day-books, in which they set down that they have delivered such a sum of money to such a person, to whom they have not given nigh so much. And the moving cause of their lying is pure avarice, not want or poverty, but an insatiable desire of always having more, the end of which is neither pleasurable nor profitable to themselves. . . . The usurer . . . reaps no other advantage from it but only that he now and then takes his book of accounts, and reads in it . . . whence his money came which he is always turning, winding, and increasing."

From these quotations it is evident that the issue was clearly joined; and Mediæval Christianity recognized quite as fully exactly where the conflict lay. What, and what only, can be the object, the end, of trading for a profit and gaining interest and increase on one's money? Simply to get, and to have, more money, with all that that implies. Christ specifically said: "And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, What thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again: and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest" (St. Luke, vi, 34-5). The Jew who heard him could comprehend this, but the modern business man does not even listen,—so far has the left hand of progress carried him to superior heights of worldly knowledge. To make or take a *profit* was obviously to grasp after the material and base things of this world, in contradistinction to something honestly produced or earned by the sweat of one's brow, thus increasing wealth. The craftsman, with hand or brain, labours to earn a living; and he rises in the scale of life in direct proportion to his industry and talents. The trader seeks, not merely a livelihood, but a profit, and profit upon profit. Such profits are the fruit of another's toil and production, and are therefore made at the expense of one's neighbour. The trader has a right to payment for his services as an agent, and no more. To use his position as middleman to amass wealth from *profits* is to offend against charity, as Bunyan pointed out.¹¹ The man who makes money out of the turn of the market, or who takes advantage of, or even creates, a shortage, as Wyclif says, *must* be wicked, or he could not have been poor yesterday and rich to-day.¹² Gratian, whose great summary of all the Church's canons (1139-42) expressed the mind of the Church for centuries, put the distinction thus in his *Decretals*: "Whosoever buys a thing, not that he may sell it whole and unchanged, but that it may be a material for fashioning something, he is no merchant. But the man who buys it in order that he may gain by

¹¹ *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, in *The Complete Works of John Bunyan*, ed. by Rev. Henry Stebbing, London and New York, Vol. IV, pp. 46 ff.

¹² *On the Seven Deadly Sins*, in *Select English Works of John Wyclif*, ed. by Thomas Arnold, Oxford, 1871; Vol. III, p. 153. "Bot men of lawe and merchauntis, and chapmen, and viteleses, synnen more in avarice then done pore laboreres. And this [is the] token hereof; for now ben thei pore, and now ben thei ful riche, for wronges that thei done."

selling it again unchanged and as he bought it, that man is of the buyers and sellers who are cast forth from God's temple."¹³ And Thomas Aquinas, approving of proper trade, whereby "one commodity is exchanged for another, or money taken in exchange for a commodity, in order to satisfy the needs of life", asserts positively that trade "for a profit" is "justly deserving of blame, because, considered in itself, it satisfies the greed for gain, which knows no limit and tends to infinity."¹⁴ Furthermore, trading, not to satisfy natural needs, but merely for its own sake, and "considered in itself, has a certain debasement attaching thereto, in so far as, by its very nature, it does not imply a virtuous or necessary end" (*ibid.*).

One cannot but feel that we have here a Code based on a genuine apprehension, not only of right and wrong, but of spiritual principle. Would not a Master concur with the statement that, intrinsically, trading for profit "does not imply a virtuous end"? Certainly gentlemen in England and France in the 17th century, and in many cases up to the generation preceding our own, steeped in the Church's traditional teaching, not only felt strongly about the reprehensible nature of trade, but, however impecunious, would not debase themselves by entering into business. A gentleman, if impoverished, could find some suitable work, or he could starve, but he could not lower his colours. Honour was, in actual practice, esteemed above riches; and the innate reaction of the gentleman was grounded on the recognition of a principle which might be expressed in the words of one of the Pythagoric sentences of Demophilus, centuries ago: "A lover of riches is necessarily unjust; and the unjust is necessarily profane towards Divinity, and lawless with respect to men"; which might be coupled with another: "A timid man bears armour against himself; and a fool employs riches for the same purpose." Professor Tawney sums up the Mediæval Code with admirable succinctness as follows: "To take usury is contrary to Scripture; it is contrary to Aristotle; it is contrary to nature, for it is to live without labour; it is to sell time, which belongs to God, for the advantage of wicked men; it is to rob those who use the money lent, and to whom, since they make it profitable, the profits should belong; it is unjust in itself, for the benefit of the loan to the borrower cannot exceed the value of the principal sum lent him; it is defiance of sound juristic principles, for when a loan of money is made, the property in the thing lent passes to the borrower, and why should the creditor demand payment from a man who is merely using what is now his own?" (pp. 43-4).

When it comes to the practical application in present commercial life of this Code—which as far as it goes, has represented the Christian Code—we are faced with another series of problems, which cannot be dealt with here. The best modern writer on the subject still seems to be no less discarded and neglected a prophet than Ruskin, whose courageously downright declaration of principle, as against the primary assumption of avarice, led to such a storm of protest,

¹³ *Decretum*, Pt. I, Distinctio lxxxviii, cap. xi; quoted by Tawney, p. 35. Cf. the Homily xxxvii in a treatise *Opus Imperfectum*, ascribed to St. John Chrysostom, which reads: "What is trade but buying at a cheap price with the purpose of retailing at a higher price? Such were the tradesmen whom our Lord cast out of the temple."

¹⁴ II^a II^e, Quest. lxxvii, art. iv.

that his articles in the *Cornhill* magazine had to be discontinued abruptly by its editor, his personal friend Thackeray. Those which were published, appeared later under the title *Unto This Last*—taken from the parable of the idle workmen in the market place;—while Ruskin completed his thesis in *Munera Pulveris*, sometimes entitled *Essays On Political Economy*. He lays it down as axiomatic that: “No human actions ever were intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice,” for the whole question “resolves itself finally into one of abstract justice.” He says that “the real reason of the general lowness of estimate in which the profession of commerce is held [written in 1862!] . . . will be found to lie in the fact that the merchant is presumed to act always selfishly. His work may be very necessary to the community; but the motive of it is understood to be wholly personal. The merchant’s first object in all his dealings must be (the public believes) to get as much for himself, and leave as little to his neighbours (or customer) as possible”; and Ruskin asks pertinently “whether, among national manufactures, that of Souls of a good quality may not turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one?” (*Unto This Last*). His whole plea is that traders, who *are* necessary to civilized life, should live up to the same standard as that of the soldier, whose “trade, verily and essentially, is not slaying, but being slain”, and that it is as true for the merchant as for the soldier, priest or physician that “the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live.” Therefore: “Sixpences have to be lost as well as lives, under a sense of duty”; and, “while many a zealous person loses his life in trying to teach the form of a gospel, very few will lose a hundred pounds in showing the practice of one” (*ibid.*). In the light of such ideals—which in fact are nothing more than the teachings of Christ strictly and fearlessly applied—we may see why a statement once made by Emerson is true: “A nation is dedicated to trade for some centuries; that occupies the vast majority of men every day for all that long duration. Yet the last day it is not more elevated than the first day, and cannot command our respect.”¹⁵

If this, therefore, be a commercial age, given over to the selfish acquisition of personal riches, while the essence of the soldier’s life is that of readiness to lay down his life, the need for war as a corrective becomes manifest. And it seems that it is precisely to, and through, war, that a beneficent Karma has been leading, and is again about to lead, the souls of men. There are more reasons than one why the present situation “will really need a Genghis Khan to do it justice”, but one of them will be to overcome, by sheer force of necessity, the concentration of a whole race on material well-being and the gratification of economic appetites. Celestial Economics starts with a different principle, and altruism—a favourite word of H.P.B.’s—is at the foundation of occultism. “Men so universally draw their characters after the pattern of their times that great regard is due to any who, spurning the character and humour of an ignoble age, act upon principles not apprehended by the vulgar” (Emerson, *ibid.*, I, 259).

Our task, as members of the Theosophical Movement, is clear: first, not to lose ourselves in a cloud of words, or, on the other hand, forget that “the letter

¹⁵ *Emerson’s Journal*, ed. by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes, Vol. VII, p. 8.

killeth, but the spirit giveth life"; second, to face the facts, recognizing, for instance, that the logic of the Mediæval Code, as summarized by Professor Tawney, would make it usurious to accept interest from a Bank on our current balance, or interest payments on Government, Railroad or other bonds, or rent from our tenants if we were the owners of land or of houses; third, as we cannot change the character of our civilization overnight, or retire from the world and live like hermits on the produce of our own labour (seeing that this most happy condition would, in most cases, either be impossible or a self-indulgence),—we must strive ceaselessly, though living in the world, not to be of the world, and must keep alive within us, and within each other, our vision of the ideal, and of the lamentable conditions which make it impracticable at present to live as that ideal ordains,—except in spirit, for in spirit we are free, not bound, and in spirit we can hate the necessities under which we labour, can love and desire the nobler Code which was, and which again will be, if only our desire for it prove stronger than our worldliness.

QUÆSITOR.

Let temporal things serve thy use, but eternal be the object of thy desire.—

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

*Beware of the pride of humility; and having renounced the desire to attract by thy fine raiment, seek not to call forth attention by thy rags.—*ST. JEROME.

A MEDITATION

Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—PAUL TO THE EPHESIANS.

Rejoice evermore.—PAUL TO THE THESSALONIANS.

TO whom or to what, should I, as a student of Theosophy, give thanks? I can begin, in any case, by feeling grateful, and by expressing that feeling, to those from whom I receive kindness or spiritual help among my friends and companions. Do I fail in this from self-absorption, from shyness, or for any other reason?

To give thanks to "the Lords of Karma" is very abstract, very remote, so far as I am concerned; but my own Master is one of the Lords of Karma, just because he is a Master; and certainly he holds back from me personally "still worse evils", creating around me a "Guardian Wall" of protection—as the Notes to *The Voice of the Silence* make clear. This means far more than appears on the surface. It means that I owe to him every blessing, every good thing, that comes into my life, and that even its trials and temptations, out of the overwhelming accumulation from my own wrong-doing of the past, are proportioned by him according to my strength. Thus he converts them into aids to growth—if met and used properly by me—instead of into calamities and extinctions.

Am I grateful for this? Am I grateful merely in a general way, or do I specifically thank him throughout the day for *all* things? Do I, in other words, say that I am grateful, and at the same time deplore, resent, and inwardly rebel against this or that necessity under which I labour?—against my inability to do or get something on which my desire is set? Do I inwardly croak and groan, think of my life as "hard", and mentally pick on this or the other "handicap" as making things almost intolerable? Do I blame my surroundings or my associates for my failures? In brief, am I a hopeless ass?

In any case, it is incredible that I am entirely free from these cheap and vulgar weaknesses, or that I could ever live to give thanks enough. My friends are friends through the everlasting mercy: not through any merit or beauty of mine; it is thanks to the same mercy that I know of Theosophy, that I desire good rather than evil, that I have a roof over my head and a bed in which to sleep (for the inherent idiocy of lower nature would have deprived me of these years ago, unless that mercy had prevailed),—that I can still look up into the face of heaven, and laugh.

My Karma—like the Karma of the world—would blot me out, if it were not for that Guardian Wall of unthinkable compassion. *In the long run*, "rigid justice rules the world", for some day before the day "Be with Us", I must pay back what I owe; but meanwhile! Oh debt piled on debt,—endless, boundless,

utterly undeserved, irrational, divine, never-ceasing generosity! That *I* should have a friend: is not that in itself a miracle? May the Lord give me of *his* gratitude that I may be grateful to him. . . . Dear Lord, in spite of all this talk, I am not grateful. I take so much for granted, as I accept the presence of a tree, which has always been there,—part of the landscape, which does not move, and for which, therefore, thanks are needless. I do not mean to grumble, but a quite ordinary pain, if it interferes with what I choose to call my work, is enough to start a Book of Lamentations in the privacy of my mind. Cure me of such blindness; help me to sense thy blessing in all that happens, in all that is,—and if I do not sense it, not to make a grievance out of that, but to know that it is there, remembering also that they are blessed who have not seen, “and yet have believed”. . . . Give me of thy gratitude, that I may be grateful to all to whom I owe it, for all that life brings me,—to thee for everything.

B. A. R.

Eternal is his gladness who rejoices in an eternal good.—S. AUGUSTINE.

Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free.—CARLYLE.

Men continually forget that happiness is a condition of mind and not a disposition of circumstances . . . confusing happiness with the means of happiness, sacrificing the first for the attainment of the second.—LECKY.

KARMA AND BATTLE

WE usually accept it as a fact, when we meditate on the Law of Karma or discuss it with others, that our personal Karma must, of necessity, take a very long time to work out. We are often singularly rigid in our views in this respect, and as we grow in age and in experience, we do not grow in the grace of flexibility. Our studies, and what we have been told, make it clear to us that we are now contending, both inwardly and outwardly, with the results of our own wrong thoughts and actions in past lives. We visualize ourselves going on in much the same way, taking things up again, life after life, at approximately the point at which we left off at the end of the last incarnation, and carrying them a bit further. We feel sure that there is progress on our part, we feel confident that there will be progress in the future. But we think that this progress must of necessity be uniform, that all the elements of our nature must advance together, that we must maintain an even development as we go forward. As we bend our energies for the moment on some backward quality within us, on some particular fault or weakness, in our effort to push it up into line and so prevent what we think of as the retarding process, we feel that progress is indeed slow, and we are thankful for the mercifulness of the great Law, for the hope which it holds out, for the assurance that no right effort is ever wasted or lost, for the certainty that in the long future we shall have the time that we so sorely need.

Indeed, we are right in thus feeling thankful. But there is danger in resting too long in this spirit of thankfulness, for, if we do, it is only a step to feeling that, after all, there is no hurry about it. We run the risk of dwelling to such an extent upon the chances and the opportunities which we are to have in future lives, that we fail to recognize as such those which are ours here and now, and so fail, too, to seize upon them and use them as a means to immediate and more rapid progress and growth. We should do well always to remember that the rapidity with which we can overcome our personal Karma must, of necessity, depend in large measure upon the intensity of our present desire, of our present effort. If our desire and our effort are sufficiently strong now, or if we can make them so; if we can reinforce them with all the resources of our imagination and of our will, and increase these resources as we progress; if this intensity of effort and desire, and this reinforcement, are steadfastly persisted in and steadily continued,—it must be possible to work out certain elements of our personal Karma much more rapidly than we realize at present, with the result that we shall be under no necessity whatever of carrying them over into future lives.

All this involves the right use of desire, imagination and will, the great creative forces, the great liberating powers. How does it “work”, practically speaking? Let us make use of our imagination, and let us assume, as a practical illustration, the theoretical case of a man holding an important position in the

world of affairs. This man, at the age of twenty-five, at the very start of his business career, is hard, unjust, grasping, even dishonourable in his business methods and dealings. Because of his attitude in regard to money matters, he does a great wrong to certain people with whom he is then associated in business, and makes them suffer in countless other ways as a result. Let us assume further that almost immediately this man, for good and sufficient reasons, realizes fully just what he has done, and has a complete change of heart. He abhors the evil which he has brought about, still more does he abhor the evil within himself—the selfishness, the cruelty and the greed—which have made his action possible. The whole force of his desire is bent to the effort to atone. He turns completely about. He spends the next twenty-five years of his life in trying to undo, to make up for, the wrong which he has done. More than this, he traces the connection between his inner sins and weaknesses and the form of their outer expression, he sets himself to make over his whole nature so that these sins and faults may be transformed into their opposite virtues. He goes about it with understanding, through the light which has been increasingly given him because of his true and entire repentance. He uses his imagination to the fullest extent to think of ways in which he can gain his objective. He bends every effort of his will to the accomplishment of his purpose. He acts for these twenty-five years with an ever-increasing intensity of desire and effort, with an ever-increasing rightness of principle. He carries this into all the relations of life, not alone into business. His own life, both business and personal, becomes a great inspiration, of untold help to countless new people in a great diversity of ways. He is able to reach out, to give help, because he is able to understand. It is what he has become, what he has made himself, that counts.

Moreover, he goes back and does his utmost to help, directly, those whom he has so greatly wronged, those who have suffered so much through him, because of what he did at the age of twenty-five. He seeks them out. He makes every possible effort to set things right again for them. He continues this effort over a period of years. But these people are bitter, revengeful, vindictive; their one idea is to “get back at him”. Not only do they consistently repulse all of the advances which he makes, but they do their utmost to persecute him, to spread malicious reports about him, to undermine him whenever and wherever they can. Nothing daunted, not one whit discouraged, this man accepts all this as part of the personal Karma which he has created for himself, and fights on,—for he is a great fighter, a “first-class fighting man”, once he has turned. For all of these twenty-five years he is continually attacking his lower nature at all points, so that it is continually on the defensive, constantly losing ground and in retreat. He leaves the evil within himself no opportunity, he seizes upon every inner advantage gained and makes use of it to the fullest extent, in order to make more rapid progress, to go as far as he can, towards the objective which he has set for himself, and which is continually becoming more clearly defined as his vision increases and as his self-conquest becomes more and more complete.

What is the result of all this, for this man, at the age of fifty? Surely the intensity of his desire to atone for the wrong which he has done to these people, surely the very opposition which they have set up to his every effort on their behalf and the vindictive attitude which they have adopted towards him, must have operated to speed-up the working out of his personal Karma as regards them,—perhaps even to cancel, to obliterate a large element of it entirely. But, if not, what of the transformation in the inner nature of the man himself? Surely that in itself was sufficient, and more than sufficient, to wipe out the balance of that early wrongdoing in the eyes of the great Law. For consider the extent of that transformation, and its results. Entirely apart from these particular people, the intensity of his inner desire and of his inner effort over all these years, his continued right use and constant development of all the qualities which he possessed and of others which he acquired, the expression of all this in deeds of self-sacrifice and acts of kindness as regards others, must have established for him a Karmic credit balance on the right side. This transformation, and its results, must have helped all along the line, must have modified and accelerated the working out of other phases of his personal Karma which were not in any way directly connected with this particular early wrongdoing, so that in the general quickening which took place, in the speeding up of the whole Karmic process which ensued, there was an entire change of relative values. The former things had passed away; all things had become new. We forget too often the extent to which the various phases of our Karma overlap, the degree to which our efforts and progress in certain directions will help to improve the situation for us at other points,—pull them up into line, or over the line, as it were. This man whom we have been considering, may well, at the age of fifty, have found himself, had he known it, in the position of having completely eliminated the necessity of carrying over into another life the Karma of an early wrong act which, once realized and acted upon, through the right use of imagination and will, had become a tremendously creative and liberating force. No need for him to face a long, laborious process life after life. His freedom, in this life, had been gained. His victory had been won, and with speed, here and now.

Marshal Foch's book, the *Principles of War*, has often been mentioned, both in meetings of The Theosophical Society and in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, as being a Manual of the Inner Life, a Guide to Chéllaship, if read and interpreted theosophically. In view of this, a more recent book, the *Memoirs of Marshal Foch*, translated by Colonel Bentley Mott, is of intense interest. It might be said that, in the earlier book, there are laid down the fundamental principles upon which military strategy and tactics are based; we are given the theory and we recognize it as true, as universal in its application, and, therefore, applicable not only to the outer conflict in the world between the Powers of Light and the Forces of Darkness, but also to the inner warfare in which we ourselves are engaged. In the *Memoirs*, we find these fundamental principles expressed in Marshal Foch's preliminary instructions and observations, in his Battle Orders, to his commanding generals. We read, for instance, in regard to some specific situation in which those in his Armies may have assisted at the time,

without having then been conscious of its ramifications, his estimate of the situation; the dispositions of the enemy and of the Allied Forces, as seen in the perspective which was his alone; the mission which he proposed for the attacking units; the definite ways in which he suggested that this mission must be carried out. We remember what happened at the time as a result of the execution of his commands, we remember the success of the outcome, and, in the light of retrospect, we can also see that no other possible method or plan would have served, and that the success was gained because the conception of the plan itself was based on a fundamental principle that was universal. Marshal Foch's observations and his Battle Orders were practical, concrete directions as to what to do about it, and, as such, they can constantly be applied to the problems of our own inner warfare.

As a direct illustration, let us remind ourselves for a moment of the military situation as it was on the first day of November, 1918, just ten days before the Armistice. The long German line from the Vosges to the Sea was giving way; everywhere it was being struck by the Allied Armies in rapid succession with powerful sledge-hammer blows; everywhere the enemy was losing ground, in retreat. On that day the First American Army, and the Fourth French Army on its left, were about to start a powerful joint attack, which had as its objective unblocking the line of the Aisne from the East. An army offensive, worked out as it is on the maps beforehand, is designed to reach certain successive lines on certain successive days, the position of each of these lines depending upon the nature of the terrain, the probable strength of the enemy's resistance at various points, the character and ability of the other attacking troops on the flanks, and, finally, upon the part which this particular offensive is to play in the larger purpose of the High Command. The battle, if it goes as planned, thus resolves itself into a succession of phases, which are numbered. Marshal Foch thought that the preliminary plans for the attack, which had been submitted to him by General Pétain and General Pershing, were too rigid. He thought that far too much emphasis was being laid upon alignment, upon the necessity for all the attacking elements being up on the first phase line, with contact on the flanks maintained, before the attack could proceed to the second phase. He thought that speed, and the possibility of rapid exploitation of success gained, were being sacrificed by this rigidity. Accordingly, he issued the following memorandum to General Pétain and General Pershing:

"Important results such as we are pursuing in the present stage of the war, when we are confronted by an enemy whose exhaustion increases every day, can only be achieved by progress as rapid and as deep as possible.

"Troops launched into an attack need not think of anything except *the direction of their attack*. In that direction they must go as far as they can, attacking and manœuvring against the resisting enemy with no preoccupation as to alignment—units which have got the furthest forward working for the advantage of those temporarily

delayed. They must operate, not against lines indicated *a priori* and suggested by the nature of the ground, but against the enemy; and once they have seized him, they must never let go their grip".

We must bear always in mind that these suggestions referred to an enemy giving ground, in confusion and in retreat. The attacking forces, under such conditions, "must go as far as they can". And so must we, in the inner life, in the inner warfare, under similar conditions. The parallel is perfect. We must steadfastly set our faces to go forward, through all resistance, at those points where the best and the most rapid progress can be made, with no thought of alignment; with no thought as to whether or not we are going to be able to make this or that quality within us do its part; with no thought of anything except our direction, our Goal. As we do this, and as we progress, we, too, shall find that those elements within us which have got the furthest forward will work for the advantage of our weaker qualities; will pull them up into the attacking line, as it were, stimulating them to do their part. Surely this is just what happened to that man in business, whose problem we have been considering. If we will free ourselves from the rigidity of our views, from our too narrow preconceptions, as to the nature and working of Karmic Law, we shall in this way, as he did, at once accelerate the working out of our personal Karma, progress in one direction improving the situation for us at other points. Above all, as he found, is it essential, once *we* have seized upon our inner enemy, that we, too, must never let go our grip, for what we want, in terms of Karma, is not victory in some nebulous future life, but Victory with speed, Victory here and now.

STUART DUDLEY.

Few things can resist him who is able to conquer himself.—LOUIS XIV.

The brave soul can mend even disaster.—CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.

Destiny bears us to our lot, and Destiny is our own will.—D'ISRAELI.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Philosopher asked if he might make a statement. "I was reported, and correctly reported, in the last 'Screen of Time,'" he said, "as having quoted a cable from London to *The New York Times* in which it was alleged that the German Kaiser and the former German Crown Prince were to be reinstated as Knights of the Order of the Garter, at the request of the King of England, as the King wished 'to forget old quarrels'. I need not repeat my comments, except this: 'It is charitable, as well as polite, to assume that Ramsay Macdonald instigated the King'.

"That cable was dated August 14th. The information it contained was absolutely false, as, on the best authority, I have since learned with pleasure. I regret having misled the QUARTERLY and its readers in regard to a matter of fact, but I do not regret any of my comment because there are fifty other facts, beyond dispute, which more than justify the spirit and trend of what I said. I concluded by asking: 'Is it right or *manly* to have the memory of a butterfly? Can England have sunk so low as that!'

"Macdonald is Prime Minister of England, for the second or third time since the War; and Macdonald, throughout the War, was so Pro-German and Pacifist that the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union, under the leadership of Have-lock Wilson, resolved that their members would neither sail nor work in any ship carrying Macdonald or his associates, when in May, 1917, Macdonald had applied for a passport to go to Russia to consult with the Workmen's and Soldiers' Soviets. At the infamous Leeds Conference of that year, he was elected to the committee for action, the primary object of which was to bring the War to an end so far as Britain was concerned through the outbreak of a revolution which would paralyse military operations.

"We can forgive a man anything if he sees the error of his ways, and admits it; but Macdonald has done nothing of the kind. In a booklet entitled *Potted Biographies*, published by the Boswell Printing and Publishing Co., 10 Essex Street, London, which gives the War utterances and activities of leaders of the Labour Party in England, it is stated (p. 61) that at Leicester, on April 25th, 1929, Macdonald said: 'By hook or by crook, diplomatic relations should be established with Russia', and now, *supported by the Conservative Party*, Macdonald, in the name of the King, receives an Ambassador from the Soviet, duly accredited to the Court of St. James's!

"In the same booklet, on the same page, I find that, speaking at Wolverhampton, he was reported by the *Daily Herald* (then his own organ) of October 29th, 1928, to have declared that the General Strike in England was 'the manifestation of human solidarity, was one of the most glorious things that this twentieth century had produced'.

"Macdonald is and always has been an avowed and ardent Pacifist. Can

any one deny that his attitude toward Germany to-day is the same as it was during the War? Was not and is not his chief desire, where Germans are concerned, to embrace them all and call them Comrades (of the Soviet variety), regardless of past, present, or future conduct? None the less, he is Prime Minister of England, in a government supposed to be representative. That he would advise and urge the King 'to forget old quarrels', and to prove it by what *he* would consider a 'noble gesture' in the direction of the Kaiser and Crown Prince, instead of seeming improbable, seemed highly likely—as the foreign editor of *The New York Times* must have thought, when he published that despatch; while no one has ever suggested that the King, in spite of his admirable qualities, his self-sacrificing sense of duty, and his unlimited respect for the Constitution, has inherited the major characteristics of his grandmother, Queen Victoria. England, in my humble opinion, would be better off to-day if he had. But enough on that subject. I am suspecting that our friend in the arm-chair has something on his mind, as I had."

"I have", said one of the editors of the QUARTERLY, who had joined our informal gathering while the Philosopher had been speaking. "The QUARTERLY wants to express pleasure and gratitude for letters showing warm appreciation of its contents and helpfulness. Further than that, I should like our readers to believe that we are human, and that letters from some of them, in which total inability to pay for the QUARTERLY is frankly confessed, have moved us deeply. We are anxious to convey to the writers our truest sympathy, and, with that, a word of cheer. The times *are* hard—no one can have escaped that experience, though some have suffered more than others; but there is and always is, a silver lining to the cloud. We may think of our own needs, or we may think of the whole world's gain,—for the world is gaining spiritually as a result of this depression. If I were speaking face to face, I should add: 'If the world gains, will not *you* be content to suffer a little longer,—believing, as you can and should, that Masters are grateful for your patience, for your courage, and willingness to share some fraction of their burden with them. You are not alone in your suffering: they understand, they sympathize—even with the grief of a child over its broken toy, and no less with the heart of the aged and infirm and weary. It may seem as if there were no hope for you; as if there were only endurance left. Well, *then* is the time to say: I will go out with the banner of faith flying, hailing the dawn.'"

"I am glad you spoke of not being alone", said the Historian. "A friend of mine who was desperately ill and who suffered terribly for days on end, told me afterwards that he had found himself saying constantly, when the torment was at its worst, 'Thou knowest, thou knowest', which was all he could say and all he could think. Later, he wondered why he had said it, though he knew it had been a comfort, and had recognized instantly the truth of another friend's explanation, to whom, on his recovery, he had related his experience, and who had suggested that he had instinctively asserted his faith in a divine companionship, in a sympathy and understanding deeper than was possible in those who stood visibly by his bedside, and who did not, could not understand. I do

not think we can overestimate the extent to which a feeling of loneliness—or, rather, of 'there is no one who understands', 'no one who can really sympathize'—enters into, and forms the last straw, as it were, of most human suffering. Suffering is not always or often rational; sympathy frequently is. It is a divine and most rare gift to be able wholly to sympathize with a grief which seems, not only illogical but fantastic. Take, for instance, the grief of a woman over the loss of a husband who beat her and bullied her up to the day of his death: to sense that she may be suffering agonies of remorse for one reason or another, would be impossible unless the perceptions of the heart had temporarily pushed aside the thick perceptions of the head. We must learn to see beneath the surface, if ever we are to acquire sympathy, and we must cure ourselves of the tendency which is strong in many of us—stronger, perhaps, in men than in women—to allow our over-anxiety to nullify the little sympathy of which we are capable."

"Just what do you mean by that?" asked the Student.

"Suppose someone we love is greatly worried, to the point of being ill from it: naturally we suffer because of their suffering, and naturally we want to comfort them, and, incidentally, ourselves. We try, and fail. Then we feel impotent, and, becoming irritated with ourselves, and exasperated by our failure, we unconsciously convey an impression of irritation instead of sympathy, making things worse instead of better as a result of our intervention. It is, in fact, appallingly difficult to make our sympathy effective, and I know of few greater incentives for spiritual effort than recognition of our defects under that head."

"Is there no cure for all this sorrow and pain, anxiety and heartbreak?" asked our visitor, almost in a tone of despair.

"That question was discussed in the 'Screen' last July", the Historian answered. "I can do little more than paraphrase what was said then.

"So far as I am aware, only four methods of cure have ever been suggested. First, there is the 'cure' of the materialistic social reformer—whether a Socialist, Communist, or Humanitarian makes little difference—who has so low an opinion of human nature as to imagine that plenty to eat and drink, with a minimum of work to do, will solve the problem if anything will. A few years ago, actual want was almost unknown on this continent, yet the total of suffering then was certainly as great as it is to-day, when there are bread-lines in every city. We know nothing, if we have not discovered that anguish of soul may be harder to bear than anguish of body, and that men suffer as acutely from ills of the imagination—some dread or disappointment, not to speak of jealousy, envy and their fruits—as from ills entirely physical.

"Another method of cure that has been suggested can appeal to the very few only, and to hardly any in the western world,—the method, widely advocated in the Orient, of realizing vividly the transitory and illusory nature both of the objective universe and of the perceiving personality, accompanied by self-identification with the changeless and eternal.

"A third method was taught by Gautama Buddha: that of compassion; the escape from suffering by sympathy for the sufferings of others; the transfer of

attention, in other words, by means of love, from self to other selves. Thus, when a mother came to him in utmost grief over the loss of her only child, it is related that he told her to stop at each house in a certain street of the city, and to bring back word to him of what she heard. When she returned, she fell on her knees and told him: sorrow of some kind in every home she had visited, grief sometimes greater than her own, terror or pain or woe. Then he said in effect: Such is life; suffering is inseparable from living; to expect otherwise adds bitterness to the pain: and the cause of suffering is thirst (*Tanha*), thirst for pleasure, thirst for existence, thirst for prosperity, thirst that leads to re-birth on earth, accompanied by pleasure and lust. 'And this is the Noble Truth of the Path which leads to the cessation of suffering: that noble eightfold Path, that is to say, Right views (convictions), Right aspirations, Right speech, Right conduct, Right means of livelihood, Right effort, Right recollection ("mindfulness", according to another translation), Right meditation (the Pāli word being *Samādhi*, "Right contemplation" may be suggested as an alternative).' So the woman was converted, and found peace.

"The fourth method of cure was taught by the Master Christ: the Crucifix. 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!' That, it seems to me, gives the essence of the Christian solution: compassion for the One—whoever that One may be—who embodies for us the world of divinity and of the Lodge. This compassion, born of love and gratitude, worship and sympathy, necessarily includes compassion for all upon which, and upon whom, our own Master pours out his infinite compassion; and, under this head, we need to discriminate, not assuming that all suffering is the same in his eyes, regardless of origin and of the nature and reaction of that which suffers.

"Orthodox Christianity has gone far to deprive this appeal of any meaning or power, since Protestantism (not knowing the difference between Soul and Spirit) has exiled the Christian Master to 'the right hand of God' and to a state of unbroken bliss and glory, while Rome has caged him in the 'tabernacle of the altar', in spite of the efforts of that Master—as through the so-called 'Revelation of the Sacred Heart' to Margaret-Mary—to bring his continued humanity, and sacrifice, within the comprehension of the simplest of his followers. 'The ingratitude and forgetfulness of men', he is recorded as having said to her, 'are more painful to me than all the sufferings of my Passion. . . . My love has caused me to sacrifice all for men, without their making me any return. . . . Will none have compassion on me, none sympathize and share my sorrow in the piteous condition to which sinners have brought me?'

"It would be difficult, by the way, to imagine a greater sacrifice than for a *man*, a warrior and king, to allow his sufferings to be known, and thus, in a sense, to become an object of pity,—not for his own sake, but for the sake of those to whom he appeals,—too immersed in their own affairs to notice or care, except, perhaps, here and there. It is a dreadful, a heart-breaking picture—appalling evidence of our need—and I doubt if anyone takes it seriously, for, if we did, what room would be left for our trifling worries and exasperations!

In the parable of the Good Samaritan, the priest and the Levite passed by on the other side. We don't do that; we don't even see the man who 'fell among thieves' (the fate of every Lodge messenger): we are so absorbed in our little duties, little fears or appetites or sins or anxieties or disappointments, that we see nothing unless it bears directly upon our obsession. If the victim of the parable had had a steam fog-horn within reach, and had let off a blast in our direction, we should simply have clapped hands to ears so as not to lose the thread of our emotional or mental weaving.

"Love and compassion, therefore, are the essence both of the Buddhist and Christian 'cures', though neither, when properly understood, pretends to accomplish more than the removal of the bitter poison of self from the suffering which, in other respects, cannot fail to become greater the further we progress toward a more perfect manhood. The more we love, the more we suffer; but the gulf between the suffering of hell and the suffering which springs from love, is all the difference between blindness and vision, despair and ecstasy.

"Stated in other terms, while anything which diverts the attention from self and its pain or distress, lifts the burden temporarily and serves as a palliative, to effect a cure in the sense I have suggested, we need to re-adjust our outlook upon life, to revise our scale of values, and to see transitory things as wholly unimportant in comparison with the needs and purposes of our Master, —wholly unimportant, that is, except in so far as our attitude towards them is concerned, which affects him vitally, seeing that it vitally affects his life, *which is his Father's life*, in us."

"'Man, know thyself,'" the Engineer now said, "seems to be the foundation of any real cure—though, as you have intimated, it is not a question of how to escape from sorrow, or how to eliminate it from the lives of others—manifest impossibilities until humanity surrenders its will to the divine will. Rather is it a question of changing the polarity of the suffering that is inevitable; and clearly this cannot be done unless we desire ardently to do it, while we shall never be able to arouse that desire unless we learn to revolt from and hate our lower nature, and to love and aspire to become our higher. Nor shall we be able to do that until we see the truth, or in any case something of the truth, about each,—learning to know ourselves that we may know God. Theosophy, being the source and essence of every great religion, including Hinduism, sees the transmutation of man into more than man as the objective of all these methods (except the first!), and holds there can be no permanent cure for human suffering until this transmutation has taken place. But it sees suffering as an aid, not as an obstacle to that attainment, for suffering serves to detach us from the glamour of transitory things, and to turn our attention to the changeless and eternal as our true home and being; and it sees right self-identification, which may be either the fruit of compassion, or its cause, as the only means by which spiritual consciousness can be made permanent,—the instrument of 'fixation', I think the Alchemists would have called it."

"Excuse me," said the Orientalist, "but don't you think that so-called right self-identification, as usually practised in the East, tends to induce self-satisfac-

tion rather than enlightenment, and stagnation rather than union with the divine?"

"I do", the Engineer replied; "but that is because it is wrong, not right, self-identification, as I know you will agree. Properly understood and properly practised, right self-identification necessarily results in change and growth,—in transubstantiation, as occultism explains that term."

"Theosophists are mystics, are they not?"

There was a hint of defiance in the way this question was suddenly shot at us by our visitor, who had been introduced by the Engineer, in the hope, I suspect, that some of us might carry conviction where he had failed; for the Engineer is a born missionary, though he repudiates the "accusation" heatedly, —proof in itself, we remind him, that we are right.

Instinctively we left it to the Ancient, always loath to speak, to reply to our visitor's question, our united silence finally compelling him to do so.

"Unfortunately", he said, "very few students of Theosophy are mystics".

"Fortunately, I should have thought,—if that be so", our visitor replied.

"Why, may I ask?"

"Because a mystic, to my mind, suggests either one whose ideas are foggy and incommunicable, or one who hints mysteriously of unutterable things in the background."

The Ancient laughed. "If that is what the word suggests to you", he said, "I do not wonder that you replied as you did; but you must know as well as I do that 'mystic' is derived, through the Latin, from the Greek word *müstēs*, which meant one who had been initiated into the Mysteries. To-day, of course, it does not mean as much as that, for there are poets, truly mystical, who knew nothing of the Greek or any other Mysteries as such, just as there have been devotees of exoteric religion, both in the East and in the West, who stand out as mystics,—by which I mean, men and women who saw or who sensed the spirit as well as the letter, and who regarded the letter chiefly as a symbol of reality."

"Such as?"

"In the West, to name only a few: Juliana of Norwich, St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa of Avila, William Law, John Wesley, George Fox."

There was a pause. Then the Ancient, becoming interested in his subject, resumed it voluntarily. "I do not blame you for your misunderstanding", he said. "The word is sadly misused. Comparatively few, even among those who write on the subject, seem to realize that the true mystic necessarily is a realist. Looking upon the phenomenal world as relatively an illusion, seeking always for the hidden truth and goodness and beauty which the visible symbol strives to express, his one desire and aim is to see the real in the unreal, while the materialist, whose notion of reality is limited to objective existence, lives in a world of shadows which he mistakes perpetually for substance.

"Take, for instance, the attitude of the non-mystic toward human nature, and toward all the problems which hinge on a right interpretation of the nature of man: on the one hand you have those who see in man merely a superior

type of animal, the product of animal evolution, whose religion, social standards and 'ideals' are the cumbering survival of primitive nature-worship, blood sacrifices, tribal taboos, and so forth. This means that nothing is inherently sacred, that conscience is the voice of racial superstition, and that any code of morals, especially in matters of sex, is at best a convention, imposed by society, but without intrinsic warrant. Oddly enough, and quite illogically, many who proclaim that view are leading Pacifists."

"Excuse me for interrupting you", said our visitor, "but why illogical?"

"Because, granting the premises, cold logic would decree that men and nations should fight it out, so that the fittest, i.e., from that point of view, the strongest and cleverest, should survive. Logically—still granting those premises—if Smith prefers Brown's wife to his own, Smith should kill Brown and annex his wife, forcibly in case of need. As a matter of fact, the German slogan, 'might makes right', is the direct and logical outcome of the 'superior animal' theory.

"On the other hand, as opposite pole, stand those whose philosophy, if any, is usually of the vaguest, but whose sentimentality induces the belief that human nature is just too sweet for anything when patted on the back and coaxed and loved and told how sweet it is. This extreme produces about as many Pacifists as the other, for extremes always meet. Many of the clergy are sticky with such views. Some educators, also, proceed on the theory that everyone is born good, that evil develops as the result of restraint, and that if only we would allow child-nature to express itself freely, at its own will and pleasure, the world would become a paradise. So far as that is concerned, while I do not pretend to know anything about little girls, and am prepared to admit that all of them may be little angels, I claim to know a good deal about boys, and have found that most of them are little devils: cruel to one another, cruel to animals, no better than savages. This, I think, must be universal experience, allowing always for the exceptions which, by contrast, prove the rule,—though it does not confirm the 'superior animal' hypothesis, because, as I shall explain in a moment, time and a hard struggle are needed before that which 'comes down from above' can gain even a hearing in the congeries we call our consciousness, while only at intervals does it really govern, until a stage in evolution has been reached that is far ahead of the average,—so far ahead, that the average would not believe such a condition possible.

"Even among so-called Theosophists, there is much muddled thinking, or lack of thinking, under this head. Some have said that man is essentially divine; but so is a dog or a cat; so is everything that exists. We need to discriminate. Man, as we know him ordinarily, is an animal who has come up from below, and whose mental and moral processes are more intricate than those of other animals for the reason that, touching him from above, striving to reach down and to convert him into a human being, is a reincarnating ego or soul. It is the interaction between the spirit of this higher ego, and the spirit of the beast which man for the most part still is, that constitutes personal consciousness, and, incidentally, the struggle between good and evil which many of our

modern 'advanced thinkers' repudiate as a superstition. Man, in other words, and still speaking generally, is *potentially* divine, but is a very long way indeed from being more at present than a semi-intellectual and thoroughly depraved animal,—depraved, inasmuch as he has used the efflux from above, not for divine purposes, but to add zest to his lusts, cunning to his intelligence, ambition to his desires, extravagance to an animal's legitimate love of comfort. He has deflected everything, both from above and below, to gratify himself and his perversities. Fortunately there always have been and always will be exceptions: those who have fought their way through the mire of personal existence, and who form that nucleus of the human kingdom which all men may enter whenever they become willing to pay the price."

"What price?" asked our visitor.

"The price of self-conquest, of fixity of will; the price of maintaining right self-identification; and love of the divine, of one's Master—of the good, the true, and the truly beautiful—must be our sole motive.

"Facing the facts about ourselves, we shall become able to face the facts around us; but I repeat: it is only the mystic who can do this, because it is only the mystic who can be a realist. Realism, as the world knows it, usually sees nothing but the putrescent scum on some side-water of the river of life."

"Where does your soul or reincarnating ego come from?" asked our visitor. "Special creation?"

"No", replied the Ancient. "Why should you limit evolution to matter? Is not that a rather narrow view? Theosophy, echoing the original Wisdom Religion—the source of all others—says that three major lines of evolution meet in man: the material, the intellectual, the spiritual, and that everything in the manifested universe has *made* itself what it is, and is the product, in that sense, of ages of growth, of struggle, of evolution."

"When are we going to arrive?"

"Never,—if you regard Time as a reality, which we do not. How can growth cease? Yet there are intermediate goals, and longer or shorter periods of rest. 'As above, so below'. Here we have day and night, waking and sleeping, summer and winter, a period of 'life' followed by a period of 'death'. The same is true of worlds and solar systems and universes."

"Not a very cheerful view, is it?"

"You would prefer to become extinct?"

"I think on the whole I should."

"Perhaps you will. In the long run, we get what we want." And the Ancient seemed amused.

"I do not follow you", said our visitor. "I thought you believed in immortality."

"We do; but, like everything else, immortality has to be *won*. It is not bestowed on us out of nothing. Nature gives us opportunities; no more. We can reject them if we choose. She always keeps her melting-pot in reserve.

"People often confuse survival after death—animals survive death—with immortality. Only that which is worthy of eternal life can be immortal. Very

few of us could wish *all* of ourselves even to survive, while the idea of all of ourselves, bad and good together, lasting for ever, would be what some people would call devastating. Or so *I* should think. Try to work it out on the basis of what you would really, honestly pray for, and the result will be very close to the truth; but remember that no two people would pray for exactly the same thing, so that any attempt to compress the truth into a sentence, or into a dogma, would inevitably result in a form of untruth."

At this stage the Ancient turned to the Historian. "What have you been reading?" he asked. He felt, I think, that our visitor needed time for reflection.

"Things which bear very directly upon your topic", the Historian replied. "You said, for instance, that we ought to be realists. Well, I have been reading the daily papers, and have come to the conclusion, so far as the international situation is concerned, that while there are exceptions—members of the T.S. are exceptions, and there are many others—this country as a whole would not care if England were blown to atoms over-night, would perhaps be rather relieved, as having one rival the less; would not care if Germany were to tear France limb from limb and were to enslave the survivors in perpetuity, as the people of the Occupied Territory were enslaved during the War; for this country's one idea, one desire, one prayer at present is to hear once more the jingle of money in its pockets, once more to feel big and rich. Self-centredness never sees beyond its nose, and a day of reckoning would not even be thought of as possible,—which bears, I suggest, on the nature of man as he is.

"Then I have been reading an article in the October 1st *Revue des deux Mondes*, entitled *Un Prélude à l'Invasion de la Belgique* (1904), by Maurice Paléologue, French Ambassador at Petrograd during the War. It is really an important contribution to history, besides serving to illustrate much that you said, both about the nature of man, and about realism being an aspect of true mysticism,—one reason, presumably, why 'There is no religion higher than Truth' is the motto of The Theosophical Society,—for certainly we need an æon or so of training in the difficult art of seeing facts as they are. I have often thought of modern business as an instance of how the high gods use even man's monstrosities for his ultimate salvation, for business does make it advantageous to distinguish between fact and fancy. Man's ability to see what he wants to see, and to see nothing unless he wants to see it, is almost unlimited. He is a creator if ever there was one,—though his creations, as a rule, are ridiculously short-lived, which, by the way, is what gives him his chance to learn better. I remember, in 1928, a banker of unusually long and wide experience assuring me that the Federal Reserve system would thereafter make panics or long depressions impossible. In my ignorance, I half believed him! Possibly he has learned better; I know that I have. He believed what he desired to believe: it was a comfortable belief, and man adores his comfort. Further, it was a flattering belief, because, as a banker, he shared in the glory of a banking invention, which he thought unparalleled and perfect. Finally, his belief helped him to sell me something which he was very anxious to sell; so, between the desire to

feel comfortable, the desire to shine, and the desire for profit, he saw the Federal Reserve system as guaranteeing us prosperity for evermore.

"In much the same way—for the desire not to see the unpleasant when it is there, is just as strong as the desire to see the pleasant when it isn't there—it seems as if England and America had tacitly agreed to ignore, and if necessary to suppress the facts about Germany's past and present war-psychosis. It is as if they said: 'All men are natural-born democrats, brothers, and peace-lovers; therefore Germans, being men, must likewise be natural-born democrats, brothers, and peace-lovers. Q.E.D., Finis.' Point out this or that fact, and the answer seems to be: 'Do not pay any attention to such things, which are discouraging, depressing, and which tend to shake one's faith in the soothing, soul-satisfying proposition that "All men are",' etc., as before.

"Tell them the naked and obvious truth: that Germany is exactly the same Germany that she was in 1914 and for years before 1914, with the addition of unlimited rancour and wounded vanity; tell them that failure to recognize wrong-doing has resulted—as almost invariably happens—in a genuine and insane sense of grievance, so that the majority of Germans have reached the point of believing absolutely that, with Russia at first as fellow-conspirator, it was France and England who precipitated the war, fought it unfairly, and who have been unfair and treacherous ever since,—and our newspaper- and magazine-editors, as well as our 'statesmen', will waive all that aside as needlessly disturbing, and as inconceivable anyhow because contrary to the more pleasant proposition that 'All men are natural-born democrats, brothers, and peace-lovers; therefore Germans, being men, must be ditto.'

"Even France, in spite of the many invasions she has suffered, is not free from this self-imposed illusion, though, as M. Paléologue's article illustrates, an articulate minority does its best to keep the majority awake; and because it is unlikely, for the reasons I have suggested, that there will be any mention, in the English or American press, of what M. Paléologue has to say, I have brought his article with me in the hope that you will notice it in the 'Screen'."

"What does Paléologue say?" asked the Recorder.

"He gives extracts from his diary, from April, 1904, to September, 1906, when he occupied a confidential position in the French Foreign Office, at first under Delcassé. The outstanding feature is the revelation that, in 1904, a German officer, believed to be a General attached to the Headquarters Staff in Berlin, betrayed to the French authorities the details of the German plan of invasion through Belgium as actually carried out in 1914, stating that he was well aware of his ignominy, but that he had been treated with even greater ignominy, and—*je me venge!* The French Chief-of-Staff, General Pendezec, believed that the plan as revealed would be carried out as soon as German diplomacy had prepared the necessary preliminaries. Unfortunately, General Brugère, who was the French Generalissimo, and his successors in that position, did not believe that Germany could dispose of sufficient troops to attempt so wide an encircling movement, and therefore refused to modify their own 'Plan

XV' of 1903, which proved to be, as everyone now knows, a hopeless miscalculation.

"Paléologue then shows how narrowly France escaped being over-run and over-powered at that time, when she was even less prepared, and had fewer reserves, than in 1914. The visit of the Czar to France in 1896 had cemented the Franco-Russian Convention of 1892, binding both countries to aid the other if attacked by Germany; but in 1904 Russia was at war with Japan, and was greatly weakened in consequence, the result being that the German Emperor and his advisers, thought that their chance had come. William, in a speech at Carlsruhe, appealed to his people to remember the battles of Woerth, of Wissembourg and of Sedan, of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Then, as Edward VII had finally succeeded (1904) in consummating the *entente cordiale* with France, William jumped at his chance when the Dogger Bank incident of October, 1904, strained the relations of England and Russia almost to the breaking point: he wrote to the Emperor Nicholas that, in the event of an Anglo-Russian war, 'I will put my fleet at your disposal, and I will force France to march with us'. His game was, of course, to egg Russia on as against England, and to get them to bleed one another white, in Afghanistan or on the frontiers of India; then to attack France, with neither England nor Russia able to help her. If it had not been for Delcassé's prompt intervention, and for King Edward's clear understanding of his nephew's treachery, Russia would have fallen into the trap, and France, miserably unprepared, would have been destroyed."

"I have forgotten the Dogger Bank incident: what was it?" asked our visitor.

"The Russian fleet was on its way to the Far East, to relieve Port Arthur. Passing through the North Sea at night, not far from the English coast, it met a group of English fishing-smacks on the Dogger Bank, and, mistaking them for Japanese torpedo boats, turned all its guns on the innocent fishermen, killing many of them, and sinking, as I remember it, most of their vessels. It was so ridiculous to suppose that Japanese torpedo boats *could* be in the North Sea, that the English newspapers jumped to the conclusion that the attack and 'murder', as they described it, must have been deliberate. There was a terrible outcry. It developed later that the Russian naval officers had been suffering from nerves,—and *vodka*. The comments of the English press made Russia as furious as England,—a wonderful opportunity for Germany. . . . But I cannot give you an epitome of the article; it covers too much ground; you must read it for yourselves. It proves once more that all through those years, Germany was manœuvring ceaselessly to get a strangle-hold on France,—preparing to attack then, as she is preparing to attack now. . . . Which reminds me of a book.

"I said that, to all appearances, both England and America prefer not to see unpleasant facts, especially about Germany. Any other attitude is so unusual that I should like to mention this recent publication in London by Wishart and Co., written by Cecil F. Melville, called *The Russian Face of Germany: An account of the secret military relations between the German and Soviet-Russian Governments*. The book is inexpensive (six shillings to be precise); could be imported through the Quarterly Book Department or any American bookseller,

and ought to be widely read, though I am well aware it never will be. The author shows how Germany, to circumvent the terms of the Versailles Treaty which she signed (another 'scrap of paper'), established aeroplane, chemical, and munition factories in Russia, and now has huge supplies of shells, heavy guns, poison gas, bombing planes and other war material, some of it stored in Soviet arsenals, some of it shipped into German territory under forged bills of lading. The author also proves that the closest co-operation exists between the German and Russian general staffs. Wickham Steed, in the London *Sunday Times*, remarked that the book 'should be read by all who wish to perceive the meaning of the German claim for "Equality" in armaments;' but he probably knows as well as I do how very few wish to perceive anything of the sort. In any case it seems to me to be the duty of the QUARTERLY to advertize it as widely as we can. It should be noted, in passing, that Germany has paid and is paying for this illicit armament, intended for use against France and Poland, with money 'written off' by England and France from Germany's War debts to them, as well as with money borrowed in America, either from or through American banks. It should be noted also that France would never have consented to these vast reductions in Germany's War liabilities except for the pressure—actual threats—of this country and of England, Dawes and Young being used as instruments for that purpose. Nothing I regret more than that France, years ago, did not tell her former Allies to go to the devil. Europe would be at peace to-day if she had done so. The factors of perpetual barter and uncertainty would have been removed.

"Still another book which bears on the same general subject, and which is far more likely to be read, is *War Memories*, by the Princess Marie de Croÿ. Written with great restraint, and with evident anxiety to acknowledge every kindness shown by any German, its story of her experience in occupied Belgium during the War, and then of her imprisonment in Germany—ten years' penal servitude was the sentence—for having co-operated with Nurse Cavell and others in helping stray British and French soldiers to escape through Holland, is not only intensely interesting, but shows all over again how extraordinarily brutal the German war-machine was, and, of course, still is. Belgian women and girls, some mere children, of all classes, for 'crimes' such as 'not having denounced a neighbour whom she knew to have hidden a bicycle' (two years' imprisonment), 'for having given food to two Russian prisoners' (five years),—were sent as convicts to a prison in Germany where the worst and lowest type of German women-criminals were incarcerated. The author was one of those who were treated in this way. Her heroism, and that of great numbers of her fellow-countrywomen, who refused to flee before the invading Germans, fills one with admiration and respect,—indeed, with reverence. Proclamations were posted everywhere that anyone harbouring an Allied soldier would be shot; yet all over Belgium there were women who never hesitated to give food and shelter to men, perhaps wounded, who had been left behind or who had lost their way during the initial retreat toward the Marne,—women who risked not only their own lives but the lives of those they loved, by so doing."

"The worst of it is", commented the Philosopher, "that even among those who read such a book with sympathy, very few will realize that their own mothers and sisters would be subjected to the same kind of torture, if ever Germany had the chance. I know there are some Germans who would utterly disapprove; but I know also that their protest would count for nothing as against the black devils of hate and cruelty which possess the vast majority of their countrymen, once the war-fever (which in them is a spirit of fear and greed and rapine) runs away with them. In my opinion, one of the things that is suffocating the world at the present time, is a hideous accumulation of unexpiated Karma from the Great War. I grant that the Turks, Kurds and Arabs, and that many of the people of the Balkans, exceeded the Germans in cruelty; but the Germans were supposed to be civilized, the others not; so the moral guilt of the Germans was far greater."

"Were the Turks so bad?" asked the Student.

"They varied. The Anatolian peasant seems to have been a square, clean, brave fighter; but the fact remains that Turkey butchered in cold blood over half a million Armenians, men, women and children, and although it is true that the Armenians would have butchered the Turks, could they have done so, with equal brutality, the further fact remains that out of thirteen thousand British and British-Indian prisoners captured by the Turks at Kut al-Amarah, 'scarce five thousand survived their marches and prisons: they had been clubbed, stripped, mutilated: their bones were strewn in the deserts between Baghdad and Aleppo'. And for such abominations (there were others, far worse) no one was punished,—which clearly left it to be inferred that crimes and barbarities committed even against one's own people, in the course of a war, do not count, and that the criminals and barbarians can repeat their performance with impunity. Yet sin is sin, and God is not mocked. There must come a time either of repentance, or of terrible punishment; and meanwhile, as I have said, it seems to me that all of Nature will protest until that Karma has been worked out, and the equilibrium restored."

"It will take time", said the Ancient; "and meanwhile such things do show, as you suggested, how fierce the struggle is between that which comes down from above, and that which wells up from below; they show also how great is the need to look behind the surface of things, both within ourselves and in the world around us, and to look fearlessly and with detachment, seeking the truth and nothing but the truth. Then—one might almost say, above all else—they show that until divine law, the law of Karma, of retribution, of equilibrium, is recognized as universally omnipotent, and until men and nations learn that to offend against that law and to outrage its spirit is to draw disaster upon themselves,—earth will remain a hell. Meanwhile, Theosophists, if faithful to their trust, must not only strive to do and to be what they would have others do and be, but, with that as basis, must spend themselves to the utmost in an effort to arouse our blind world to the truth which alone can set it free and which alone can give it inner peace."

T.



REVIEWS

The Beginnings of Man, by E. O. James; Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, New York; price, \$2.50.

Dr. James has undertaken, in a measure with success, a difficult task: to reconcile the conventional view of the origin and evolution of man with what one is constrained to call an almost equally conventional view of religion, as it is understood by a great many orthodox Christians. The first part of his book tells again the tale of modern discoveries in archæology and the antiquity of man, as it has been told by so many writers, like Boule, Keith, Sollas, Osborn and others; most vividly told, perhaps, in Osborn's fine work, *Man rises to Parnassus*, with its noble antiphonal accompaniment from Æschylus. This immensely interesting story Dr. James retells with fidelity, accuracy and an evident enjoyment of its manifold details, yet, it must be said, without any strongly original or creative criticism. He accepts at more than its face value the descent of man from the diminutive, big-eyed *Tarsius*, nocturnal kin of the lemurs, while to most students of Theosophy, this particular view seems a fantastical fairy-tale. He is not critical regarding the Javan Man-ape, *Pithecanthropus*; like many convinced followers of the doctrine of the day, he shows, in his genealogical tree, this problematic Man-ape as originating far earlier than authentic man. This is very convenient for current theories, but the fact seems to be that *Pithecanthropus* belongs to the Pleistocene, and that Piltown man, with his decidedly "modern" skull, as Keith calls it, belongs to the much older Pliocene. That common inversion, as we have suggested, fits the theory much better than it fits the facts. Nor does Dr. James weigh and consider the likelihood that the so-called "man-like" apes may represent thoroughly retrograde forms, as was long ago suggested by so great an authority as Quatrefages; and it is somewhat hazardous to build arguments on Miocene *Dryopithecus*, since up to the present no skull of *Dryopithecus* has been discovered. Once more, to come nearer to the present, Dr. James appears to accept without question the view that agriculture, and with it "civilization", is only 10,000 years old. The quite recent excavation of unexpectedly ancient cities in the valley of the Indus, with the probability that other cities still more ancient may be found, should teach us caution; we may have to revise our dates. Therefore, we are inclined to think that Dr. James has not brought any original critical power to the first half of his theme. He seems to accept too easily the conventional views.

The same is in a measure true of his study of religion. Thus, he bases a strong plea for Hebrew monotheism on the opening verses of Genesis, quoting the translation of the authorized version: "In the beginning God . . ." But Hebrew scholars say that the first three words of the text, faithfully translated, read: "Primordially the Worshipful Ones moulded . . ." Again, he speaks of the Creator making man "in His image." Here he departs from the text of the authorized version, which reads, "Let us make man in *our* image," the subject being the plural form *Elohim*, "The Worshipful Ones." Further, Dr. James makes no effort to compare this ancient cosmogony with the parallel cosmogonies of India, as found, for example, in the *Upanishads*. To leave out these great spiritual records in any general study of religion is to leave the story half told.

Dr. James rests much of his case on what is called "emergent evolution": thus, the spiritual

faculties of man mysteriously "emerged," suddenly transforming his anthropoid predecessor. But, while there is much valuable truth in "emergent evolution," we should face the fact that it is only a description, not an explanation. A man "emerges" from a doorway, a lion "emerges" from a cave, an owl "emerges" from a hollow tree; but in each case the man, the lion, the owl was there, fully equipped, unchanged, except in place, by his "emergence." If we are consistent, we must equally hold that the spiritual faculties of man must have been already existent before they could "emerge"; we must hold that the essential man, the spiritual intelligence, was pre-existent, and, at the right time, entered a fitting vesture.

With what Dr. James has to say, in his closing pages, regarding the spiritual stature and power of Christ, one can heartily agree, even though holding that it is once more only a half-told tale.

J.

The Earlier Religion of Greece in the Light of Cretan Discoveries, the Frazer Lecture for 1931 in the University of Cambridge, by Sir Arthur Evans; Macmillan Company, New York, price, \$1.20.

Thirty-five years ago the origins of Greek history were still wrapped in impenetrable darkness, and the great civilization of classical Hellas was generally regarded as a miraculous development. Schliemann's excavations at Troy and Mycenæ had testified to a very solid substratum of culture underlying the brilliant productions of the classical period, but, as Sir Arthur Evans points out, Mycenaean Greece was supposed to represent "an exotic and unexplained phenomenon not yet recognized as, in the main, merely an offshoot of a much older culture, stage beyond stage of which could be traced in the 'Midsea' land, where it is now seen to link up the earliest civilization on European soil with that of the Nile Valley and of the Ancient East" (p. 3).

Even the most ardent and most bigoted Hellenists are now forced to admit that the "historical" Greeks, with all their genius, did not create their civilization out of nothing. Their genius, indeed, consisted in their ability to assimilate what was essential in a civilization which had already completed many cycles before they entered the Mediterranean lands as a race of conquerors. The changed view of Greek history has been made possible by the labour and sacrifice of Sir Arthur and others who have revealed, by excavation and by long research, the extraordinary duration and extent of the so-called Minoan culture.

The home of the Minoan culture was Crete, but it had a close connection with Egypt and with the countries east of the Mediterranean. It effectively dominated the Ægean islands and parts of the Greek mainland for many centuries. In his lecture, Sir Arthur describes in detail some of the ritual and votive objects which have been recovered from Minoan tombs or shrines. He indicates the remarkable resemblances between Minoan and Egyptian symbolism, and suggests that many practices of later Greek religion can only be explained as survivals or modifications of Minoan ceremonies.

He compares the cult of the Cretan Mother Goddess to the Mysteries of Adonis and Attis, and remarks that in "the old Cretan worship we seem to discern not only a pervading spiritual essence but something in its followers akin to the faith that for the last two millenniums, has moved the adherents of successive Oriental religions, Iranian, Christian, and Islamic" (p. 37). Some of the characteristic symbols are very suggestive,—the chrysalis and the butterfly, the sacred tree, the obelisk, the double-ax resembling the *tau* or the *swastika*. Sir Arthur reproduces a scene carved on a signet ring from Thisbê, which represents the adoration of the Mother Goddess and her Child by two warriors who bring offerings to the Divinities. "Nothing can be more remarkable than the parallelism that this whole scene presents with the Adoration of the Magi" (p. 35).

Sir Arthur is deeply impressed by the pure and reverent quality of the Cretan religion. "A certain moral ingredient—taken over, it may be, from ancient Egypt—is perceptible in the idea of the weighing of the Soul in butterfly form evidenced by the gold scales from the Mycenæ tomb, and by the scene on the 'Ring of Nestor' where the deceased are led before the Griffin Inquisitor, enthroned before the Goddess. I will venture, indeed, to repeat a conclusion . . . based on the whole range of evidence afforded by the now very considerable mass

of Minoan monuments. From the beginning to the end of Minoan Art, amongst all its manifold relics,—from its earliest to its latest phase—not one single example has been brought to light of any subject of an indecorous nature" (pp. 41-42). The same cannot be said of the classical Greeks, even by their most fanatical admirers. V. S.

Ancient Beliefs in the Immortality of the Soul, by Professor Clifford Herschel Moore; published in the Series, *Our Debt to Greece and Rome*, by Longmans, Green & Co., 1931; price, \$1.75.

In the light of Theosophy, this little volume of 183 carefully worded pages is an unconscious admission of the bankruptcy of modern scholarship and modern understanding. Twenty different theories of Immortality are succinctly presented, from Homer and Orphism to Thomas Aquinas, Christian Mystics and "The Modern Period". "Since it is impossible to determine what influence, if any, the views of India and Eastern Asia have had on the West in the past, I make no mention of them" (p. viii). Egyptian theories of Resurrection and of Immortality are likewise ignored, but without comment; Plato, we are told in summary, "leaves the question unanswered, and the Neoplatonists are no more explicit" (p. 166); the teaching of Thrice Greatest Hermes is omitted as a mere post-Christian syncretism based chiefly on Philo and the Neoplatonists; while we are asked to believe that, thanks to Pythagoras and the Orphics, "as early as the sixth century [B. C.] at least, men had passed from the idea of mere continuance after death to a belief in rewards and punishments hereafter for the deeds done in the flesh" (p. 28). One wonders how a twentieth century Harvard Professor knows so certainly that: "At the best the Orphic confidence in the immortality of the soul rested only on an intuition; it was simply an emotional belief, parallel in a way to the hope cherished by those initiated in the mysteries of Eleusis" (p. 12).

Nevertheless, the volume is useful. The numerous quotations are well-chosen, and could not be assembled without wide reading and labour. A student of Theosophy can pick his own way, and ignore the absurd comments, or use them as a foil to sharpen his own comprehension of a topic of vital importance. There is unfortunately no index. A.

Angelus Silesius, translated, with an Introduction by J. E. Crawford Fritch; George Allen and Unwin, 1932; price, 8s. 6d.

A very interesting Introduction of 97 pages describes a movement on the Continent in the 17th century which seems related to that of the Cambridge Platonists. Individuals and groups in Silesia particularly, revolted by the narrow and rigid dogmatism of Luther, "tended in quietness the flame of the spirit, while Catholics and Lutherans contended for thrones and dominions" (page 17).

Johann Scheffler (1624-1677) was one of those who sought the inner life. He was the son of a Polish Protestant nobleman driven by persecution to Silesia. Under the influence of certain great mystics, St. Gertrude, St. Mechtilde, Eckhart, Tauler, and not least, Jacob Boehme (whose writings were published in 1642), he prepared an anthology of their writings to which the Protestant censor refused publication. Chagrin over that disappointment and natural sympathy with the mystics led Scheffler to repudiate the Lutherans as "inexperienced and unversed in the whole body of ancient piety and destitute of the true and living theology" (page 32); he became a Catholic, a priest, and took Angelus Silesius for his name in religion. "Mystics had a traditional leave to warm themselves at the Catholic hearth, even though at times the mistress of the house might have occasion to reprove them for their freedom of speech. Their dialect, strange though it might sound to the orthodox ear, could still be interpreted according to the grammar of faith. A judicious editing, a prefatory gloss, would be enough to warn the unwary reader against a too literal interpretation of the poet's mystical paradoxes" (p. 40). Later, most unfortunately, he developed into a bitterly polemical pamphleteer. There are aspects of his life which suggest Milton, Donne, and Blake. As a young man he put into verse many thoughts from the mystics under the title, *Cherubinic Wanderer*, selections from which, in translation, form the main body of this book. "He was one of that numerous company of spirits who feel themselves to be in exile on the earth and whose chief

concern is to find a way back to their native country. He explored both the Negative Way of Mysticism and the Devotional Way of the Cross. He was responsive to the signals and beckonings of the many travellers who had set out before him on the way to the far country. An arresting paradox from Eckhart, a lightning flash from Boehme, an ecstatic cry from St. Mechtild or St. Teresa, an epigram from Czepko, these were the sparks which, falling upon his inflammable imagination, lit up the momentary visions he engraved in the incisive lines of his verse. He was too much at the mercy of his impulses and enthusiasms to stay to reflect upon the connection of his thoughts or to weave them into a continuous tissue. All the aspiration, all the triumphs and despairs, which are involved in the effort of mysticism to penetrate into the heart of reality, are resumed in him and together constitute the thousand-faceted jewel of the *Cherubinic Wanderer*" (p. 96). C.

An Indian Monk: His Life and Adventures, by Shri Purohit Swami; Macmillan and Co., London, 1932; price, 7s. 6d.

The first half or so of this book, in which the inner as well as the outer life of a Hindu would-be disciple is laid bare, makes wonderful reading. We are given a picture of Indian life at its best,—not a complete picture by any means, because there is no mention of its many evils; but a picture which shows that, in spite of a veneer of Western education, and in spite of her native degeneracy, there still exists in India a substratum of genuine and rare spirituality. The later chapters, in which the author describes his pilgrimages and sufferings, are, in comparison, somewhat wearisome: he becomes a shade too good. We hope, however, that the book will be widely read. It is a challenge to all who call themselves Christians: have they anything to show which compares with this "heathens'" sacrifice and asceticism? Do they desire to love and obey their Master as he loved and obeyed his?

Reading it, should compel students of Theosophy to think,—and we need to think. At first, it may seem that the author is really a Theosophist. Without question his book reveals an intense "other-worldliness", which is beautiful in many ways, and a delight after the materialism in the midst of which we live. It needs thought and some discrimination to realize that his idea of the real world is not the same as ours, and that his is more of a *Deva-loka*, a sort of superior Devachan, than the reality of which our present world is a perverted shadow. Without question, too, his tolerance is unlimited, and again it may need reflection to see that, just because it is unlimited, it is not theosophical; for Theosophy teaches us to discriminate, not to swallow everything flat, as if there were no difference between black and white. "I am Brahma, thou art Brahma, all things are Brahma", is his conclusion, as if that settled it, the truth being that that only begins it, no matter how we may wish it were otherwise. His philosophy is based upon a dead-letter interpretation of the Upanishads; it fails utterly to discriminate between "relative unrealities"; it regards the courtesan, and the self-sacrificing mother of a family, as equal manifestations of Brahma, seeing that Brahma alone is; and this means failure to recognize facts, and total inability to apply principles to mundane affairs.

Incidentally, the book confirms our opinion that a literal and external interpretation of the Vow of Poverty puts a premium on self-satisfaction. It becomes too easy for a man to feel within himself: "How humble I am that I, who might be feeding others, beg"; and if a man feels that, or anything like that, his virtues, no matter how many, can only carry him deeper into the pit. Humility is not aware of being humble.

On the other hand, in some of the simplicities, the Swami is splendidly right. Take this (p. 101): "I came to the conclusion that it was sheer ignorance and egoism when men talked about helping Him [God] or helping mankind. When you begin to do good to this world, you presuppose that you are sufficiently wise to understand it, and powerful enough to help it out of its difficulties. Such men profess too much. The world is full of misery. What is the reason? Perhaps those people who want to help are the cause, and, when bad results of their actions appear, they resort to the same despotic benevolence as a remedy. Thus misery is piled on misery, all the product of ignorance and egoism, as the sages said, and as I felt forced to agree. . . . I thought, yes, the world has been created by Him, and He alone is able to help it. Then what business have I to meddle unless He bids me? My first duty is to

know Him, and attain direct communication with Him. In short, I thought I should have His *ādesha*, or mandate, before I did anything for this world."

He quotes a "Mahatma" (all men who are supposed to have found God, are called "Mahatmas" in India) as having said to him (p. 94) that real mysticism is not mystery, but mystery unveiled, and once a mystery is unveiled it no longer remains a mystery but is plain and simple knowledge.

As we have said, the author shows modern Hinduism at its best, and although it is not *the* best, we are thankful that it exists. If there were enough of it, it might antidote the poison of the Indian National Congress. We repeat: a fascinating, thought-provoking book, which we recommend, and for which we are thankful. T.

War Memories, by Princess Marie de Croÿ; Macmillan and Co., London, 1932; price, 8s. 6d.

This book is highly recommended in the "Screen of Time" in this issue of the *QUARTERLY*. It has not as yet been published in America, because American publishers do not think it would be "popular", and have said so. Probably they are right, as the Princess de Croÿ tells the truth about a subject in regard to which most Americans prefer to hear untruths, or, better, nothing at all. It can be obtained through the Quarterly Book Department for \$2.00. If our recommendation could create a sufficient demand for it, New York publishers would soon be competing for the "privilege" of seeing their name on the title-page. Its wide circulation would do a great deal of good. T.

The Wisdom of Egypt and the Old Testament, In the Light of the Newly Discovered 'Teaching of Amen-Em-Ope', by W. O. E. Oesterley, D.D.; London, S.P.C.K.; New York, The Macmillan Co.; 6s.

This is an interesting and very suggestive comparison of the relation between an important, newly discovered Egyptian "Wisdom" book, and Proverbs, Deuteronomy, and Psalms. There are numerous passages either verbatim or so closely parallel as to prove that the Hebrew writers knew the Egyptian, or vice versa. Professor Oesterley, assuming the latest date for the Egyptian writer, inclines to emphasize the existence of a general body of early "Wisdom" literature (of the Proverbs type), probably written in Hebrew, from which the known Hebrew writers copied, and from which Amen-Em-Ope borrowed his volume of *Teaching*. Egyptologists, however, unite in attributing priority of authorship to Egypt; and with this general principle *The Secret Doctrine* agrees. The dating adopted throughout is typical of the whole modern tendency to foreshorten ancient history. The ethical teaching is on a level with the best in the Old Testament—a fact not cherished by theologians and devout Biblical scholars. Professor Oesterley has summed up the various views with scrupulous fairness, and his little volume is highly instructive and serves as an excellent introductory exposition. G.

L'Art Religieux après le Concile de Trente, by Emile Mâle; Librairie Armand Colin, Paris; \$10.00.

Emile Mâle, distinguished member of the Academy and Director of the French School at Rome, has written on religious art in France in the twelfth century, the thirteenth century and at the end of the Middle Ages. This latest book, the fourth of the series, deals with religious art in Europe in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The religious art of this period is by no means so splendid as that of the preceding centuries, as one realizes sadly when looking at the many illustrations of this book. No one would place "Le Beau Dieu" of Amiens or the "Queen of Sheba" of Chartres on the same plane as Bernini's St. Theresa, or compare Rubens' or Van Dyke's Pietà with the profound and beautiful Pietà of Enguerrand Charenton. However, Mâle does not discuss his subject from the æsthetic point of view, but from that of the ideas, theological and general, which guided the artists of the time. These artists are completely representative of the thought of the age, of the tremendous resistance of the church in the Catholic Reaction, and of its renewed life in the great saints who opposed the Protestant Reformation.

The church and the artists of the Counter Reform meditated upon the ecstasies of the saints in their communion with Christ and the Virgin, upon the miracles of the Sacraments, upon the warning of death and dissolution, upon the courage of the martyrs. Their subjects are in astonishing contrast with their sensationalism, saccharine sentimentality and lack of taste. The term "Jesuit Art" describes the most exuberant baroque. The "Triumph of St. Ignatius" at the Gesù in Rome is wormy with cupids. Alone, some of the Spanish masters, Zurbaran, el Greco, Montañes, rise to the height of a spiritual vision of their subjects.

Nevertheless, the ideas which the poorest of the painters and sculptors pretended to express are worthwhile in themselves, and Mâle's exposition of them sheds floods of light not only upon art, but upon the history of religious thought in Europe.

ST. C. LAD.

Spinoza, Liberator of God and Man, by Benjamin DeCasseres; E. Wickham Sweetland, publisher, New York, 1932; price \$2.00.

Blessed Spinoza, a Biography, by Lewis Browne; The Macmillan Company, New York, 1932; price, \$4.00.

Last year the three hundredth anniversary of Spinoza's birth was celebrated. One hopes that the revival of interest in his philosophy will bring a truer understanding of it, for Spinoza does not need outspoken homage or admiration as much as *re-valuation*. For centuries he has been misrepresented by enemies and friends alike. No one could have said more clearly what he had to say, but most of his commentators seem to have been incapable of believing that he meant what he said. More than one of his so-called followers has tried to gain favour or publicity for his own ideas by the simple expedient of attributing them to Spinoza. He has been praised and blamed for being an atheist, a naturalistic pantheist, a materialist, a rationalist, a utilitarian, a hedonist; and because his works are difficult to read, it has been generally assumed that he was one or all of these things. But when one does take the trouble to read them, it requires little acumen to discern what he really was. If his words be offered in evidence against the words of his commentators, it becomes apparent that Spinoza was a mystical philosopher, and that the metaphysician who most closely resembles him was Plotinus.

The two works here considered are decidedly better than the average, but in the reviewer's opinion their merits are outweighed by their defects. They may be read with profit by one who has already read Spinoza; but unless the student has this safe-guard of first-hand knowledge, he is certain to get from them some very false notions about the philosopher.

Without doubt, Benjamin DeCasseres has written a stimulating book which has the value of being provocative on every page. With some of his assertions we unqualifiedly agree. Spinoza, like every other "Titan" in the history of thought, was a champion of the divine spirit of Man against the powers which impede its expression, against mediocrity and brutality, ignorance and stupidity and fear. In his own degree and on his own plane, he belonged to the clan of Lucifer and Prometheus. "He liberated God from the dungeons of personal fear and from the images of the grotesque imagination. . . . He found him a Moloch-Father. He left him an omnipresent infinite universality" (p. 31). There is exaggeration here both concerning God, and concerning Spinoza, who was by no means the first of mortals to realize that God was not "an anthropomorphic prolongation of the body, parts and passions of mankind". But the idea that Spinoza was "a son of the Morning Star" would seem to be nearer to the truth, in spite of its hyperbolism, than the commonly accepted notion that he was a Seventeenth Century type of parlour radical. It is true that he was forced into open conflict with the obscurantist forces of his day, specifically represented by the ecclesiastics and theologians. One wonders whether he would not find those same forces to-day represented by other "vested interests", for example, by learned scientific bodies and by those who are endeavouring completely to secularize and to stereotype humanity. "A son of the Morning Star" is no respecter of persons. He struggles with darkness wherever he finds it.

But when DeCasseres comments further upon Spinoza's ideal of the liberation of Man, he falls into a serious error. He assumes that when the philosopher spoke of virtue as synonymous with strength and true happiness, he was anticipating Nietzsche's vision of the Superman. In point of fact, Spinoza and Nietzsche are as far apart as it is possible to be. The "self", for

which Nietzsche sought joy and power, is the lower personality, the actual human ego. The "self" in Spinoza's system is a mode or ray of the Eternal. "The human mind, in so far as it knows itself . . . under the form of Eternity (*sub specie aternitatis*), . . . knows that it exists in God and is conceived through God." . . . One wishes that DeCasseres had not written the chapter on what he calls, with much approbation, Spinoza's "Egotheism", for it inverts the whole sense of the great philosopher's central doctrine, that blessedness consists in complete self-forgetfulness in the knowledge and love of God. It was Spinoza who said that he who truly loves God does not hope that God will love him in return.

Lewis Browne is in no danger of making the same mistakes as DeCasseres, for he is a sober and careful realist. He has accomplished a remarkable feat in writing three hundred and nineteen pages about Spinoza's life, for this life was almost devoid of incident, with the exception of the outstanding episode of his excommunication from Israel. But he has marshalled his facts with skill and has made the maximum use of his material. The most interesting part of the book is concerned with the Jewish environment of Spinoza's early years. Incidentally, Dr. Browne suggests that the young Spinoza was probably much influenced by his studies in the rabbinical academy of Amsterdam, for it was there that he must have become acquainted with the metaphysical genius of Maimonides and Ibn-Ezra, the great Jewish philosophers of mediæval Spain. Also he must have perused the *Zohar* and other Kabalistic scriptures, for which Dr. Browne cannot conceal his scorn, whenever he mentions them; but it is possible that Spinoza may have been more deeply indebted to the *Kabala* than he chose to admit. It is a curious fact that his *Theologico-Political Treatise*, published anonymously in 1670, gave the publisher's name as Henricus Künraht. This was evidently a pseudonym; can it be that Spinoza was thinking of Henry Khunrath, the Sixteenth Century Kabbalist?

The virtue of Dr. Browne's work is that it brings into relief the contrast between the brilliant and active inner life of the philosopher and his obscure and monotonous outer existence. Spinoza seems to have deliberately chosen poverty and solitude as fixed conditions of his life because he believed them to be less distracting than wealth and comfort. During his last years at the Hague, he dwelt in the back-room of an attic, earning what little he had to spend by grinding lenses.

There is, however, a grave error of omission in this biography which materially affects its value, and causes the unwary reader to carry away with him a very lop-sided view of Spinoza. What would one say of a biography of Napoleon in which no reference was made to his military or political qualities? Dr. Browne has written a life of Spinoza in which no space is given to any consideration of his mystical genius. If Dr. Browne were one's only source of information about Spinoza, one would assume that there was not the slightest evidence of any mystical substratum in his thought. But it is this mystical substratum which really gives his thought such power, and which distinguishes him from the vast majority of modern philosophers whose axioms are merely guesses and not based upon intuition and experience. A biography which does not even mention Spinoza the mystic, is not really a biography of Spinoza, but of a phantom of the author's imagination which bears the philosopher's name.

S. V. L.

The Golden Sequence, a Fourfold Study of the Spiritual Life, by Evelyn Underhill; Methuen and Co. Ltd., London, 1932; price, 5s.

This is another remarkable book from perhaps the most influential and most helpful writer on Mysticism in the West. Miss Underhill has attempted an exceedingly difficult approach in this latest exposition of the workings of the inner life, because, to deal directly in Western terms with "the Spirit" and things "spiritual", is to enter a field of highly ambiguous terms and very various meanings. Only a person literally steeped in the literature on the Spirit and its workings in so-called Mystical Consciousness, could even have attempted such a book. Christian theology has never succeeded in clarifying its exposition of the Holy Spirit, or even of spiritual experience; and Christian mystics have given accounts apparently so at variance, though based on their own individual "experience",—that the lay reader is usually bewildered and seldom sure that he understands what is meant. Years ago a series of articles in the *QUARTERLY* attempted to point out some of the keys to a simpler conception of what was.

involved in Christian teaching, by applying theosophic principles and the helpful analogies afforded by comparative religious terminology. Miss Underhill seems to have read some books on Theosophy (has she, perchance, read *Through The Gates Of Gold?*), but, living in England, her approach has obviously been unfortunate, and she has never had the advantage of knowing Theosophy as such, stripped not only of its counterfeits, but of its vulgar travesties. Nevertheless, in this volume her whole method and intellectual approach are precisely those of a student of Theosophy, and for this reason, beyond perhaps her earlier contributions, these new "considerations", as she calls them, will be of interest and value to readers of the *QUARTERLY*. Her wide reading, her wonderful memory for apt quotation, her great command of language, her brilliance of analogy and in illustration, have all served the one purpose of discovering a synthesis, of bringing out the fundamental principles which underlie all the "spiritual" experience of the mystics and the writings of mystical theologians. It is unfortunate that the publisher's jacket should use the phrase "a theology of the Spirit" to describe the book. It suggests a purely mental or intellectual approach. But Miss Underhill has written from her heart—as in her last two booklets—and her intellectual gifts are used to subserve the intense sympathy, almost the yearning she herself feels, and reveals, for the mystical life and its experience. Moreover, in several passages she indicates a growing realization that the detached and bare intellectual vision described by a Plotinus or exalted by a Ruysbroeck, is not necessarily better or "higher" than the more intimate interchange of a Theresa or a Catherine with their Master;—and it is at just this point that lies the difference between experience merely mystic, and chelaship,—between "the good man and the man who has attained knowledge". "Reality" must include, not exclude, true individuality. "Spirit indwells and penetrates the soul's very fabric as a quiet Love; and it is here, in our ground, that we are to experience the most intimate and transforming realities of Prayer. Here we may come to know by the penetration of the heart, that which we can never understand by the exercise of the mind. . . . The vision of God and the love of God complete each other" (pp. 168-9).

The "Golden Sequence" may be said to begin with a recognition, however dumb and blind, that there is a Spirit, beyond, above, and greater than we are. Miss Underhill illustrates this beginning with a striking story "by Osbert Sitwell, which tells how a traveller in the equatorial forests, hearing strange sounds at night, looked out from his window; and saw in the courtyard, where it was imprisoned, a great anthropoid ape—one of those tragic creatures just verging on the human [Theosophical tradition reverses this: "descended and cast off from the human"]—bowing in solemn adoration before the splendour of the rising moon" (p. 161). The Sequence next brings us to a recognition of "Man Natural and Supernatural"—to the realization that man partakes of two worlds, and has two natures. There is a finite life, and there is Life Infinite. The "Gifts" of the Spirit flow from the Supernatural and Infinite, and gradually transform, or transmute, the finite and "natural" into Itself. Man, therefore, is in a transition stage, and must live a "Twofold Life" until his nature be transmuted. The process of passing, or growing, from finite to Infinite, from natural to Supernatural, is known technically as the Way of Purgation. Man deliberately sets himself to claim his full spiritual inheritance; he cleanses his senses, his intellect, his memory and imagination, his will and love. Throughout this process he learns in ever fuller measure the true meaning of prayer, step by step advancing from Adoration to Communion, and thence to a newly motivated and vitalized action—in the world, but no longer of it. Miss Underhill sums up this section in a fine concluding paragraph: "Thus communion and intercession, adherence and collaboration, can never be separated in experience. They are completing aspects of that total life of prayer, of which the key-word is to be *fiat voluntas tua*. Even while it moves, within the action of God, towards that complete surrender which puts it, in action and in contemplation, wholly at the disposal of the Creative Will, this life moves also to a discovery and fulfilment of its own unique task within the mystical body of praying souls" (p. 177).

When we read, and reread, what Miss Underhill writes with such a sure hand and with so unusual an illumination about Adoration and Communion, one cannot help but wish that something more of the old, old Wisdom Religion and Teaching might be understood by her. If she could transcend the mental outlook and dogmatic horizon of the Western Christian

mystics, how extraordinary would be her contribution. If she could—by meditation upon such phrases as “My Father worketh hitherto, and I work”, or “the first-born of many brethren”, or “the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven”—arrive at a vision of the superb sweep of human evolution through reincarnation, and especially of the Lodge of “just men made perfect” who, one and all, ceaselessly come in one way or another to seek and to save the lost, and could see how her own insight into the workings of the eternal spiritual “Reality of God” would be enriched by it—could see the differing kinds of mystical experience and communion explained by the differing stages of development, of need, of *self-consciousness* along this tremendous pathway—her whole intellectual grasp of mystical phenomena would be integrated. In any case, students of Theosophy can find in her writings the theosophic method applied with inspiring rectitude within the limits of a broad and enlightened Christian mysticism—and this is saying much. Miss Underhill’s zeal is catching, her intellect is stimulating, her guidance may be trusted.

M. H.

La Mythologie Asiatique Illustrée; Librairie de France, Paris; \$10. Translated into English as *Asiatic Mythology*; Harrap, London; 63s.

This magnificent work has recently been translated from the French and published in London. It was prepared and brought out by M. Hakin, the *Conservateur* of the Musée Guimet, a Paris Museum dedicated to Oriental Thought, Art and Anthropology. It deals with Persia, India, Tibet, Indo-China, Cambodia, Java, China and Japan, and the mythology of each country is discussed by an authority in that field. It is the only work, so far as we know, which presents such a mass of material in so compact a form. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs, drawings and colour plates.

The authors do not attempt to explain the spiritual significance of faiths, myths or legends. They have tried only to give a history of religions and a catalogue of divinities. Thus, their work is of slight inspiration to those seeking spiritual nourishment, but, on the other hand, it is invaluable as a book of reference to all who are interested in Oriental Mythology and Art.

ST. C. LAD.

St. Augustine's Conversion, by W. J. Sparrow Simpson, D. D.; London, S. P. C. K.; New York, The Macmillan Co.; price, \$3.50.

“The Confessions are commonly read by themselves. But to be fully appreciated they ought to be read in connection with the earlier writings and the fragments of autobiography scattered in other places. It is only in this way that the process of Augustine’s development is completely understood. It is wonderful what light the earlier writings throw upon the later, and how the later help to explain the earlier. The Confessions are the crown of all the rest. This is the masterpiece, an amazing self-analysis” (p. 236).

This opening paragraph of Chapter XX summarizes exactly the contribution made by this admirably conceived and interesting book. The author writes as a Christian apologist, and consequently he belittles, for example, Neoplatonism, intending thereby to exalt Christianity—an unfortunate characteristic of Christian polemic. But with this single draw-back, which is not obtrusive, the volume provides a valuable setting for one of the greatest Christian classics, enriching one’s whole conception of “the good St. Augustine” (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, p. 476).

Q.

QUESTIONS OF LANDMARK ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 375.—*On the assumption that both men were striving for discipleship in some form or other, did Epictetus as a slave, or Marcus Aurelius as an Emperor, have the easier environment in which to work?*

ANSWER.—We may safely assume that once a man has dedicated his life to discipleship—has deliberately set his foot upon the Path—all his environment, life after life, will shape itself in such a way as to test him to the uttermost limit of his capacity to learn and to endure. We have the assurance that no man will be tried *beyond* his strength; but we have been told that “He who does the *best* he knows how and that he *can do*, does enough for us”—no mean accomplishment in the light of what saints and disciples *have* achieved. Epictetus, assuming that he was striving for discipleship, needed exactly the discipline of slavery to develop in him needed qualities. He doubtless at times found his life bitterly hard, but refused to be crushed by it, and so rose to heights of philosophic heroism,—thereby not only making his lot less hard, but establishing himself on a new high level. In the same way Marcus Aurelius must have needed the tests of power, etc., and rose to great attainment by mastering himself in the midst of a peculiarly dangerous environment. Either man might have failed in the other’s place; either man, having won self-mastery exactly where he was, would probably have been capable of exchanging places with the other safely—even easily. But a deliberate change of environment to escape the particular difficulties of the one we are in, is only to follow illusion, to complicate Karmic action and the plans of our Master, and to court a reaction which might throw one off one’s base. There is no such thing, therefore, as an “easier environment” in discipleship. The road “winds uphill all the way” for each individual; and the hill is known as Calvary, for on its summit is a Cross—the Cross of a final initiation. A.

ANSWER.—Circumstances are a result, not a cause. Success in discipleship depends entirely upon right thinking, feeling, willing, and upon right use of the imagination. Wrong thinking, feeling, willing, and wrong use of the imagination, *must* be eliminated. When a man attributes his failure of yesterday to anyone or anything outside of himself, he adds a worse defeat to the first. If he says, or thinks, “I have tried again and again, and simply can’t do it”, he removes himself from the Path as no sort of outer failure can remove him. In fact, perhaps the first step in occultism is to become incapable of thinking or feeling, “I cannot”, or “It cannot be done”.

J. A.

QUESTION NO. 376.—*Why is it, if the Christ is recognized as one of the Masters, that the Buddha is given so much more prominence in Theosophical literature?*

ANSWER.—Is this really so? A born and professed Buddhist might complain with as much justice that prominence given to Christian teachings and ethics, as for instance, in some articles in the *QUARTERLY*, was not in accord with theosophical principles. In following out the second object of The Theosophical Society, namely, “the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, and sciences”, as a means toward the knowledge of the Wisdom-philosophy, or Religion, room must be found for all, notwithstanding individual prejudices and

predilections. The questioner should read *The Key to Theosophy*, pp. 12-15, where Mme. Blavatsky deals with a very similar question. We are living in a country of the "west" where Christianity is professed by the majority of the inhabitants; but if we were to try and get behind the external theology of either Christianity or Buddhism, we should find the common meeting ground of "Bodhism" (Wisdom), as Mme. Blavatsky puts it. A. K.

ANSWER.—There is much interest among T. S. members in the different great religions of the world. If Christians, they are likely to be somewhat conversant with the biblical accounts of the life and teachings of the Christ. Moreover, there is available an enormous literature on almost every phase of this subject. The life and teachings of the Buddha are, on the contrary, comparatively unknown to the West, and satisfactory English translations of Buddhist scriptures scarce. The accurate and sympathetically understanding translations and commentaries which the *QUARTERLY* is able to supply, are therefore doubly welcome to a large proportion of its regular readers. Presumably the querent, by the phrase "in Theosophical literature", means "in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY". C. M. S.

ANSWER.—There are the same great truths at the heart of every real religion. Christians should read what is said of the Buddha and Buddhism for the light which it throws on Christianity. Many students of Theosophy believe that it is not possible to understand one's own religion by studying that alone, just as no one can really understand his own language if that be the only one he knows. The study of the sayings of the Buddha, or of the *Bhagavad Gita*, or of any of the great scriptures of the world throws much light on the inner meaning of the Gospels. Our very familiarity with the words of the New Testament tends to obscure its meaning, and the same truths may often be seen more clearly when presented in a fresh way and with a different colouring. J. F. B. M.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first Studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock.

During the present Quarter, there will be meetings on,—

January 14th and 28th
February 11th and 25th
March 11th and 25th

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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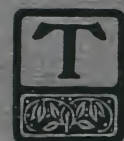
DEVOTIONAL: *Bhagavad Gita*; *Crest Jewel of Wisdom*; *Fragments*; *The Great Upanishads*; *Letters That Have Helped Me*; *Letters to Friends*; *Light on the Path*; *The Parables of the Kingdom*; *The Song of Life*; *Through the Gates of Gold*; *Voice of the Silence*.

PHILOSOPHICAL: *Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine*; *Isis Unveiled*; *Key to Theosophy*; *Plotinus*; *Reincarnation*; *The Secret Doctrine*; *Talks on Religion*; *Theosophical Glossary*; *Transactions*; *Patanjali's Yoga Sutras*.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875



THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a scientific basis for ethics.

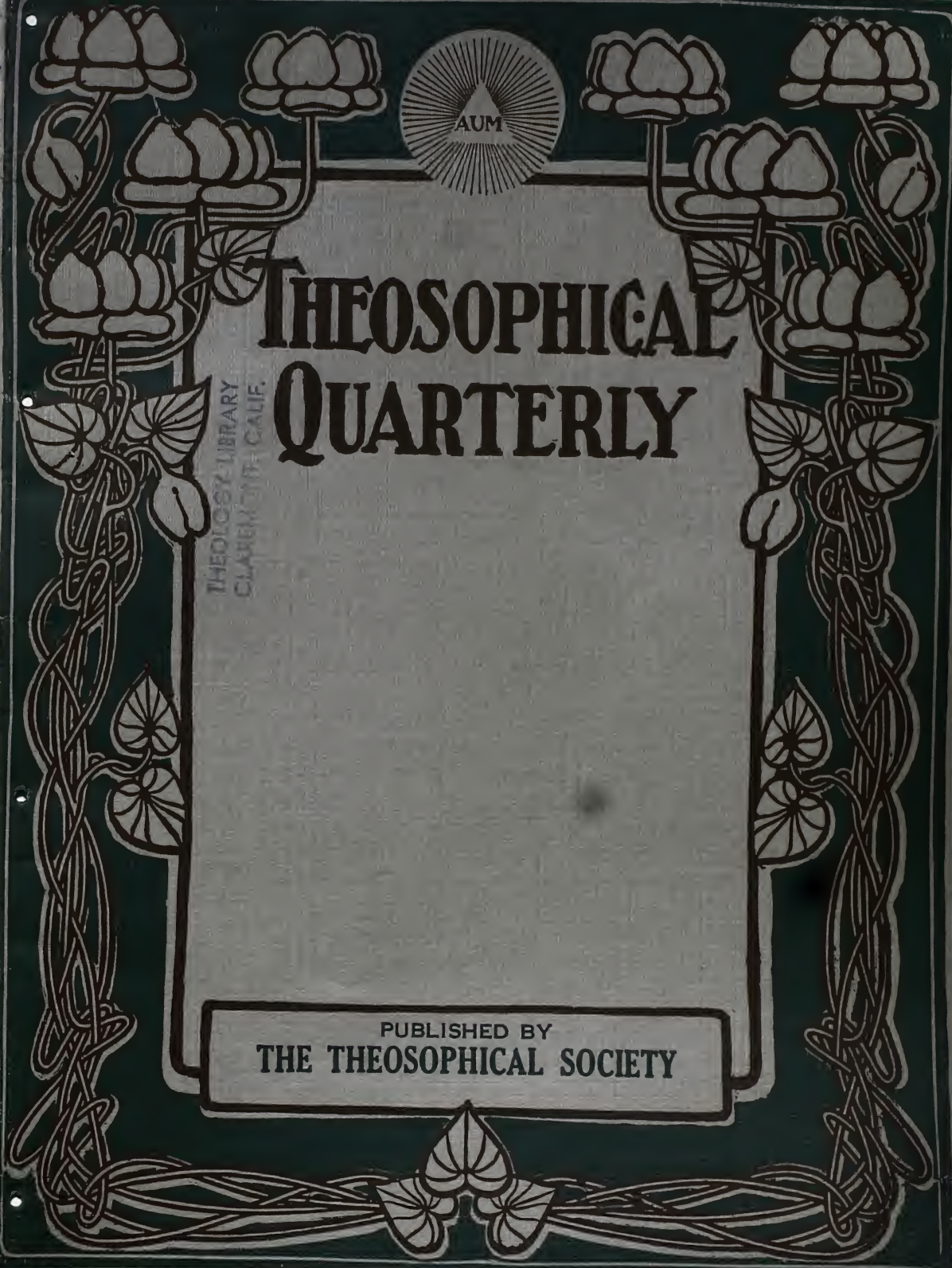
"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the path to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.



The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.

We have no connection whatsoever with any other organization calling itself Theosophical, headed by Mrs. Besant or others, nor with similar bodies, the purposes and methods of which are wholly foreign to our own.

EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.



APRIL, 1933

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THE LAW OF ANALOGY

"EVERYTHING in the Universe follows analogy", said Madame Blavatsky. "As above, so below." Man is the microcosm of the Universe. That which takes place on the spiritual plane, repeats itself on the cosmic plane. Concretion follows the lines of abstraction; corresponding to the highest must be the lowest; the material to the spiritual" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, I, 200).

To say that "everything in the Universe follows analogy", is to affirm the uniformity of law in all phases of existence. The human mind has an instinctive faith in the uniformity of natural law. Otherwise it would never draw general conclusions from particular experiences. The scientist continually uses the principle of analogy to guide his experiments and to extend their field. Thus it has become a working hypothesis of modern science, that the atom corresponds to a solar system.

If men were to recognize fully that the principle of analogy is universal in its application, their materialistic presuppositions would disappear, for they would perceive the true sense of Plato's theory that everything existent on earth has its prototype in the heavens. They would not hesitate to accept the fundamental proposition of alchemy and astrology, that the cosmos is most clearly understood, when it is regarded as a living being which reflects something of its life in every atom. The Smaragdine Tablet is an epitome of this doctrine of correspondences: "True, without error, certain and most true; That which is above is as That which is below, and That which is below is as That which is above, for preparing the miracles of the One Thing. And as all things were from One, through the mediation of One, so all things proceeded from this One Thing by Adaptation. . . ."

Like the ocean, the doctrine of correspondences has its depths and its shallows. Doubtless, very few of us could demonstrate that the planet Venus is

mystically one with some plant which blooms in our garden. But it is always possible to begin at the beginning. The whole of Nature is at hand, and any aspect of it may be approached. There is no incident of daily life which cannot be illumined by comparison with some other event or with some natural phenomenon, great or small. One should beware of erecting such comparisons into dogmas, for the untrained imagination suggests false analogies as easily as true, but it is certain that unless we acquire the habit of searching in the external world for correspondences to our states of consciousness, we shall never know how "everything in the Universe follows analogy", or how "man is the microcosm of the macrocosm".

THE POWER OF IMPONDERABLES

For example, there is St. Paul's saying: "Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?" Even a moral materialist, like Bismarck, recognized the rôle of "imponderables" in the determination of political issues. A so-called venial sin in a man whose virtues are celebrated, can become the cause of ruin to himself and to those who trust him. A spark of pure love can transmute the life of a sinner, as it transformed the Magdalen.

Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether many men are convinced that the infinitesimal is really a reservoir of incalculable power. Do we sincerely believe that a supposedly harmless weakness, such as a fondness for rich food, can bar our progress more effectively than an obvious vice against which we struggle? To gain a measure of conviction, we need the tangible evidence of our senses. That is why St. Paul's graphic image makes a more definite impression than a long ethical treatise. A pertinent experiment is described in *The Homœopathic Recorder*:

An illustration of the demonstrable power of the infinitesimal, is the result of plunging a stick of copper to the bottom of a glass container filled with water in which algæ are present. When the copper is inserted sufficiently to touch the bottom of the container and immediately withdrawn, it gives off enough energy to kill the algæ in a short time. A still more startling proof of the power of the infinitesimal is that if the glass container is emptied and refilled with water and fresh, healthy algæ placed therein, these algæ also will immediately show signs of the destructive process until they too have been killed, showing the continued action of the copper. This process may be continued for a considerable time, emptying the water and refilling the container with fresh water and algæ; but so long as drops of water have been left on the edges of the container, there is sufficient copper in an imponderable state to kill the algæ. This process will continue almost indefinitely unless the container is wiped dry before refilling, when the destructive action ceases (pp. 812-813).

Such a test indicates clearly enough that the energy behind or within a thing is not always proportionate to the thing's size or weight. It is often impossible to judge the potential intensity of a force by the material magnitude of the vehicle through which the force becomes manifest upon the physical plane.

A single bacillus has the capacity of starting a train of events which will quickly destroy an empire; in this sense, it is incomparably more dangerous than a stampeding elephant.

Occultism is the science of "hidden things". It is, therefore, concerned with the causal world, with the forces which underlie manifestation; and it is said to begin with the investigation of those forces within oneself. But one cannot progress in self-knowledge, until one has learned, in some degree, to distinguish between reality and appearance. The average man takes it for granted that his most important virtues and vices are those which loom largest in his normal waking state. The aspirant to self-knowledge must look within the "forms" of his consciousness, determining their relative significance not by their bulk but by the reserves of energy which they contain.

IMPONDERABLES IN BIOLOGY

The power of the imponderable is the subject-matter of much scientific speculation. The electronic theory and the quantum mechanics of physics have received the widest publicity, but physics is not the only science where the centre of interest has been transferred to infinitesimals. The theory of genes which now dominates biology, is an instance.

This hypothesis illustrates as well as any other both the ingenuity and the limitations of the scientific mind. It is the last and the most subtle of a series of efforts to explain the origin and development of life as a process of chemical change and selection. Incidentally, it reveals the insufficiency of a method based upon the perception that inorganic and organic matter have analogous properties, but taking no account of the equally apparent correspondence between the dominant force in organic matter, which is the power of life itself, and the energies in inorganic matter, which biologists pretend to be inanimate.

The theory of genes has been devised to explain various new facts brought to light by the experimental study of Mendel's laws of heredity. It became impossible to interpret the various modes of inheritance in terms of the older conception that the organic cell, made visible through the microscope, is the unit of life. There had always been reason to suppose that the cell, as a whole, is merely an envelope of its most important ingredient, the nucleus; and an examination of the nucleus showed the presence of certain rod-like bodies, known as chromosomes, which are directly involved in the phenomena of cell-division and reproduction. But these chromosomes themselves are complex structures; and the way in which characters or qualities are inherited, has suggested the hypothesis that the real units of life are certain highly organized molecules or groups of molecules in each chromosome, which have been named genes. The present view is that characters are transmitted from parents to offspring through the agency of aggregates of genes. Evolution of characters is supposed to occur when there is a "translocation" or "transmutation" in a chain of genes or some alteration in the internal structure of the genes themselves. Such modifications might be expected to occur as a normal consequence of the blending of the diverse characters of the parents in a new organism; but

there are certain abrupt changes, known as mutations, which must be explained by other factors.

In 1927 Dr. Muller announced that he had produced artificial mutations in *Drosophila*, the fruit-fly, by means of X-rays. The success of this experiment has given birth to a theory that mutations in Nature may be effected through the bombardment of the genes by radiant energy, in particular, by the powerful cosmic rays. The problem is not simplified for the geneticists by the fact, demonstrated by Dr. Borodin and others, that living things themselves emit radiant energy. The ultra-violet-like emanations of organisms are called mitogenic rays or M-rays or, more clearly, life-rays, and they are said to be of different wave-lengths for each individual and for each part of the body.

The New York Times (January 1, 1933) reported Dr. Borodin as saying, in his address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, that: "The genes are influenced in the rate of their mutation by the action of these life-rays which they produce. The genes of each particular part of the living body have their own particular wave-length. These wave-lengths act like an æolian harp, vibrating in unison to their own rhythms, so that each set of genes responds only to its own dance of life."

The whole subject is clearly summarized, from the orthodox biologist's point of view, in the following passage from *The Mechanism of Creative Evolution*, by Dr. C. C. Hurst:

So far, physiologists and colloid physicists, working at the problem of the origin of life, have taken for their basis the protoplasm of the cell. This has been chemically and physically tested and efforts have been made to reproduce it in the laboratories. Now, however, with the demonstration of the gene as the unit and basis of life, it is the study of the structure of these organic particles which will be the great work of the future. . . . So much has been discovered of the structure of the physical world by the bombardment of atoms with various rays, that it is not too much to expect that within the next few years, by the same means, great discoveries will be made concerning the structure of the gene, and the great problem of the ultimate foundation of life may eventually be solved. . . . On the inference that the gene is a complex molecule or group of molecules with peculiar autocatalytic powers, we must admit a continuity of life with matter. In the light of the New Physics matter is now regarded as electrical action and we have a sequence from the electrons and protons through the simple and complex atoms to the simple and complex molecules, some of these producing autocatalytic reactions culminating in the power of self-reproduction coupled with the capacity for mutation, thus giving rise to protogenes and genes, those ultimate units of life which form the foundations of the great evolutionary edifice (pp. 293-295).

UNITS OF LIFE AND UNITS OF MATTER

It is interesting to note how often the discoveries and theories of modern science resemble or suggest, at certain points, some of the great doctrines of

the Pythagorean and Hermetic philosophers of antiquity. For example, a series of ancient analogies is evoked when one reflects upon the influence of X-rays and M-rays in producing mutations and modifying heredity. The Pythagoreans compared Nature to a musical instrument. When any string of this "aeolian harp" was touched, the other strings vibrated in concord, sounding its overtones. In terms of the Pythagorean concept of universal harmony, it would be logical to suppose that the development and growth of a being are governed by the interaction of its own radiation with the radiation which comes to it in varying degree from all the centres of the cosmos.

However, we doubt whether any biologist will be grateful to us for pointing out any conformity between his views and those of Pythagoras. As a matter of fact, we are not going to press the comparison at all, for it is really superficial. The conceptions of Nature and the motives of research which animated Pythagoras seem to have been at the opposite pole from those which preside over the modern laboratory. One does not deny that the scientist loves truth, in his own manner; that love is, indeed, the power which sustains him in his hours of exacting toil, and which makes him willing to submit to the evidence of those facts that he sees. But in his love of truth, too often there is mingled a passion of another order, namely the love of his own mind. He is by no means free from the desire that truth should assume a form in accord with his preconceptions. On the other hand, according to the tradition of the Hermetic School, to which Pythagoras is said to have belonged, the love of truth is to be kept inviolate and pure, and he who would enter the domain of real knowledge must rid his mind permanently of its ingrained tendency to recognize only that fragment of truth which can be adapted to its expectation of what truth ought to be.

The Hermetic scientist adopts a working hypothesis which he undertakes to test; but a working hypothesis is intended to be a guide or a standard of reference, not a dogma. The great Hermetic postulate is that "man is the microcosm of the macrocosm". It implies the effort to discover in all beings, including the Divinity, qualities and attributes corresponding to those which one has discovered in his own nature. Thus Paracelsus taught, speaking—as we may believe—from his own experience: "Three spirits live in and actuate man; three worlds pour their beams upon him; but all three only as the image and echo of one and the same all-constructing and uniting principle of production. The first is the spirit of the elements (terrestrial body and vital force in its brute condition); the second, the spirit of the stars (sidereal or astral body—the soul); the third is the *Divine* spirit (*Augoeides*)."

The great fallacy of the modern biologist, in our opinion, is the notion that "the spirit of the elements" can be studied as if it were a thing apart from the "spirit of the stars" and the "Divine spirit". If we reflect, we shall be forced to admit that the human body conceived as a thing in itself is not a real body at all; it is a rind. Why should not the same be true throughout the animal and plant kingdoms, to the utmost limits of the plane of organic life, and beyond those limits, in the so-called inorganic world? It is impossible to explain

human heredity as a mere shuffling of ancestral characters, without regard to the nature and purposes of the incarnating entity, the soul. How can we expect to explain mutations, even in a fruit-fly, without any consideration of the "monadic essence", the vital principle whose presence in the fruit-fly gives it such identity as it has.

Doubtless, there are units of matter through whose agency "characters" are preserved and transmitted from one body to another; but the essence of each "character" must be a *living entity* of some order. We find it utterly unintelligible to speak of the genes themselves as the ultimate "units of life". By definition, they are nothing but elaborate chemical compounds into which several "inanimate" substances have entered. Why do these compounds begin to manifest the qualities of life? Why do they merge their identities in the larger identity of the cell? Why again do unicellular organisms merge their identity in that of an organism having many cells? When and how does consciousness come upon the scene? Are consciousness and life one and the same? . . . One could multiply such questions endlessly and be certain of getting no real answer from the biologist. There is no answer, unless we accept as a working hypothesis, the idea that life or consciousness and matter are related to each other as the subjective and objective aspects of One Reality, and that wherever there is matter there is life, and vice versa,—though both matter and life may exist in phases altogether beyond our present conception. In other words, it seems to us most rational to assume that matter does not "organize" itself; that it is "organized" by life; that whenever a major mutation or trend occurs in the course of organic evolution, it is attributable to the intervention of a hitherto unmanifested form of life in the affairs of this plane. Every unit of matter is the vehicle of a unit of life;—what else can it be?

BACTERIA IN METEORS

Scientists have been reluctant to admit the possibility of life under any physical conditions except those with which we are familiar on earth. Some have gone so far as to affirm that the earth is almost certainly the only habitable spot in the Universe. Quite recently there has been a healthy reaction against this extreme dogmatism. It has been recognized that even upon this planet life can exist under what appear to be the most adverse circumstances. J. A. Berry of the United States Bureau of Plant Industry, Seattle, reported a month ago to the Society of American Bacteriologists, that the germs which turn milk sour, have been observed to live in a temperature of 15 degrees above zero Fahrenheit for two years. *The New York Times*, January 31, 1933, reports the discovery of bacteria in meteors by Professor Charles B. Lipman, dean of the graduate division of the University of California. Professor Lipman does not dogmatize about his discovery, nor does he deny that the bacteria which are apparently identical with terrestrial forms, may have an earthly origin. But he does not hesitate to express his conviction that they actually came from interplanetary space. The reporter remarks that "Professor Lipman's report may revive a scientific hypothesis hitherto receiving little credence, that life

originally may have come to earth in minute organisms floating through space. Dr. Lipman's work if verified will suggest a search in meteors for the wholly invisible viruses and bacteriophages. Scientists are not certain whether these two forms are living things or inanimate chemical substances. An occasional suggestion has been made that viruses or bacteriophages may be a connecting link where inanimate matter is converted into living substance."

APHANOBIONTS

Viruses and bacteriophages are having their share of popularity. *The New York Times* (December 12, 1932) gives an account of a conference held by Professor D. F. Sinitsin with the Sigma Xi science fraternity of the University of California at Los Angeles. Professor Sinitsin "presented a definition of the basic invisible processes of life as a conclusion to his discussion of ultra-microscopic living organisms."

First he pointed out that the limit of human sight is fixed by light. . . . The measure of infinitesimally small things is the millimicron. There are 25,400,000 millimicrons to the inch. Physicists point out that the shortest wave length of visible light is not less than 400 millimicrons. Nothing smaller than that can actually be seen by men with any type of instrument. By means of diffraction of light, however, it is possible to see the reflection from things as small as about 200, or maybe 150 millimicrons. Means of experimental investigation other than sight have determined the existence of living organisms as small as 8 millimicrons. This is by means of porcelain filters, on which are placed films whose pores are known to be of definite size.

These filters have proved the existence of invisible ultra-microscopic organisms in the investigation of disease virus. There are a hundred such different invisible disease viruses known. . . .

"The chemical theory of the origin of life is that after the earth cooled, chemical substances came together and formed living organisms", Professor Sinitsin said. "We know that some disease viruses resist heat and poisons that no known form of life can withstand. Some live without oxygen. I conclude from these investigations that there are invisible living organisms, perhaps of eternal life, that are back of all life processes. If there are bad or disease organisms, why not good or life-helping organisms? I would call them aphanobionts, meaning invisible life. They are so small that they can escape all of our means of observation. They undoubtedly exist not only on the earth but everywhere. Aphanobionts not only can be transported from planet to planet but can exist in all space and conditions of the universe. That would explain the mystery of life and why it will always be a mystery to man, because it is beyond his power of sight."

One is grateful for any recognition of the universality of life, but in the present instance one's enthusiasm is tempered by the excessive claims which Professor Sinitsin makes for his aphanobionts. How does he expect to prove that they "can exist in all space and conditions of the universe"? Let us return

to the axiom with which we started; "Everything in the Universe follows analogy". Analogy implies identity of essence; it does not imply identity of form or outer structure. If we would keep our thinking as clear as possible, we shall be wise not to identify aphanobionts with the principle of life itself which is truly invisible, though not in the sense that Dr. Sinitsin suggests. Like the genes, aphanobionts may be regarded as the "bodies" of unevolved "Lives", but in that case they would be just as material as our own bodies into whose composition millions of such imponderable entities doubtless enter. It would seem that bacteria and bacteriophages (bacteria-eaters) are connected with some classes of the "Destroyers" and "Builders" which, according to Madame Blavatsky, are the infinitesimal living agents that regulate the processes of growth and decay in animal bodies (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 283). For all we know there may be bacteria and bacteriophages not only in meteors and on the other planets of our solar system, but throughout all the "island universes". In accordance with the principle of analogy, however, all that we can assume with conviction is that life is omnipresent, and that the forms in which it is incarnate correspond to one another,—which does not mean that they necessarily resemble one another. The human imagination is sufficiently impressed by the variety of living forms on this planet alone.

What evidence can be adduced that aphanobionts are "of eternal life"? It is certain that their eternity does not seem probable to anyone who believes that the Universe begins and ends its great cycles of manifestation upon the highest plane of spiritual consciousness. "Only the Gods are immortal", that is to say, only those beings who are plenary incarnations of "the Divine Spirit, the Augoeides". Tradition does not include disease viruses among the Gods.

THE ESSENTIAL DIVINITY OF MATTER

In the last chapter of *The Mechanism of Creative Evolution*, to which reference has been made, Dr. Hurst steps outside the limits of ordinary biological theory and offers some speculations of his own upon the nature of the world and the destiny of man. They provide a good antidote to the notion of an eternity of aphanobionts. Also they prove that it is unfair to judge a man of science solely by his behaviour when he is speaking ex cathedra as a representative of scientific orthodoxy.

Dr. Hurst disclaims any attachment to the mechanistic materialism of Nineteenth Century science, and expresses his sympathy with Jeans' conception of the world "as a universe of thought", and of "its creation as an act of thought with space-time as a setting". He suggests that matter is the first creation of "pure thought", and that subsequently "matter has given rise to life and mind".

All three [matter, life and mind] are fundamentally and genetically one with different expressions in time, forming a monistic trinity with a common basis and origin in pure thought, which after all may be only another name for spirit. The great principle of indeterminacy in nature may thus be tentatively inter-

preted as the natural mode of action and manifestation of pure thought or spirit in matter-life-mind, while determinism . . . represents an inner and secondary principle based on the geometrical mode of action of the present human conceptual mind.

It may be that the discovery in our time of scientific indeterminacy and relativity foreshadows the coming of the next great step in the creative evolution of mind, far surpassing and transcending the present conceptual and deterministic mind of man.

Dr. Hurst has the courage to admit the possibility of a "submaterial human existence supervening immediately after death", and believes that "the remote successors of man may be free and independent of matter with infinite possibilities of future progress notwithstanding the complete dissolution of the universe."

If biologists in general held such views, it is quite possible that their science would be regenerated. However, we venture to question the validity of Dr. Hurst's *imago mundi* in one important particular. He speaks of matter, life and mind as if they succeeded one another. It is more plausible to suppose that, like space and time, matter, life and mind are co-eternal. The gross matter of our sense-perceptions is most adequately represented as the vesture or "concretion" of a gross form of life associated with a correspondingly gross mode of consciousness or "intelligence". As Professor Whitehead has remarked, "Biology is the study of the larger organisms, whereas physics is the study of the smaller organisms". According to our conception, gross matter does not evolve life and mind out of itself; through the continuing "bombardment" of matter by the rays of "pure thought", the *Logos* of mystical philosophy, the subtile is separated from the gross, the refinement of matter progressing *pari passu* with the refinement of life and mind. An absolutely incorporeal state of existence is as incomprehensible as a physical universe devoid of consciousness.

It is a curious paradox that Theosophy, the least materialistic of philosophies, postulates the eternity and the essential divinity of "matter" (substance) more emphatically than any other system.

True science and true religion are twin sisters, and separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious; and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis.—HUXLEY.

FRAGMENTS

DRAW from thy well, O Lanoo, and give the thirsty to drink.

Lo, Lord, I have drawn many times, and the vessel, full to the brim, has stood there by the wayside and no one cared to touch it. I saw them pass, weary and oppressed; I offered, but they thought they had no need of what I had to give. It was brackish, maybe,—tears are salt; yet the water must be pure, for thou didst fill my well, and I have lived upon it all these years. The vessel is too poor, too uninviting; I must make another that may better serve thy purpose, better meet the ever-growing want.

And no one drank?

No man, Lord, only others of thy humbler creatures.

And which of those?

The ants have come, and gnats; sometimes a dragon fly spread iridescent wings across the surface of the water and poised and paused; birds come often, though it is not easy for them. One day a limping, mangy dog took gladly, and licked my hand for gratitude,—which belonged to thee.

I saw the grass was yellowing in the summer heat; I poured upon it, and poured and poured: it seemed it could not have enough. Since then the place about is always fresh and green, and flowers are springing here and there. The air, too, draws the moisture up, and forms soft mist clouds that later fall in rain. The little brothers love the water thou hast placed here, and thrive upon it; but the human brothers, no. They thirst and die for water; but water is a homely thing: they seek some nectar for their thirst, some distillation from the finest flowers of earth.

Draw from thy well, O Lanoo, and give the thirsty to drink. Is it not said: The last shall be the first, the first be last? Regard not great or small. Give, pour forth, for those who recognize their need and who take gladly, whether great or small. All are part of one vast Brotherhood. The life is there *because* the humble take: and he who drinks the water that I give distils his nectar from it, his heart the only flower from which it can be drawn.

As thou hast said, my Lord, so shall it be.

CAVÉ.

WAR MEMORIES

XIX

RECONSTRUCTION

IN a little more than a week after I returned to Paris (having reported to my Committee on my trip, and having wound up my simple affairs there), I was on my way to the North again, this time to settle for the winter—though perhaps “to settle” is hardly a correct term for those most unsettled times. That departure from Paris is still vivid in my memory. My Committee had given me the same camionnette, but another driver, and we had determined to make a very early start, loading our car the night before in order to prevent possible, last-minute delays; also because we had asked permission to take with us a French lady, eager to get back to her home near Givenchy, but who was far from strong—in fact, quite unable to travel under existing, abnormal conditions—and she would have to be picked up at her hotel and well tucked in, all of which would take valuable time before we could consider ourselves really started on our journey. I was up at four o'clock, only to find that there was a cold, drenching downpour of rain which was threatening to turn into sleet at any moment, and by the time I had packed my bags and, with a certain amount of cajolery, had persuaded a sleepy maid to bring me some hot coffee, it was half past five, and the camionnette, punctual to the dot, was at the door. The staff of the small hotel had been most interested and sympathetic in regard to this new undertaking of mine (I had often stopped here before, and I knew them all by name), but to my surprise I found a friendly little group gathered at the entrance, even in that dismal weather and at that early hour, and as I climbed in beside our invalid passenger and my new driver (a French girl, as before), they all waved a kindly parting: “*Adieu!*” “*Au revoir!*” “*Bonne chance!*”—and off we went, threading our way through a tangle of small streets, too narrow for the first, uncertain light of this dreary winter morning to have penetrated; slipping almost imperceptibly into the wider Boulevards running north—Sébastopol, Strasbourg, Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, Rue de la Chapelle, across the Boulevard Ney and so through the Porte St. Denis (where we had to stop and show our passes), then out beyond the old fortifications. How grey and dismal all this part of Paris looked as we splashed along! How more than grey and dismal St. Denis looked! No splendour of the Kings of France still lingering there! A dull murk, a thick curtain of fog and sleet hung between us and those vanished glories of the past, shutting us into a mournful and cheerless present. That last look I was ever to have of St. Denis (though I did not then guess it to be my last), has left on me an indelible impress of intensest melancholy.

Following our previous route by Beauvais and Amiens—where we again

spent the night—we went north from there to Doullens, instead of passing, as formerly, along the Albert-Bapaume road, for we had to repatriate our invalid beyond Arras. All the way we were literally besieged by returning refugees, who implored us to give them seats in our already overcrowded camionnette with its overloaded springs. In Doullens itself where, in the congested streets, we often had to halt, men and women alike crowded on to the steps and along the running-board, threatening us with a serious breakdown. It was a dreadful thing to have to refuse them, and I doubt if our courage would have held out had it not been for the determination of my young driver who, with full responsibility for the safe return of the car to headquarters in Paris, at last declared that we must make our choice of getting a mile or so only on our journey, and then being a complete wreck, or flatly telling these poor, eager, homeless creatures that they must wait for the transport afforded by the British Army; that we ourselves were not prepared for transport, and could not possibly take even one of them. I remember an occurrence which was specially moving—an aged woman who, with set face and poor, feeble but tightly-clinging, shrivelled old hands, refused to get off the step where she had secured a precarious foothold, though, after asking her where she lived, we assured her that we were not going anywhere near there. Sobbing piteously, but still holding fast, she had actually to be pulled off, finger by finger, this being done by another refugee, a man who, recognizing our predicament, generously came to our assistance, though he had, himself, hoped for a lift.

"There, there! *gran'mère*," I heard his gentle, consoling voice, "Patience! Courage! Your house has already waited a long time for your return; it can wait a day or two longer. Patience!"

I have often wondered if that pathetically desperate old woman ever reached her home at all, or if, when she at last got to her village, she found any home left standing.

For the most part, however, these half-clad, heart-sore, yet unflinchingly courageous refugees showed a magnificent spirit—an unconquerable spirit which was wholly French; long, silent streams of them trudging resolutely on, along the bleak, winter roads leading to the North—the North where their homes had once been, hoping against hope that, when they came to their journey's end, they would find some semblance of a house, and so, painfully, be able to gather together the fragments of their former life, starting afresh. Or else you saw them waiting patiently in small, huddled groups for some British lorry travelling in their direction—a lorry big enough to squeeze them all in. The work which the British Army did among these returning refugees was remarkably well organized, and was the means of saving untold misery, illness and perhaps death. Shortly after the armistice, a regular transport service was started; the huge motor lorries, so recently used for the movement of troops and of ammunition, were now employed for the purposes of re-establishing peace conditions. The highroads were filled with these great camions, grinding along, packed to the utmost with their human freight—whole families at a time being repatriated. It saved many a long and exhausting march for the weary

feet, and the Tommies were at their very best while helping the women and children and old men to make themselves comfortable on their long, jolting drive.

Reaching what had once been the beautiful city of Arras, the old capital of Artois, we were shocked to see the devastation which had been wrought there; to see the complete destruction of the great cathedral of St. Vaast, where only the noisy rooks now lived; the long, almost empty streets of tottering houses—a broken and tortured town. We passed through it rapidly (there was little to detain us), and after being directed to the highroad running toward Béthune, we moved quickly forward, at length dropping our passenger at the appointed spot near Givenchy, ourselves intending immediately to press on to our goal beyond Douai. But we knew that we were within only a few miles of Vimy Ridge, and the opportunity thus afforded us to visit that world-famous battleground was not to be missed. So we decided to go there (passing first through Lens, which was rather a *détour*), taking our chances of finding someone at Vimy who would point out to us the historical spots. I had long had the greatest desire to visit Vimy Ridge, having had the care of many boys who had been severely wounded there, and who had given me long accounts of the great Canadian “Day”.

Lens was a mournful sight indeed; if such a thing were possible, it seemed to me even more completely destroyed than many of the towns on the Somme. In pre-War days it had been one of the most important industrial cities of the North, and at the very centre of the great coal-fields which stretch all over this part of France. Now it lay a silent, dismal waste of piled-up stone and twisted iron girders. From the huge factories all the machinery had first been removed and transported to Germany, the factories themselves then being systematically destroyed by the retreating enemy; the iron and steel foundries had been gutted; the coal mines flooded, making the working of them quite out of the question for a long time to come. Here and there, along what had evidently been the main thoroughfare running through the centre of the town, a khaki figure or two could be seen at work, and I watched a little family of returning refugees—all they had left in the world tied up in bundles and carried on their backs—almost groping their way, as though in a dream, trying to discover, in that vast confusion of fallen masonry, the exact spot where their home had stood. I wandered about in the grip of a terrible fascination, and, seeing a small gateway which, for some strange reason, had escaped destruction, I passed through it, following a little path which led to the back of what had once been a good-sized house, and there I suddenly came upon one of the most fantastic sights I have ever seen in my life. Evidently I had found my way into what used to be a very pretty garden, for a few broken shrubs, the wreck of a greenhouse and a small, shattered fountain could still be distinguished from the rubbish lying all about, and in the midst of this sorrowful disorder, a frail-looking woman in the deepest mourning, her trailing black dress and her long, black veil blowing about her, stood digging in the ground with an over-heavy garden spade which she had evidently brought with her for the purpose.

I cannot describe how forlornly incongruous she looked, busily working at her strange task in the midst of that desolation, clothed in her decent black, so out of place in this chaos. Later I was to learn that many women were obliged to wear, day in, day out, the only clothes they had—those in which they had escaped. I was so astonished at seeing her there that (although, of course, I knew I was an undesirable even if unintentional intruder), I could not for the moment summon sufficient wits even to retreat, and so to leave her alone in her sorrow—my feet refused to move. She heard me and looked up, and I saw that her face was wet with tears.

"Mais madame . . . je suis désolée . . .", I began in a faltering voice, hoping to excuse and explain my unwelcome presence, while beginning at last to move away as hastily as I could.

But she quickly dropped that cumbersome spade, and stood up bravely, impatiently brushing away the tears which were betraying her, and, seeing that I was a stranger, asked me in a tone of the most dignified and courteous hospitality, if there was anything she could do for me! I could not find a single word to say; I did not know whether I wanted most to cry or to smile at her offer of hospitality in those bare and unpromising surroundings. But, looking at her more intently, I saw in her face something which warned me that the last thing in the world she would have forgiven was any show of pity. She was of the upper middle class, of that refined and delicate appearance so often found in French women where perhaps you least expect it—in the industrial regions; with rather a proud, reserved face, I thought, as she stood there courageously smiling at me in the midst of ruin and disaster. But I still could not find one word to say, and again I tried to withdraw.

"Mais non, mais non!" she called after me in protest, "would not madame like to see what they have done to my home—the Germans?" and she pointed to the charred and heaped-up wreckage of her house. "Would not madame like to hear what they have done to *us*?"

So we stood there talking, and she told me of her husband and two of her sons who had been killed in action; of a young boy of hers who had been shot down at her side while trying to protect her; of her two young daughters who had been deported, and that to this day, she did not know what had become of them.

"And now I am digging for some of our household things which I hastily buried in our garden when we had to leave, because my girls must find a home looking as it was when they were torn away from me—I will make them forget our sorrow!" And so mistress of herself was she, even in the midst of her distress, that again she waved almost gaily toward the ruins of her house and over the desolation of her garden where hardly a blade of grass was left. My heart sank within me as I pictured the home-coming of those two girls of hers—if ever they came home at all—after their revolting captivity, and I felt I had never seen anything more tragic than this lonely but determined French woman who was clinging so desperately and despite everything to her hope, refusing as yet to admit of a doubtful, if not actually impossible future, her long,

black veil blowing about her as she stood there resolutely smiling. And as I turned away, I reflected sadly on the depths of heart-break which a seemingly gay and almost careless laughter may conceal.

The afternoon was wearing away, so we hastened on toward Vimy, and my chief recollection of our rather hurried visit there is of the chill bleakness of that shell-torn, wind-swept hillside, where the clayey, tenacious mud—that mud which made the British advance in the spring of 1917 so difficult—still lay thick and deep beyond belief. Another, far happier memory, however, is of a friendly Canadian Sergeant whom we came upon, and who was good enough to act as our temporary guide. He had himself been in the thick of the fight, when the Canadians stormed up the slope of Vimy (there were many Colonials still stationed in the neighbourhood), and he knew every inch of the ground, pointing out to us the spot from which the Canadian troops made their first rush; just how far the first barrage had carried them, and then how they were halted because of the “infernal clay”. His description was very graphic, as well it may have been, since he had himself been there, and he made us live it all over again with him. I soon began to realize at first hand, what that “infernal clay” was like, for as we toiled up one end of the steep and slippery incline—the slope which was first attacked—I could hardly pull my feet free of it; it clung to them like a nightmare thing. We managed to reach the crest, however, and walked along it, looking down to the other side of the Ridge where the Germans had been plainly visible on the run. You can see a long distance from the summit—a wide sweep of country: Douai, of course; Vitry-en-Artois, and even the hill of Monchy—and our guide, among other things, pointed to where the “nine elms” had stood, that famous little group of trees which had been such a landmark for many a soldier who had lost his way in the darkness, and about which I had already heard so many stirring accounts. He added, in a tone of such deep regret that I realized what the disappointment must have meant to those men: “If *only* we could have got them guns up out of that damned mud, we’d have been in Douai the next day,” and then, in the intensity of his recollection: “D’you know, I seen some of our boys—the youngsters it was—just cryin’ because they *couldn’t* move our guns!”

We hated to leave, of course, but evening was threatening us, and we still had some distance to go, so, thanking our kind Canadian Sergeant, we again climbed into our car which was almost as caked with mud as we were, and started off once more along the rough road, badly *marmitée*, at length striking across the wide Douai plain. As we sped along, the mountainous, grey slag-heaps which, in the dusk, so strangely resembled pyramids, and which are so common in this great mining area, vied with the huge ammunition dumps (mostly old shell-cases or “dud” pine-apple hand-grenades); but at last we reached our destination—the small mining town which had been chosen as my headquarters, and which was on the highroad running between Douai and Denain. The choice of this town had been made chiefly because I knew that a little later, when a regular train service to the North had been re-established, it would be a comparatively simple matter to get my cases of supplies up from

Paris; for the present, they would have to be specially sent by camion, which was both expensive and slow.

There had been another reason, however: many British troops were stationed in and about the town, and I was certain that this would mean unlimited help if the need for it should arise. Later developments showed me to have guessed right, for the British Army knew that petrol was well-nigh unobtainable if one ran short of it; it knew that, in this disordered part of the world, it was almost impossible (without the necessary lorries) to remove huge cases of clothes, boots, blankets, from the railway to the empty schoolhouse which had been assigned me as a depot—so it adopted me from the first moment of my arrival, and the debt I owe to both officers and men stationed there in that isolated and War-dislocated region, would be quite impossible ever to repay. Without the British Army, I doubt if I could have got through that winter's work, for, of course, it had facilities at its command which the local French authorities no longer possessed, deprived as they had been, during the four years of the German occupation, of practically everything they had. So the British Army furnished me with unlimited petrol; with tools of all kinds with which to repair a broken-down camionnette; with transport conveniences for me when, later, my driver fell desperately ill and had to be sent back to Paris, and all the thousand small things, from mending my shoes to seeing that I had the proper food when I fell ill myself—for all these kindnesses I owe the British Army. I do not in any way mean to imply that the French of the devastated North were not generous to a degree which I could not possibly forget, but the Germans had left them without even the bare necessities of life; you could not even buy a cake of soap when I first went to that town, and the people were soling their shoes with paper and twisted straw—it was all they had; and as the food had to be strictly rationed, as it was of a kind which at best, did not permit of a too close scrutiny or of any analysis at all, what had they to offer except willing hands, and the most touching desire to give anything and everything they could?

My new work lay over a fairly wide area, for I had been given two cantons which, in this case, meant twenty-three villages, most of which lay, roughly speaking, within the square of Douai and Denain on the north line, Cambrai and Solesmes at the south. Of course, I had my nice French girl as driver, to take me and my supplies about, and, as soon as I had got my first shipment of cases unpacked—the clothing, shoes, stockings, blankets and all the rest of the supplies sorted—I began my rounds. I had very largely to guess at the best way to organize this (to me) new kind of relief work, for while my Committee had given me *carte blanche* as far as the actual work went, it had not offered even a suggestion by way of advice as to how best to put that work through. I had, however, long since seen enough of the life in small French villages to know that there was always a *curé* and always a *maire*, and that these two officials were not invariably and completely in accord, each having his favourite "cases", and his list of immediate "needs", just as each had his own perhaps humorous but unalterable point of view. It devolved upon me, therefore, to keep my wits about me, and to discover where the truth lay—not an easy matter. Of

course, the War and the terrible suffering which had been so heroically borne, particularly in this occupied territory, had banished almost all the more serious disagreements, but now that the worst of the danger was over, some of the small discords were springing to life again, and I found it best to keep constantly on the alert. So I set to work, in each village visiting in turn the *curé* and the mayor, telling them what it was that brought me; asking them to consult together in making a list of the neediest families of their village, and that on a certain fixed day, decided upon then and there, I would come again with my camionnette, but this time filled with warm things for distribution. All this preliminary work took a great deal of time, for the French peasant is hospitable and talkative and, of course, there was the endless subject of the War to discuss. In most cases, therefore, before I succeeded in pinning down either my *curé* or my *maire* to the matter in hand, I listened to complete and detailed histories of the War experiences of all the village folk—those who had remained and those who were returned refugees. Once I had made my preliminary tour, however, things went quicker, and each week had its programme. The mornings and afternoons were devoted, by pre-arranged schedule, to distribution in this village or in that; sometimes, if we were fortunate, we managed to distribute our supplies in three or perhaps four villages in one day, my driver leaving me at my distribution while she dashed back, over the rough and muddy roads, to our "headquarters", to collect fresh bundles of clothes and blankets, prepared by me, in anticipation of our need, the night before. Then back she would come, the camionnette full to the top again; pick me up, and off we would hasten to our next village.

These distributions were in many different kinds of buildings, according to whether the village had been badly damaged, or only partly so. Sometimes they would be in the semi-destroyed village church, where the good *curé* himself would stand, half in and half out of a snow drift, beaming his thanks on behalf of his emaciated and miserably clad flock; sometimes in a room in the town hall, where the mayor (who always, to my great embarrassment, opened the proceedings with a long and laudatory address) would preside—how the French do love a speech! Occasionally these distributions had to be in one tiny room of the *curé's* tiny house—a room where a red-hot stove (crammed, in our honour, with all the fuel which the entire neighbourhood could collect), roared and crackled; every window hermetically sealed, and every inhabitant of the village crowded into it. These were times when you felt you could be quite happy sitting on the North Pole, but you could not, of course, say so or even look that way, because the old *curé* appeared so benignly unconscious that you were at roasting point, and he was offering you the very best of his hospitality. There was always a struggle too, in finding just the right-fitting clothes for the woman or child who was standing patiently before you, expecting that, just because you were the humble representative of a big relief organization, you could work miracles. In the hurry of the proceeding, I never had time to determine whether the difficulties were caused by ill-assorted sizes in the clothes supplied me, or whether it lay in the remarkably varied, irrational, not to say illegal shapes of

our village folk. When it was a simple matter of a coat—well, any woman knows how to pin a seam so as to make the coat smaller, or turn up a hem so as to make the coat shorter, and mere details of that sort did not, of course, bother me, especially as I always took sewing cotton and needles with me, to give to the person who was to receive the over-large coat, knowing that these poor people seldom had such luxuries as thread of any sort. But the shoes were my despair—they could *never* be made to fit! It seemed always a question of trying to squeeze a number ten foot into a number three shoe, and I used sometimes to think, rather wistfully, of the prompt and clever way the “ugly sisters” in “Cinderella” had met and surmounted a similar problem when they found themselves suddenly confronted with it—they just chopped off their toes! While I was never reduced to so low a state that I seriously hoped this extreme measure would be adopted, I was none the less constantly on the watch for some magical recipe by which a transformation from over-small to over-large might be effected. I never found it, however, and the misfits continued to balk me to the very end.

That winter was terribly severe, and the suffering was intense. For the most part, a kind of community life was carried on in the villages—a pooling of interests. If, for instance, on returning to their village, three families found their houses completely demolished, while a fourth family rejoiced in a house comparatively intact, the four families would all huddle into the one habitable house, and so at least have a roof over their heads. You often saw, to your great surprise, what appeared to be evidence of much luxury, and this looked strangely out of place in the squalid surroundings. I remember a young peasant woman in a certain village, who daily appeared in a very handsome fur coat, and yet I knew she lived in a wreck of a house, and could never, in any case, have owned a fur coat of that kind. I discovered that when she had been turned out of her village by the authorities who were evacuating all the inhabitants, she had been ill in bed, and too weak to carry anything away; that some well-to-do woman, in a large town through which she passed, had taken pity on her distress, and had given her the fur coat, without which she would undoubtedly have died of exposure. But that coat was practically all she had; no warm dress kept her properly clad underneath. The expensive fur garment looked luxurious, but was, in reality, merely a shield for the utmost want.

It was desperately hard to get my things out quickly enough to my many villages, for, no matter how expeditiously my driver and I tried to work, there were always fresh crowds waiting and clamouring for our clothing and blankets. Of course, I went over and over again to each village, for the refugees came streaming back in great numbers; one week I might find five newly returned families; the following week, ten or fifteen might have returned, and be waiting for such relief as we could furnish. At least in the beginning, people in general were not permitted to return until the commune to which they belonged had been able to put up shelters enough to accommodate those who had lost their homes (though whether this ruling was made by the Government or by the local authorities I do not remember), and the return of anyone unable, because of old age or illness, to work in the fields was considered unjustified. This is not

surprising, with food so scarce; but as time went on, and shelters went up, the law was greatly relaxed—or else no one paid any further attention to it—and more and more families found their way back, for the French peasant loves the soil to which he belongs; he loves his home and all that the word means, and he would rather suffer misery there, than try to be happy anywhere else.

I think, however, it was not with the returned refugees that your sympathy was greatest; it was perhaps more with those who had remained, despite the danger and the distress, to live through the long years of the occupation; for these had suffered a moral stress and strain which even exile does not inflict. It would be difficult to imagine anything more cut off, more completely isolated than the North of France had been during all those four agonizing years. No reassuring letters from outside were allowed to pass into or out of occupied territory, the inhabitants remaining for the most part in entire ignorance as to the fate of family and dear friends in the rest of France. They never had any reliable news as to the progress of the War; they saw only German newspapers, printed in French, it is true, and purporting to give correctly the course of current events, but these events were in reality so distorted (it was, of course, German propaganda) that they were nothing less than lies—lies calculated to spread dismay and despair, though they never did! But it was a kind of living death which those people experienced, and it would have resulted in the deadliest form of stagnation and of paralyzed will, except for the unquenchable fire within. For no matter how cruel and unwarrantable the German oppression was; no matter to what malevolent depths the Germans descended in their efforts to intimidate, to dishearten, to crush, they never succeeded in breaking the sturdy spirit of those people of the North. There was an enforced silence of course, but with it a proud and fiery endurance which was the heroic note of those terrible four years. They saw all their civic rights withdrawn, their personal liberty, even of the simplest kind, restricted if not wholly abolished, and they endured; they saw their houses systematically looted, all their cattle and poultry taken away, their agricultural implements removed, and still they endured; they watched helplessly while their women and young girls were driven into the foulest kind of slavery, and still they refused to lose hope; they looked on while their factories were wantonly destroyed, and their coal mines wantonly flooded, but they did not waver—they knew the end was not yet. I believe it is a recognized fact that the Germans were even more merciless in their treatment of the North of France than they were, in the long run, in Belgium itself, for after the first terrible year there, when the organized atrocities were found to be politically and internationally a mistake, and were for that reason abandoned, there was a general desire to conciliate Belgium because Germany definitely hoped to annex her, and hoped in this way to win back the confidence of the people! Whereas, in the North of France, the probability of annexation, once the War was over, was far less, and Germany never halted in her policy of intimidation.

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had thrown an added burden on the authorities, for the hope by the people at large of quickly resuming a normal life was indefinitely postponed, armies of men and women facing a long and uncertain period of unemployment; and immediate return to work was out of the question. So, with the War over, and the hated Germans gone, it took perhaps even more courage to face interminable months of inactivity, than it had taken to live through the occupation. As time went on, there was, of course, the wide-spread legend that, according to the Treaty, Germany would be obliged to repair the immense and far-reaching damage for which she was wholly responsible; that, as compensation for the destruction of the coal mines in northern France, for instance, Germany was to cede much of the Sarre basin, but we who were working in the *Nord Dévasté*, daily seeing the utter ruin all about us, wondered how any real compensation would ever be possible. It has often been said (and justly) by those who took an active part in the Great War, that one of the best ways to learn what the Germans are like, is to have seen what they did in the occupied territories.

The work of reconstruction moved slowly, but as the winter wore on it was wonderful to see the signs of quickening life in this stricken area. When I had first come you could not buy even a candle; matches were, of course, quite out of the question. In fact, provisions of the simplest kind were unobtainable, except at the B. E. F. canteens—those were not, however, available to French civilians. But now, small shops began to open, here and there, with limited supplies it is true—such things as pins, sewing cotton, soap—and I learned at this time, that these homely objects can easily excite an interest out of all proportion to their ordinary value, when you have been without them for a sufficiently long period, for you would often see little groups of the village people earnestly inspecting the newly arrived luxuries. Little by little too, another most cheering sight augured a slow return to old conditions—work in the fields began again, and you saw the long, deep furrows of a plough share—no doubt it had been hidden from the Germans in some dark cellar, or off in the woods, covered by underbrush; you would catch the fragment of a song as a woman gathered faggots in the dusk of the evening, or you would hear the happy barking of a dog as he entered into a game with a group of children—children no longer playing furtively but with wholehearted gaiety, as children do. It was the revival of life in a country which, outwardly, had long been dead.

The time was slipping by, however; the days had passed unnoticed into weeks, and the weeks, as unheeded, into months, and one day we awoke to the fact that the terrible winter was over, the spring with its promise of better things had come. My hour for leaving drew near; my work had come to an end for, quite suddenly, and to my surprise, I realized that I had been working among my villages for nearly six months. Regular Government supplies were now steadily streaming in, in enormous quantities, and, of course, other *œuvres* such as the C. R. B. and the Red Cross, had long been on the spot,—there was no further need of any work such as ours, which was on a much smaller scale. So I made a final round of my twenty-three villages—a moving event for me, for I had made many warm friends; one last distribution in the town where I had my

supply-depot (with a kind of farewell ceremony), and then, one glowing spring morning, when hope was in the air, and the joy of renewed life was in the very breezes, I left the Devastated North of France.

My Committee had very generously given me permission to run up to Brussels before returning to Paris with the car, and knowing how many places there were, all along the western Front, which, filled with personal associations, were very dear to me, it had suggested that, on my way south again, I should stop wherever I wanted, or make any reasonable *détours*, in order to visit these spots. Naturally I was most anxious to have a last survey of a few of the localities made vividly known to me by those who had suffered there; by friends who had lost husbands and sons there, or where I myself had been and had witnessed, with my own eyes, at intervals during the long, dark years of the War, the immortal grandeur of that struggle. I fervently desired to see each and all of these sacred spots again, that I might hold them in perpetual memory.

To see them all was, however, out of the question, but how eagerly my young French driver and I started out, that lovely spring morning! Passing along the way where, not so long ago, the English and the Canadians had sent the Germans reeling backwards, we ran rapidly through Valenciennes, at length crossing the frontier into Belgium, with an emotion, at least on my part, which I cannot describe. It was the first time I had been on Belgian soil since the autumn of 1915 when, sorrowfully, I had been obliged to leave that heroic little country. It did not take us long to reach Mons, so full of memories of the "Old Contemptibles", nor to pass a short distance along the now-famous Mons-Condé Canal, behind which, on that quiet Sunday, August 23rd, 1914, men of the little British Expeditionary Force had drawn up, to face the overwhelming odds which confronted them. And here they were attacked before they had had time to entrench; it was from here that, at last, when all hope of holding their position was gone; when complete envelopment was threatening, the great Retreat began. Once (how long ago it seemed now!) I had known some of those men, and as I stood there, I thought proudly of each one of them; I tried to imagine what that Canal must have looked like to them in the early morning light, as they ranged themselves there, with all the odds of the world against them. I wished that I knew where their graves were, so that I might stand beside them for a while. How quiet the country looked, after nearly five years! No rifle shot rang out; there was not even a distant cannonading; the people of the town came and went, intent upon their business—already the scars had begun to heal.

Then Brussels—only a day to spend there, and how many friends, how many familiar places I wanted to visit! But before I looked for anything else, I looked for the Belgian flag (always it reminded me of a great tulip bed), and I saw it everywhere, streaming its gorgeous red, yellow and black. There on the summit of the Palais de Justice it was—the Palais de Justice where, for so many years, the hated German flag had been flying; where German guns had been placed so that they pointed straight down the Rue Royale, trained also on the lower town lying in the hazy depths far below. But now, looking down into

those depths, over the soft gleaming of the ancient, gold-encrusted Hotel de Ville, I could see the flag of liberated Belgium waving; and on the Royal Palace, where the Queen's Hospital had been installed, again floated the Royal Standard—King Albert had come back to his own. There were no Germans anywhere to be seen—the streets were clear of them, thank God! The lovely, small Parc du Cercle, which the Germans had closed, was once more open to the public, and the children were playing there. You could walk unmolested along the Rue de la Loi, past the Belgian Government buildings—that street into which, during the occupation, you could never enter without a pass, difficult to obtain; into which you were hardly allowed even to look, no, not even to watch the change of guard as it goose-stepped itself haughtily in and out every day, punctually, at high noon—I daresay the German authorities were afraid that some of us might laugh! That street had been the very centre of *Deutschland uber alles*, and the unwary intruder who lacked his *passierschein*, was more than likely to get a bullet through his head, or a bayonet thrust through his heart; at the very best, it would be an unceremonious "*Heraus mit!*", and he would probably end his days in St. Giles. But now, incredible as it seemed to me, returning after this long period, you could walk along the Rue de la Loi without the least fear either of bayonets or of bullets. In the beautiful Cathedral of Sainte Gudule, where Cardinal Mercier had so fearlessly hurled his resounding challenges into the very teeth of the enemy, you could remain in peace, enjoying the vast, twilight spaces which you had always loved. All Brussels was breathing freely again; the friends of 1914 and 1915 whom I saw, and from whom I had so sadly parted, had a new light in their faces, even if old shadows still lingered, and I came away with peace of mind and renewed hope for the future.

Feeling that I could not possibly leave this part of the world without having one last look at the great and magnificently tragic Ypres salient, even if it were to be but a glimpse, we struck across country; through Alost which had paid so dearly for its attempted stand against the first German advance of 1914; through Ghent, so full of early memories for me—memories of thousands of terrified refugees, of retreating Belgian troops with the Antwerp garrison as a climax, of British Ambulance Units keeping open to the last, and then of that night at the old château in the outskirts of the town, where I had experienced my first sight of the enemy. It seemed to me that it had all been a million years ago.

From Ghent we turned south, through Courtrai to Menin, and so passed along the Menin road which is now one of the most famous in history. There was no great Memorial Gateway at the end of it then, as there is to-day, but the very air you breathed seemed rarefied because of the magnitude of the sacrifice which had been offered there. Who will ever forget the carnage of the Third Battle of Ypres? Who can ever think of the dismal, fetid marshes of the Yser, with the mouldering duck-boards, and the sodden, rotting earth, without a tightening of the heart-strings? That country, so shell-torn, so lacerated, every inch of which had been so fiercely contested by our weary and outnumbered yet still unflagging troops, all through that rain-soaked autumn, has become sacred ground to many of us, and will for ever remain so. Of Ypres itself—

"Ypres la Morte"—little, of course, was left; the beautiful Cloth Hall was a mass of rubble and calcined stone; the Cathedral of St. Martin was a forlorn wreck; the signs directing you to "Hell Fire Corner" still told their tale of bitter conflict—it was a wilderness of desolation. We ran hastily through Poperinghe, even more battered than when I had seen it last, and we went round by way of the lovely, white château, where the hospital in which I had worked among the blind had stood, but there was hardly a trace of it left. The German advance of 1918 had almost completely destroyed it. I remembered those long, sunlit summer days, and those blind men groping their way about, wrapped in that sightless night of theirs, yet never for one moment losing heart. I remembered "Jim" who had followed "the long, long trail" in his last effort to help a more helpless comrade than himself; I thought of my Devonshire boy with his quiet, reserved manner, and his inner sight—he too had "gone west". The whole country-side seemed strange to me without the familiar faces, and with the château itself a cheerless heap of ruins.

Speeding south toward Lille, we passed through Armentières, near which, in the great spring offensive of 1918, the enemy, striking at a spot where an attack was least expected, had succeeded for a time in breaking through the British lines, and when, in that supreme moment, Sir Douglas Haig had sent to his troops, his now world-famous, high-hearted message: ". . . Many among us are now tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. . . . Every position must be held to the last man; there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end,"—and on that note it continued. How well I remembered the great convoys of wounded which had flooded the large Military Hospital in London (where I then was), just after that grim stand of the British forces in that part of the sector! What an untold debt of gratitude we owe those men!

We reached Lille after dark, and left the next morning before daylight, as we were anxious to make up lost time, so I saw little of it. Still heading south toward Cambrai, much of which was now familiar ground to me, we passed through that dismembered town, deliberately set on fire by the retreating Germans, even so late as a few days after their first demand for an armistice! The great Place d'Armes had then looked like a stretch of desert, but now, rebuilding had begun. Continuing our way, we set our course for Le Catelet, St. Quentin and La Fère, thus, with somewhat of a margin, skirting the old battle-fields of the Somme, and then running straight through those of Picardy—that whole section between Cambrai and the Oise into which the Germans had first driven a huge salient in their advance of 1918, and over which they had then swept in their last effort to reach Paris. We were running close to the famous Hindenburg Line, and with the greatest interest we touched it as we passed along the St. Quentin Canal—that part of it, at least, which stretches between Bellincourt and Bellenglise—for this was one of the spots where, in the autumn of that year, during the final retreat of the Germans, the supposedly impregnable barrier had been pierced. The Canal is very wide and deep just here, with fearfully

precipitous cliffs on either bank (cliffs in which great nests of guns had been hidden) and you wondered how those men ever took the Canal at all, but, in the face of the deadliest machine-gun fire, they scrambled across, in any way and in every way, storming the entrenchments on the opposite shore, thus helping to destroy, for good and all, the most important line of the enemy defences.

How much we longed to stop both at St. Quentin and at La Fère! In danger of forgetting the good fortune which had enabled me to be there at all, it seemed, for the moment, a cruel fate which obliged us to move almost uninterruptedly forward. I could not in reality, however, long ignore the fact that I was using valuable time so generously granted me by my Committee, so we did not yield to the temptation to linger, but sped on, plunging recklessly into the twilight intricacies of the Forêt de St. Gobain. We hoped to find the emplacement of one of the long-range guns which had bombed Paris from here, but we were quite unsuccessful, and we almost lost our way in the confusion of the small roads which run through it at every imaginable angle. So, at last, we definitely turned our faces toward Laon, and reached there just as night was falling—Laon with its cathedral set superbly on the crest of its hill, and with that marvellous view overlooking the great plain stretched out below.

The next day we entered the region lying between Laon and Reims, one I had long wished to go over as a kind of pilgrimage. The Heights of the Aisne had already been the centre of severe fighting both in 1914 and in 1917, when again, in 1918, Ludendorff had chosen it as the point at which he would attack the French who held this section of the front. It was this furious onslaught of his—at first overpowering the French and sweeping them from their position—which yet led up to the Second Battle of the Marne, and which proved to be the beginning of the end for the Germans. This was the country of the Chemin des Dames, so familiar, at least by name, to everyone in the world to-day; it was the country of the Craonne Plateau which has been the scene of campaigning for many centuries, but I do not suppose that at any time throughout the ages, it even approached in appearance what it looked like to me the day I passed over it. Of Craonne itself, about ten miles south of Laon, there seemed only a few scattered stones; of the Chemin des Dames, nothing at all remained. Every step of the way the bare, churned-up earth was a ghastly, chalky-white, the glare of which almost blinded you; there was no living tree in sight; craters and shell-holes yawned everywhere; a little rank grass, much rusty barbed wire; yet, in that solitary, unlovely wilderness, as though in memory of those who had died there, you could see, in sheltered spots, the loveliness of spring flowers growing—tiny, delicate clusters of them—like a miraculous raising of the dead; and now and again, the small enclosures of white crosses. I went into one of these, and passed among the graves, and, fastened to one of the crosses, below the *tricolore* and the fallen man's name, I saw a scrap of paper fluttering, and read the scribbled words: "*Adieu, adieu, les Français n'oublient pas.*" Of course, I have never known who attached them there, or when it was done, or why, but it was not a thing you were likely to forget. What the holding of that ground must have cost the French in blood and agony, was only too evident from

what you saw, no matter in which direction you looked, and with all my soul I wished that every man and every woman who had ever been guilty of even a touch of neutrality, could be seeing the things that I saw that day, and have them burnt into their memories for ever. Where should any of us be now, had it not been for men like that?

At length we reached Reims. There are no words to describe it—to describe the Cathedral, or what you felt when you looked at that which the Germans had done. The world knows all about it—and may the world *remember* what it knows!

It did not seem that we were long in passing through the country of the Marne—for, after Reims, you somehow felt that you had seen the end—and as, once more, I entered Paris after my long absence, and realized her apparent return to the old, brilliant life, I felt that, nevertheless, there would be many to whom the whole of France must for ever remain one vast, enduring monument to her dead.

Many years have gone by since the glory of those days—those days when, living on the brink of defeat, of despair, of extermination, we yet never surrendered—and still I seem to hear the haunting rhythm of millions of armed feet, marching, marching forward. It is night, and I stand in a waste and ravaged country, beside a torn, shell-shattered road bordered by shell-blasted, blackened trees, watching regiment after regiment going up the line. The faces of the men show signs of the long conflict; their uniforms are worn—stained with the smoke and toil of battle; their trench helmets are old and battered; their packs huge and heavy; yet those men move steadily on into the night toward the bleak and frost-bound trenches which await them; they move forward to take their places in the ever-sleepless lines—there, where the giant gun-flashes race across the sky; where the star shells rise and fall over the bitter desolation of No Man's Land; where the deep crimson flare of a signal—some lonely outpost in distress—stains the horizon like a splash of blood. But those men move unfalteringly on toward the thunder of the guns, toward the sure death which awaits them—they pass, and are lost in the night; the sound of those marching feet dies away in the distance. Another regiment comes up; the huge packs swing with the steady movement of strong feet; there is silence as they march, the silence of those who have set their faces to the enemy, and soon that regiment too has gone, has disappeared in the darkness. Then another regiment follows, and another, and another, and yet another—long swinging columns of grey-blue or of khaki, of khaki or grey-blue—they pass, and pass, and pass; and to me it seems as though they always will be passing—going up the line.

Sometimes as the dawn is breaking in the east, I close my eyes on that deepening splendour and recall to memory the splendour I have seen shining in the eyes of the countless men and boys I have known and loved in the Great War—men and boys who have fought to the death for their ideals, on land, on sea and in the air—and then I marvel that we of to-day can so soon have forgotten them;

that after the sublime heights to which the humblest of them fearlessly rose, we who are left can be content to sink back into the commonplace; to sink to the low and sordid levels of self-seeking and materiality. Did we take their gift only to toss it heedlessly to one side again—they who were so great of heart; they who gave so royally and without one backward look, their youth, their happiness, their *all*? And when the next war comes, as come it surely will, I ask myself what we, whose turn it will then be to act—what *we* are going to do? Having grasped so eagerly at what those others gave us—those men of unbroken spirit, they who, when they feared, pressed forward none the less—what shall *we* wish to give? Then, as I watch the growing splendour in the east, through the sweet and lovely freshness of the morning, from the great reaches of the sky where he was so truly at home, come ringing the deathless words of Georges Guynemer: "*Tant qu'on n'a pas tout donné, on n'a rien donné.*"

VOLUNTEER.

(The End)

The more we love, the more we desire to love; and the more we pay of that which love demands, the greater becomes our debt.—RUYSBROECK.

Help your brother, Mahomed said one day, whether he be the oppressor or the oppressed.

O Messenger of God, said someone to him, I would gladly assist my brother were he oppressed, but how can I aid the oppressor?

By preventing him from doing evil, was the reply.—E. D.

I have found that a man may do a great deal of good in the world, if only he does not care who gets the credit of it.—CERVANTES.

THE PATH OF BEAUTY

Wherever thou dost turn, He speaketh to thee by traces which He has impressed upon His works, and by the very form of outward things recalls thee, when sinking down to things outward.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

SOME one has said that the recognition of Truth brings with it a "Categorical Imperative", a force which compels one to be like unto it. This is true of the Arts, of that Beauty which is the form and manifestation of Truth.

Once in a while; we see such a manifestation, painting, drama or object, something so completely beautiful that we feel we can never depart from it, nor would we be other than it. This is the Categorical Imperative of Beauty.

In *The Secret Doctrine* we are told that at the beginning of the Manvantara, the High Gods descend on earth to impress upon the infant mind of humanity certain eternal truths, and that so potent is this impression that its vibration is never lost, but runs to the end of the cycle. This note sounded by the Manus flows like a fountain of sound, life-giving waters of immortality, whose waves pass through and over us, conscious or unconscious as we may be, an ocean in which we live as do the fish in the watery deeps. How did they make this impression, how sound this note? I often think of them, and I am sure it was by being, simply by being immortally Beautiful.

Sir James Jeans has declared that God is a mathematician. Others declare Him to be an engineer. Of course, we know that God is an artist. The Gods are artists and themselves the supreme works of art. That is why the life of a Master is a drama of the Mysteries and transcends the tragedies of Æschylus.

By that absolute loveliness we are transformed. We vibrate into conformity with it. That is why, to certain souls, beauty is the path to the Eternal. This loveliness, outside, and greater than ourselves, draws us on without thought of ourselves. We perish in it as we become it. It arouses in us a pure, impersonal love. This love is the fire which consumes our ugliness and re-creates us in its image. As we contemplate it, our consciousness is joy. Is not this what is said in the Upanishad: "How could anything live, how could anything breathe, if the heart of being were not joy?"

In all these forms it is Being itself which is beauty. Of the forms, indeed, it may be said, "Thine, verily, are chariots, thine are dance and song". Their transitory aspect is Death's; but Death is the great Initiator. By gazing upon the drama of the Mysteries one seizes its spirit, and by enacting it becomes immortal. "Not, verily, for love of all that is, is all this dear, but for the love of the divine Self is all that is, dear."

Ought we not constantly to look for and to search out that beauty? Would we not, rather, for is it not all joy? Plotinus has said, "He who has not

yet seen Truth desires it as the Good; he who has seen it desires it as the Beautiful”.

In what unexpected spots do we find it!

I once read an article on the Royal Dancers of Cambodia. If one can judge by pictures and casts, the ancient Khmer art of Cambodia is second to none. Angkor Wat is one great mass of marvellous sculpture where are represented the evolutions of Gods, Men, Serpents and Celestial Beings. Among these Celestial Beings, the Divine Apsarases, the Heavenly Nymphs, are everywhere, dancing upon wall and balustrade. I have a cast of one before me as I write. Her hands and feet flower out into flames. She is crowned with a high crown and girdled with jewels, and she smiles the same mysterious smile which we see on the sculptured faces at Rheims. These Apsarases have lived and still live on earth in the Royal Dancers of Cambodia.

The article of which I speak was written by Georges Groslier, Director of Cambodian Arts, and it describes the way in which he was able to galvanize the dying Ballet into new life, to restore and preserve it for the world. The Ballet was declining rapidly. No rehearsals, no money, no organization. After a shockingly poor performance, the French, for Cambodia is a French protectorate, stepped in. Monsieur Groslier proposed to photograph every traditional pose in order, at least, to preserve that much of the art. He formed a commission composed of old men who understood the art, and of two old *maîtresses de ballet*. These were to regulate and to criticize the performance of the dancers who posed for the pictures.

Groslier found in these dancers themselves such a love of their art, such a pride in it, such devotion, that he was able to organize regular rehearsals of the whole *Corps de Ballet*, to inspire it with fire and to see it revive like a Phoenix from its ashes.

Is there not something touching and significant in the spectacle of the French rescuing the art of the Cambodians from decay? They, too, have protected Angkor Wat, and have loved it as the descendants of the sculptors of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries should love it.

Now, the descriptions of the resuscitation of the Ballet are “*passionnant*”, thrilling. The dancers, all women, are a part of the Royal Court. In the old days, all of them were princesses of the Blood, and virgins, for they represent the Heavenly Nymphs, and perform a sacred ritual. The ancient legends which they mime have four rôles, princes, princesses, monkeys and giants. Isn't that enchantingly suggestive? One is transported at once into a fairy world, that world where we moved in childhood.

Sometimes, one thinks that great art can be produced only within the confines of a rigid frame. Christian iconography did very well when the position of every figure was fixed by theology, and the inspirations of later painters have varied but not improved it. Cimabue is more interesting than Correggio. The personages of the *Commedia dell'Arte* were limited, yet sufficient for all the rôles of Terence and Molière. Princes, princesses, monkeys and giants; what more do you want?

The Ballet rehearses. The musicians squat in the foreground. The dancing mistresses are all alert. Then, the princes come forward, four by four, four rows deep. Imagine four rows of princes, all clad in gold, with jewelled spiked helmets, gold girdles, necklaces, bracelets, anklets, shields. They come forward, and to the music and to the chanted words, they dance. The faces of the dancers, under their crowns of gold and garlands of flowers, are expressionless. Their thoughts are turned inward in a prodigious concentration of effort and memory. At the sound and word they must make the required movement infallibly, immediately, and this movement must not deviate from the Canon by a fraction of an inch. Groslier exclaims, "Ah, the hard labour, the severe preparation, the subtle sculpture!"

All these rôles must fit together. In a ballet where there appear two principal personages, four followers for the princess and four officers for the prince, each must choose exactly the right gesture for the sound and circumstance. Groslier says, "The same rigour of composition binds together these ten persons, and, if you are forewarned, you can see that at the moment the Prince makes a certain gesture, and that gesture only, the four officers raise their left hands. All the personages on the stage, whatever their number, know the particular rhythm (*horologerie*) which animates them, and also that which moves the others, since all these separate 'mechanisms', all interdependent, combine thus in one given circumstance and never in another."

"We see", says Groslier again, "the slow and fabulous filtering such an art has undergone before reaching a perfection so final and so living that the years, vicissitudes and generations piled up in its memory have not diminished its authority".

Now, the princesses come, three by three, slowly at first, with poses, then gliding along. Their gestures "seem to part fringes, branches, clouds". Then they seem to leave the earth and to fly in the air.

Perhaps this does not suggest to others, as it does to me, a whole world of divine beauty. When I evoke that ballet in my imagination, I see galaxies of stars like Shelley's "swarm of golden bees". I see the orderly revolutions of the planets, the turning of the spheres, the disciplined and rigorously set dance of the heavenly bodies, each one like a gold and jewel-decked Celestial Nymph performing her evolutions with love and precision, all interdependent, all replying to one another without hesitation, all with the marvellous beauty of a conscious work of art. This dance opens out illimitable vistas on the universe, by correspondence, and the Milky Way and Orion and his sons take on a significance unperceived before, something near, personal, living.

The dancers in the first row, who have no one to show them the movement, would fall down in a faint rather than make a mistake which those behind them might imitate. If we were to regard our duties as parts of a dance which we must execute promptly, exactly, gracefully, figures in the harmonious unrolling of a cosmic ritual, would it not enable us to perform them gaily, not as tasks but as works of art?

The most beautiful thing I have ever seen on the stage was Mei Lan Fang,

the great Chinese actor, in old Chinese plays. Mei Lan Fang plays only feminine rôles. He incarnates all the aspects of the "Eternal Feminine", all that is most charming, capricious, delicate and invincible. Seeing him, one wonders what has happened to the woman of to-day. But let us hastily leave this dangerous subject.

A princess speaks to her ladies in waiting. The princess is marvellously beautiful. Her black hair hangs below her knees. She wears embroidered robes, with a capelet of Imperial yellow fringed with tassels, and a great head-dress hung with long ropes of pearls. Now and then, her hands, with their gold nail guards, appear as the trailing sleeves of her robe fall back. The graceful handling of the sleeve is an art. The ladies, lovely creatures as alike as two peas in a pod under their high crowns of trembling crimson balls, move without a sound, without a violent gesture, delicate, subdued, perfectly controlled, alert but effaced. The princess speaks to them and they answer, repeating her words, but in a lower voice and key, like a faint echo. Somehow, just that repeated sound conveyed to me something of the relations of the hierarchies, the Guruparampara Chain.

The princess, make no mistake, was not arrogant or imperious. She simply was someone superior. That little scene was the acme of elegance. The wonder of a society in which things are ordered with such refinement!

I have tried to remember something in Western drama that could be compared with it, and I have seen the Russian Ballet in all its splendour, and Mounet-Sully as *Œdipus*, but never have I seen anything which sounded so potently, for me, that note of compelling beauty.

It is futile to compare and measure beauties. Botticelli's *Primavera* need fear no rival. A *Famille Verte* vase is different but not inferior to *Pastum*. However, these plays and the art of the Chinese theatre, set, also, in rigorous forms, conventions and symbols, lay before one a stage of civilization so far beyond our own that we realize our unlikeness, and languish in our exile. Is not the plane of consciousness of the Lodge of Masters such a state of civilization, such a place of poetry and loveliness? Do we not finally come to long for it passionately, from the darkness of the pit of our ugliness?

These dances and dramas which I have been describing are all man-made arts. Is not the beauty of Nature the production of the Absolute Artist and the paradigm of all other arts and forms? A Master says, "We but follow and servilely copy Nature in her works".

If the Categorical Imperative of Beauty is struck all too rarely by man, how constantly, how potently is it struck by earth, sky, water, trees and flowers. One can scarcely choose from out the wealth of memory a more lovely moment, a particular object. At this time, however, I remember seeing the Cactus flower. It was one of those perfect, warm Southern nights. The air was scented with the spice of innumerable desert plants, mints, absinth, tansy, sage. It was pure and silent with that vast silence of hundreds of miles of uninhabited mountains and deserts. The giant spires of cactus rose up among the enormous stars which seemed impaled upon their thorns. On these bare spikes opened

the cactus blossoms, white or rose, great petalled cups. Their perfume was poured out, as maidens, returned from the wells, pour water from their urns.

It was so beautiful that everything else ceased to be. One had no personality, no concerns, no psychic motions, no thoughts. Consciousness and this beauty became united. One was lifted into a state of simple being, of joy. One might have spent æons in such bliss, or did spend æons in a moment. "As a painting of divine bliss; a sculptured form of sovereign happiness; a grove of trees erectly standing."

Surely, the self-consciousness of those above us in the scale of evolution, the Masters, the Dhyani Buddhas, is fixed permanently in the contemplation of the Eternal Beauty, and vibrating with it, radiates its life. Once one has glimpsed that Beauty one must be delivered to its conquest. Nothing less can satisfy.

What is this mysterious quality of Beauty? How know it? How perceive it? Is it form? Is it known by the eye alone? Surely it is the shadow of the Divine Being which falls upon our consciousness from above, and is perceived first by the spirit and last by the eye.

Doubtless, the pursuance of the Path of Beauty is not without its dangers. One is always being told that its followers are liable to become attached to the mere concrete and outward form. Well, the Path of Goodness is not without its dangers, either, as all who have suffered the frightful ministrations of the well-intentioned can testify. Danger is our normal condition of life. We are in jeopardy every hour.

The effort of any one who follows an art or a religion must be the acquirement of Shankara's first qualification for chéliship, discrimination between the mortal and the immortal. In a Buddhist text it is said, "Let me discern a passionate mind to be passionate, let me discern a mind free from passion to be free from passion, let me discern a mind full of hatred to be full of hatred, let me discern a mind free from hatred to be free from hatred, let me discern an infatuated mind to be infatuated, let me discern a mind free from infatuation to be free from infatuation, let me discern an intent mind to be intent."

One may well say, Let me discern an ugly picture to be ugly and a beautiful picture to be beautiful. Too many people think that if they are moved by a work it must be good. It probably is bad. As Goethe remarked: "Wonder-working images are nearly all poor works of art." That is because the part of our nature which is most easily moved is the surface. A poor work of art, being on that plane, moves it. The really profound influence of a beautiful work is generally upon planes where we are dense, little alive and self-conscious. More people are stirred by a cheap chromo than by a fresco by Giotto. They may say, "Oh, it isn't the form which moves me. It is the idea." Of course, in a hideous religious picture the idea may well move one. Nevertheless, the picture is still poor and can never carry one as far as would a beautiful picture which brings into manifestation the meditations upon the Spiritual world of a superior soul. "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Is it the form which is our guide in judging an object? Form and Conscious-

ness are inseparable. That is why the constant discernment of forms can guide one to the consciousness behind them, must guide one there to have any life-giving inspiration, for consciousness is the life of all forms.

Or, does one start by discerning states of consciousness? The method of induction or of deduction, proceeding from particulars to universals or from universals to particulars? It would seem that Theosophy constantly employs both methods, correcting and confirming the one by the other. One must "gently, with much sagacity" observe form, conduct and manner, comparing them with principles and laws of nature, and as diligently meditate upon principles and laws, observing them in their manifestations. Of a truth, even in this terrene world, form and consciousness are one.

It is because we allow our senses to become so dull, our perceptions so gross, that we remain content with trivial things and cease to see divine Reality behind forms. One recalls St. Augustine's cry, "I was borne up to Thee by thy beauty and soon borne down from Thee by mine own weight, sinking with sorrow into these inferior things."

How often have we been told that when the perturbations of the personal life are stilled, we, becoming as an untarnished mirror, reflect the untroubled consciousness of the Spiritual World. Face to face with Being, we see Beauty; nay, we shall become Beauty, for the desire of evolution and of our hearts is not to see from afar, but to incarnate the God.

"This world is the expression of the thought of the Eternal, therefore all Being, everywhere, is the Eternal; thus behold it in all modes of being with serene understanding illumined by the Higher Self. That Being which is everywhere beheld apart from form by those possessing vision, what else can be the Soul's garden of delight, for the righteous knower of the Eternal?"

SAUVAGE.

To love is Beauty.—ANON.

Since, O my soul, thou art capable of God, woe to thee if thou content thyself with anything less than God.—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

DISCERNMENT

Spiritual Discernment is what is most wanted.—H. P. BLAVATSKY.

MR. JOHNSTON, in the opening sentence of the Introduction to his translation of Shankara Acharya's *Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, states: "Literally rendered, the title is The Crest Jewel of Discernment". He adds: "Viveka is the winnowing of wheat from chaff, the discerning of spiritual reality, veiled by the mirage of the world's appearances".

By translating the Sanskrit, Viveka, as Discernment, Mr. Johnston has virtually created for us in the West a term so rich in content, that a familiar English word, by association with Eastern philosophy and occultism, is raised into a higher sphere of meaning, and becomes an open sesame into new regions of thought and experience. The second verse of the *Crest Jewel* presents the theme of the whole treatise in a single phrase: "Discernment between the Divine Self and that which is not the Self". This fully accomplished, there results, not simply, we are told, an intellectual clarification, but, on the one hand, "liberation" from all that binds to the lower, the manifested, and the perishable,—the not-Self; and, on the other, "fully realized union with the Eternal Self". This is a stupendous statement, and one perhaps hard for Western minds to apprehend. Nevertheless, *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom*—that Wisdom which is Theosophy itself—boldly presents the Path to us in a term familiar to our everyday experience, and yet extending upward to illimitable heights. Therefore we are told that we may, by the right exercise of a present, though perhaps largely latent, faculty, dispel "the mirage of this world's appearances", rid ourselves of the net-work of illusions or delusions which we have woven by imagination, thought, and will about the spiritual man within, and so claim our inheritance as sons of God.

When highly trained lawyers, together with militant sceptics and materialists, came to the great Western Master, and asked of him incontrovertible proofs—a sign from heaven—that his authority was not a pose, but that his teaching was truly "authoritative", he met their demand with withering irony: "When it is evening you say, Fair weather, for the sky is red. Or in the morning, Foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowring. You know how to discern the face of the sky, but you are not able to discern the signs of the times. An evil and adulterous generation looks for a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it except the sign of Jonah. And he left them" (cf. Matt. 16: 1-4).

Nineteen hundred years of deeper penetration into Kali Yuga does not seem to have improved the Discernment between the Real and the unreal of lawyers, scientists, and the official priesthoods—as, perhaps, modern interpretations of the sign of Jonah—lay and clerical alike—sufficiently demonstrate, to use one illustration only. Nor is Discernment a term, or an idea, generally familiar in Western or Christian religious thought, though, of course, the exercise of this

faculty is implicit in all genuine spiritual teaching. For this very reason, a study of the *Crest Jewel*, and an assimilation of the meaning of the term Discernment, is of special value, and will throw a richer light not only on Western Scriptures, but on our own immediate experience and needs. For the *Crest Jewel* tells us that, of the four qualifications enumerated "by those possessing wisdom" which are necessary to secure "a firm foothold in the Real",—"First is counted Discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal" (v. 19).

Since the word Discernment is often misused in English, and confused with discrimination, it will be well to examine its ordinary connotations, as these are suggestive. When Mohini Chatterji, using of course a foreign language, made an English translation of the *Crest Jewel* for *The Theosophist* in 1885, he rendered the word Viveka, discrimination; and where Mr. Johnston wrote: "Discernment between the Divine Self and that which is not the Self", Mohini used the phrase: "The spiritual knowledge which discriminates between spirit and non-spirit". This circumlocution not only confines Discernment to spiritual knowledge (excluding its complement, spiritual will), but to one function only even of spiritual knowledge itself, and so reveals the need for further precision of thought. The difference between the two terms, Discernment and discrimination, is a fundamental one. We discriminate by making differences, by separating things confused together or commingled. The process ends there. We discern by *seeing* apart from all other objects, or through them. Discrimination directs its attention and interest towards the objects or ideas considered, and without these it could not function. Discernment draws down, or incarnates, an innate faculty of the understanding, and exercises it by means of, or through, the objects or ideas under consideration; but it is of itself eternal in its nature. So: "When the question is to estimate the real qualities of either persons or things, we exercise *discernment*: . . . when the question is to determine the proportions and degrees of qualities in persons or things, we must use *discrimination*" (Crabbe); and again: "Of *discernment* we say that it is clear; it serves to remove all obscurity and confusion: . . . of *discrimination*, we say that it is nice; it renders our ideas accurate".

It is obvious, therefore, that in the ordinary dictionary use of the terms, discrimination is a secondary or derived function; that it is essentially dual, or manasic; and that one can discriminate differences between things without any real exercise of Discernment at all. To discern, while it implies the employment of a due measure of discrimination, is in its very nature a higher faculty, and is concerned with discrimination only in so far as the latter serves the higher purpose—viz., that of estimating "the real qualities of either persons or things". This last, discrimination cannot do, though the term is constantly misused in just this sense, instead of Discernment. Because Discernment *sees*, there is an inner constructive or synthetic quality about its exercise, lacking in discrimination. So Mr. Johnston's illustrations are true analogies: wheat is not merely winnowed to be separated from chaff, but to be harvested for the use of man; and a veil is pierced to see what lies on the farther side, not simply to rend the veil.

Mr. Judge once wrote: "True discernment is an office of the human under-

standing. In and of itself it is a passive, though by no means a negative, quality. . . . Discernment belongs to the judgment of man as to qualities and things" (*The Path*, V, p. 314). To bring the faculty of Discernment, therefore, from its passive condition into full activity, is to fulfil the first of the four qualifications for chelaship. In one sense it is to render Buddhi active. Therefore, Discernment cannot be limited to an intellectual perception, to a manasic faculty, alone. Discrimination, which is manasic, can be exercised without Discernment; Discernment uses discrimination. The eye of an artist may not only distinguish but discriminate between correctness of line or shades of colour, but he may fail in the higher appreciation of quality and meaning: "It is in the discernment of place, of time, and of person that the inferior artists fail", suggested Macaulay (*Machiavelli*),—or in inner realities rather than in "proportions and degrees".

The nearest synonyms, therefore, to Discernment, would seem to be insight and judgment; and all three are given as synonyms of Wisdom. But Discernment is the most penetrating of the three, and comes closest to its source because the most comprehensive of them all. Judgment involves the power of forming decisions; insight indicates the direction in which judgment should act; Discernment completes both qualities, directing insight as a mental faculty, and impelling to wise action on the moral side where judgment functions. A man of Discernment will both judge and discriminate rightly; but a man can both judge and discriminate without Discernment. In the *Gospel of Nicodemus*, held canonical and widely read and studied throughout the first thousand years among Christians, Christ's answer is recorded to Pilate's question "What is Truth?"—"Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? Jesus said, Truth is from heaven. Pilate said, Therefore truth is not on earth. Jesus said to Pilate, Believe that truth is on earth among those who, when they have the power of judgment, are governed by truth, and form a right judgment" (iii, 11-14). A little reflection will show that to be governed by truth requires Discernment—which Pilate lacked, though he proved that he could discriminate between innocence and false accusations.

We see, therefore, that as Discernment passes from its passive, or latent, aspect, into activity, it uses both intellect and will, both mind and heart, both discrimination and judgment. But its true function must not be confused with the activities of its instruments, when it *is* active,—something the Western mind is prone to do. Nor should the range of its exercise be limited. A correspondence is complete from the highest to the physical planes; therefore a precise definition is difficult to formulate. But the range of its exercise need not be limited. On the lower side there are commonplace examples, such as "men who have lost the faculty of discerning colours, and who never", wrote Newman, "by any exercise of reason, can make out the difference between white and black". This simple truth is quaintly set forth in a verse of Sir J. Davies in his *Nosce Teipsum*:

For though our eyes can nought but colours see,
 Yet colours give them not their power of sight;
 So, though these fruits of sense her objects be,
 Yet she discerns them by her proper light.

A man must consciously possess his own "proper light", must have evolved this "office of the human understanding", in order to see, in order to discern, on lower, and then on higher, planes. "But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness." Of the higher, St. Paul wrote: "Now the psychic man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; and he *cannot* know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (I Cor. ii. 14). And we are told that it is "A wise man's *heart* (that) discerneth both time and judgment" (Eccle. viii. 5).

Therefore, since we all have the ability to exercise Discernment to a greater or less extent on lower planes already, it is only a question of recognizing this fact, and its significance, to undertake raising ordinary Discernment—or perhaps one should say Discernment in ordinary things—to spiritual Discernment, or Discernment in spiritual things. The faculty is the same; which is another way of saying that any faculty is an aspect of one of the human principles; and Discernment, when active, seems to be a phase of Buddhi active. If the law of Correspondences be true, and the Universe fundamentally one, what else can even ordinary eyesight be than an activity, however veiled, of Buddhi?

Returning now to the *Crest Jewel*, it is obvious that we are here receiving instruction in how to appreciate the value, and extend the exercise, of Discernment throughout the whole range of life, so that in all things we may come to discern between the Real and the unreal, between "the Divine Self and that which is not the Self". When we awake to some realization of our true place in the great Cosmic order, we find ourselves already a part of the complex mayavic picture which nature has thrown up on the screen of time, and to which we ourselves are contributing. Moreover, at least intellectually we have been led to accept the proposition that this so solid seeming world is but a "shadow-world"—a reflection of a greater Reality within. Discernment is the faculty which will enable us to *know* this for ourselves. That which we call ourselves, our bodies, our thoughts, our feelings, our likes and dislikes, form a part of this purposed but nevertheless illusionary process. To disentangle the Real from the unreal, to learn to recognize the Divine Self from all that is not-Self, are the first requisites. At a certain point in our evolution we are told, or we read with sympathy, or a deep-seated instinct tells us, that behind "the mirage of the world's appearances"—and inside our own field of consciousness as well as outside—there is an Absolute Reality, "without variableness neither shadow of turning", of which we are a part in our deepest nature, or more truly, with which we are one, and which lies at the heart of all our life, all our experience, all our love. The riddles of life, the illusions of life, the changes and chances of life melt away into relative non-existence when once that oneness is claimed and is made to surcharge our whole field of consciousness, instead of lying buried in hidden depths, wrapped in veil upon veil of appearances. The first qualification on the Path of chéliship is to make this proposition our own to the point that we recognize the futility of ordinary life lived for ordinary human ends and aims, and not only determine, but prefer and desire to find the Heart of the Universe,

to realize in full that which we have hitherto only divined in part, to enter into our royal inheritance as sons of God.

Now though it is quite obvious that this is a grand and beautiful thesis, it is absurd to suppose that a mere assertion of its mental acceptance will at once achieve the desired result. The very next event on life's great calendar of successive events will test our ability to discern the Divine Self from that which is not the Self, both in the quality and meaning of the outer happening itself, and in our own reactions to it;—and probably initial failures to see and understand will meet us at every turn. But we shall already be in a position to meet these recurring experiences in a new spirit, because we shall at first deliberately, and then automatically, seek to look below the surface, to divine their meaning, to search after their *quality*, and not merely their degrees and proportions. Our concern will no longer be solely with how *bad* is our toothache, but what *is* a toothache; why toothaches at all; what can and should one learn from one's own and other peoples' toothaches; what does Life (or Karma=the Lords of Karma) teach by means of toothaches,—and so on, with everything submitted to a new and searching test, from brushing one's teeth to the conscientious consideration of the relative merits, if any, of laughing gas and hypodermic injections. Soon we gain a new light on that statement, "The unnecessary is the immoral".

It is at this point that the *Crest Jewel* meets the student. The very consideration of such problems inevitably results in a changed attitude towards them, so that a number of preliminary misconceptions (based usually on crude selfishness) are almost certainly removed, which "bind" one to definite and inferior feelings and actions—and by just so much is "liberation" achieved. This is within everyone's experience. By extension, the same exercise of Discernment applied to the whole, instead of to just a fragment of manifested life, will bring about "liberation" from the whole of manifestation,—and union with the Divine Self ensues. The average Westerner has an ingrained notion that if he lives a moral, upright life, his immortal future (if any?) is secure, and that he need not bother about theological niceties or profound philosophical considerations. They are insoluble anyhow; even the specialists disagree. The practical, pragmatic test is enough for him; so long as society keeps its head and travels along on an even keel, that, he feels, is the most that can in fairness be expected. Life and nature are too complex to require more of mortal man. He is not at all worried about "that self of his which is sunk in the ocean of recurring life and death" (v. 9); he is interested in his (that self's) bread and butter (with as much jam as possible), and in getting plenty of each. But the *Crest Jewel* makes clear at the outset that this whole viewpoint and attitude are wrong and stultifying. "Works [even *good* works] make for the cleansing of the heart, but *not* for the attaining of the Real; the gaining of the Real comes through discernment—not even by myriads of works is it gained" (v. 11; cf. vv. 447-450). In other words, just endless living, myriads of successive experiences in innumerable recurring lives, however good, will never automatically insinuate us by easy stages, or even catapult us, in some final spring, into the Real, or weld us into

conscious union with the Divine Self. Something more than just living as best we can, however successful, is necessary to free us from the Wheel of Life. There is something additional we ourselves must initiate, must of ourselves do about it; something we can begin at any point in time, or can postpone doing almost indefinitely. That something is to "practise discernment". The manifested Universe came from the Real; if we, clearly in manifestation, succeed in eliminating from our consciousness (which is the true medium of manifestation) the whole of manifestation, by recognizing its illusionary nature, what is left but the Real? If it is *we* who do this, *we* are the Real, and pure Consciousness has become pure Self-Consciousness: the self has become the Self.

The hitherto occult teachings given out by Madame Blavatsky at the direction of the Masters, all tend to make clearer just this fundamental thesis of the *Crest Jewel*. For example, *The Secret Doctrine* tells us that man as now constituted appeared on earth toward the end of the third Root Race some 18,000,000 years ago. That means, perhaps, that we have all had already approximately eleven thousand, two hundred and fifty incarnations, with quite an exhausting number—if viewed in their dreary details—of births, deaths, wives, husbands, children, wars, broken bones, toothaches, snake-bites, prayers, tears, sins, repentances, and even the last word in fashionable hats. Therefore, by means of this teaching, it already becomes easier to see that: "Through discernment of the Real it is perceived that the imagined serpent is only a rope; and thus the painful fear of the great serpent, conjured up by illusion, is finally destroyed" (v. 12). What is said of the serpent and the rope applies with equal force to wives and husbands, toothaches, snake-bites, and the rest. But though the theory may be clear, its thorough application is by no means easy. We see a rope and mistake it for a snake, and we run away in a panic. We see a damsel and imagine she is a "soul-mate", and perhaps we do not run away. The difference lies in the fact that we dislike fear and pain, and hence are prepared at once to co-operate with Karma in dispelling that particular illusion, but are by no means always on the side of Karma (in its highest aspect, of course) in ourselves desiring to dispel the illusions anent fairy princesses. Worldly love is notoriously blind, and many a man will not permit himself to examine the credentials of Princess Bright Eyes, because he does not wish to have his illusions shattered, and to discover that said Princess is perhaps—a rope. If it seems easier to dispel the fear aroused by mistaking a rope for a snake than the feelings about a fairy princess and so forth, Theosophy—or right teaching—comes to our rescue and suggests that we think back over eleven thousand, two hundred and fifty incarnations (since the separation of the sexes), stand all those "soul-mates" (black, brown, yellow, red, white) in a row, as it were, up in the sky; recall, to help make the picture vivid, the considerable extension of a whole battalion of soldiers spread out in line for review, and "practise discernment". "The certain knowledge of the goal comes only through discernment awakened by right teaching. . . . circumstances, such as place and time, merely co-operate in the result. Therefore, let him who would know the Real *practise* discernment,

finding a Master who is a river of compassion, an excellent knower of the Eternal" (vv. 13-15).

Nevertheless, to some this whole method may at first seem too simple a "way out", almost like a trick. When a rope in the grass gives you a start, it is true that all fear dissipates when you realize that it is a rope, not a snake. But home, wife, children, financial difficulties, aching teeth, and so forth, do not dissipate in the same easy way, when you not only agree with "right teaching", but positively assert that they are all illusion, maya, a "shadow-world". The tooth still aches, and dividends are still omitted. It is like Faith. Faith, we are told, and we believe, can say to a mountain, "Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove", but we find ourselves somewhat like the woman who determined to put this to the test, and yet when she got up in the morning and looked out of the window to see if her fervent prayer of the night before had been answered, involuntarily exclaimed, "I knew right along it would still be there!" Woman and mountain were equally illusion; the trouble was that that potential centre of stupendous, and self-conscious cosmic forces, the woman, was so wrapped up in the illusion, among others, of her own limitations, created by herself through ages, and of a mountain's imperviousness to human wishes, that she was spiritually impotent and also totally lacking both in Discernment and in a sense of humour. In other words, removing a mountain by faith is, practically, "foolishness" to the "psychic man". He cannot even conceive how it is done, because such things are "spiritually discerned". Nevertheless, the very recognition of this last fact, instead of its denial, is an evidence of a rudimentary Discernment. One cannot begin to "seek the Eternal" at all, until so much is recognized. And this once recognized, the dawn of spiritual Discernment has brightened the man's horizon. So the *Crest Jewel* adds that then: "He is fitted to seek the Eternal, who has discernment, freedom from self-indulgence, quietude and the other virtues, and who ardently desires liberation" (v. 18).

With this minimum degree of Discernment as a starting point, the Path can be entered. The whole logic of life, and of the mutations of our thousands of lives, has led us to one fundamental realization: "The Divine Eternal is real, the world is illusion: a complete certainty of this is declared to be Discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal" (v. 20). To this at first intellectual understanding, and because of this, we gradually learn to add the remaining three qualifications: Freedom from self-indulgence; then the Six Virtues,—Quietude, Control, "the excellent Cessation", Endurance, Faith, and Concentration; and finally, "The ardent Desire for Liberation". The *Crest Jewel* adds significantly: "Where this ardent Desire is present even in a weak or modified degree, increasing through ceasing from self-indulgence, through quietude and the other virtues, and through the grace of the Master, it will bear fruit" (v. 29). So a minimum of Discernment starts us upon the Path, and treading the Path brings "fruit", and that fruit is "Knowing through the Scriptures, through right reasoning, through meditative experience, that thy true Self is the Self of all". This known, we "make an end of resting in the false self, which is built up by the play of deceptive appearances" (v. 283). In other words, Discernment

leads one to undertake the Path, and treading in the Path leads to further Discernment, and so on.

It requires a certain degree of concentration and practice on the part of the Western mind not to feel, after a point is reached in the argument of the *Crest Jewel*, that the results to be obtained from practising Discernment, or which are promised to it, cannot really flow from the premises. It seems as if a jump must have been made somewhere, which escaped detection as we read. How can applying the process set forth in the simple and obvious analogy of the rope versus the snake lead, for example, to this: "From the discernment that 'I am the Eternal', works heaped up through hundreds of millions of ages are dissolved, as dream-works on waking" (v. 449)? Does this not seem like side-stepping Karma? Is it really possible that so great a result could follow from such a simple start,—or at least, from a start which could be so simply stated? In a way the *Crest Jewel* seems to recognize this difficulty, because eight successive times, at the crucial point in the chain of reasoning, we are brought back to this unescapable analogy, the rope and the snake. "A false imagination created by error is not conclusive proof. . . . The appearance as the separate self, of the Self, the Seer, who is without qualities, without form, essential wisdom and bliss, arises through the delusion of the understanding; it is not real; when the delusion passes, it exists no longer, having no substantial reality. Its existence, which is brought into being through false perception, because of delusion, lasts only so long as the error lasts; as the serpent in the rope endures only as long as the delusion; when the delusion ceases, there is no serpent" (vv. 197-200). It may be well, therefore, to return repeatedly to the beginning of the treatise, and to make sure that the foundation of the argument is fully grasped.

It may also help in making our own the full significance of this teaching, and in realizing the opportunities that lie within it of opening vista upon vista to our conscious perception of the spiritual world, if we translate from Hindu to Christian terms, and back again. Christian teaching is full of suggestions, without, however, the explicit development of Hindu thought. Only an indication of this can be given here. Apart from St. Ignatius' famous treatment of the *Discernment of Spirits*, Christian mystics and mystical theologians have approximated the Eastern idea in many instances, which are of great interest for comparative study. Thomas Aquinas declared, for example, that the life of contemplation is "The discernment of God by the spiritual senses". St. Thomas states this as the end, or goal, of mystical contemplation, which in its turn is the highest kind of life; but philosophically it does not reach so high as the "I am the Eternal", or "Thou art That" of a more rigorously logical and discerning Eastern philosophy. Similarly, and still with a certain limitation, St. Bernard wrote: "There are two kinds of transport in mystical contemplation: the one in the intellect, the other in the heart; the one in light, the other in fervour; the one in discernment, the other in devotion". Scaramelli defined the *infused* (as distinct from the *acquired*) gift of "supernatural intuition" as: "An instinct or a light given by the Holy Spirit to discern correctly, in oneself or in others, the principle from which the soul's interior movements proceed; whether it is

good or bad". Perhaps, on the whole, Christianity is richest in practical direction, rather than in philosophic rationale, and for the more fundamental steps in practising Discernment, one can turn to a wealth of literature, such as Faber's *Growth In Holiness*, especially chapter XI: "From the discernment of mortal sin we come to that of venial sin, from venial sin to imperfections, from imperfections to less perfect ways of doing perfect things, and from that to a delicate perception of the almost invisible infidelities which grieve the Holy Spirit within us". Or we can go back to that extraordinary Eastern Christian mystic, Ephraim the Syrian (4th century), who wrote: "If thou canst wisely discern, change thou not Time for time, that which abides for that which abides not, that which ceases not for that which ceases, nor truth for lying, nor body for shadow, nor that which is in season for that which is out of season, nor the Time for the times. Collect thy mind, let it not wander among vanities which profit not". Each of these, and many others, teach one phase of the subject, or tell of the successive steps through which the disciple must pass; but each also in a measure fails to penetrate to the heart of the subject except by implication—an implication which Eastern teaching sets forth explicitly.

It is the peculiar genius of the Oriental conception, therefore, to apply that which is true of the part, to the whole; and to point out that since no one portion of the manifested can be conceived as Ultimate Reality, therefore the aggregate of all of manifestation cannot be Ultimate Reality. From this it follows that if we can rid ourselves of the illusion of mistaking any portion of the unreal for the Real, it is a logical necessity that we can rid ourselves from mistaking the whole of the unreal for the Real,—resting, therefore, or centring, our consciousness in the Real alone. The ability to free ourselves from one illusion involves the ability to free ourselves from all illusion; the capacity to discern in one instance involves the capacity to discern in all. Moreover, illusion itself is created by our Self—viz., the self by the Self,—in the beginning to manifest the Self, so as later to establish the Self in full self-consciousness, having come to see and know itself in its reflections. To abide in the reflection, declaring it to be the Real, would be to act like children who are carried away by their own games, and who actually hang the diminutive pirate when he is captured.

The whole of the *Crest Jewel* is a study of Consciousness; and Discernment is presented as a primary function of Consciousness. "Not by Yoga nor by Sankhya, not by works nor by knowledge, but only through *awakening* to the oneness of one's true Self with the Eternal, does liberation come, and in no other way" (v. 58). This awakening, an awakening of consciousness, is essential. How is it to be brought about? How is that of which we are not yet conscious to be brought to consciousness? First, by *discerning* so far as we can. Where we do see the truth (the Real), we must be "governed by truth" (the Real)—"therefore the reality of the divine Self should be sought earnestly from one who knows the real (v. 62). . . . Sickness does not depart by speaking of medicine unless the medicine be drunk; liberation comes not through speaking of the Eternal without immediate experience of the Eternal (v. 64). . . . So through the teaching of one who knows the Eternal, through careful thought and medi-

tation, is to be gained the pure truth of the divine Self, concealed by the working of glamour, and not through subtle reasoning (v. 66). . . . By constant obedience to the Self, the mind of him who seeks union is conquered and the impress of outer desires fades away" (v. 279). So we have the old and familiar direction—Obedience. But the *Crest Jewel* tells us that while Discernment is the fruit of Obedience, it is also the cause of a more complete Obedience, as we gain recognition of the truth—the categorical imperative—of that which we should obey. And the *Crest Jewel* points out that we ourselves become that which we obey, just as the lieutenant, by obeying his colonel, comes to understand a colonel's responsibility, and finally may become himself a colonel.

It is a fundamental point, therefore, that the whole method of teaching of the *Crest Jewel* is that of analogy, through the Law of Correspondences. As above, so below; as below, so above. If we wish to "practise Discernment", we must exercise ourselves in seeking correspondences,—and not only in intellectual matters, such as between, let us say, the human principles and the principles of physical nature (as in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 593), but throughout the range of our entire experience of life. Life is Karma; and Karma is not a dead, mechanical thing, but living; it is an expression of the will and thought and desire of the great Lords of Karma working on our own accumulated will and thought and desire, and all directed to the one end of helping us to discern between the Real and the unreal, between the Divine Self and that which is not the Self, so that we may escape from the false, and enter consciously into the true. Surely, if we succeed, we shall not be side-stepping Karma, but fulfilling Karma. In the very beginning it was said "Let there be Light"—and there was light. So also shall there be light throughout the ages. Our attitude should be to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. "Therefore, discerning this supreme reality of the Self, in its own nature the sum of bliss, shake off the delusion built up by thine own thoughts, free thyself, attain, awake!" (v. 474).
S.

Sorrow not, Ananda. Have I not said to you, "In all things dear and delightful there is the element of change, of separation"? How then can it be possible, Ananda, that what is born, what has come to be, what is put together, what is of nature to crumble away, should fail to crumble away! It cannot be!—DIGHA NIKAYA.

All supernatural desires, which we simply enjoy, without practically corresponding to them, leave us in a worse state than they found us.—FABER.

MAHAYANA BUDDHISM

I. THE BODHISATTVA DOCTRINE

Joy unto ye, O Men of Myalpa.

A Pilgrim hath returned back "from the other shore".

A new Arhan is born.—THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE

MANY Northern Buddhists believe that when the Buddha began to preach, he intended to give forth at once the whole of spiritual truth. In this mood he delivered the teaching transmitted by the mystical *Avatamsaka Sutra*. Then, perceiving that he was not understood, he abruptly changed his tactics. Thenceforth, he divulged only that portion of the truth which his auditors could assimilate, reserving the complete revelation until his disciples had fitted themselves to receive it.

This account of the Buddha's method of instruction bears a certain likeness to the tradition recorded by Madame Blavatsky, that the Buddha left two bodies of doctrine, the exoteric and the esoteric. These do not differ in essence, for they were formulated by the same genius, but they make their appeal to different principles of the human being. As has been said, the one speaks to "the eye", and the other to "the heart".

According to this division, the exoteric "eye doctrine" has been primarily identified with the Hinayana School, the "Lesser Vehicle", which has prevailed in Ceylon, Burma, and Siam. It is founded upon the public sermons of the Buddha and upon the general rules of conduct which he laid down to guide the neophyte in his efforts to rid himself of sin and illusion. The motives of the average Hinayana sectarian may be said to resemble those which inspire the average member of a Christian Church. As the more or less pious Christian anticipates as a reward of his piety a future of everlasting bliss in Heaven, so the Hinayana Buddhist accepts the prescriptions of the Buddha as a means to final liberation from physical existence, with its inevitable accompaniment of sorrow. This is not incompatible with a high degree of religious exaltation. Both exoteric Buddhism and exoteric Christianity have their saints and martyrs who have proved their devotion and charity in life and in death. Multitudes in the West have prostrated themselves in love and gratitude at the foot of the Cross; and multitudes in the East have taken refuge in the Buddha, drawn to him not merely by the desire for personal salvation but by veneration for the splendour of his compassion.

It is said that esoteric Buddhism, like esoteric Christianity, assimilates to itself what is real and true in the exoteric version, but that the dominant motive of its votaries is altogether *sui generis*. Doubtless, the term "esoteric" must be used with extreme caution, for one can judge the hidden teaching of the Buddha only by published fragments of it, which, being now public property,

have ceased to be esoteric, in the strict sense of the word. The fragments, to which in particular we refer, are to be found scattered through the writings of Madame Blavatsky, notably in the foot-notes of *The Voice of the Silence*.

It is significant that Madame Blavatsky interpreted *The Voice of the Silence* and many passages of *The Secret Doctrine*, in terms borrowed from the Mahayana *Sutras*. This does not imply, of course, that the Mahayana, in its actual state, is synonymous with esoteric Buddhism. For centuries a number of sects, generally described as Mahayana, have been established in Tibet, Mongolia, China, Korea, and Japan. Not all of them are of a high spiritual order; some of them are so deeply involved in tantric magic, that it is hard to recognize in them an affiliation with any form of Buddhism, esoteric or exoteric. But in spite of the "confusion of tongues", one can find evidence of a genuine line of apostolic succession, beginning with the "authors" of the great *Sutras* and descending through the Chinese Patriarchs and the Zen Masters. It is only with this phase of the Mahayana that we are concerned in these articles. It would seem to be related to another phase, represented by the Gelugpas or "Yellow Caps" of Tibet (cf. *The Voice of the Silence*, pp. 54, 57).

The pure Mahayana, the "Great Vehicle", echoes the ideal of selfless devotion which is the nucleus of the "Heart-Doctrine", as this is unfolded in *The Voice of the Silence*. It is based upon *aryajñāna*, the noble knowledge, the science of awakening "the supreme wisdom whereby one is enabled to look into the deepest recesses of consciousness in order to grasp the inmost truth hidden away from the sight of ordinary understanding" (D. T. Suzuki: *Studies in the Lankavatara Sutra*, p. 389).¹ It is the Bodhisattva Doctrine. The word "Bodhisattva" may be translated as "he whose being is transformed into wisdom". A Bodhisattva is an aspirant of any degree who is in process of becoming a Buddha of Compassion; and the Bodhisattva Doctrine purports to be a description of the laws of that process. The motive of the true Mahayana devotee is, therefore, not personal liberation from the dominion of suffering, nor is it the bliss of personal enlightenment. He seeks to share the age-long ordeal of the Buddhas who work for the ultimate salvation and enlightenment of all sentient creatures, and who refuse to enter Nirvana alone. The goal of the Mahayana is nothing less than Buddhahood itself.

The Bodhisattva Doctrine may be read "between the lines" of the Pali scriptures of so-called Primitive Buddhism. It is clearly hinted in the cycle of Birth Stories, which describe the previous incarnations of Sakyamuni, whose culminating life as a "World-Saviour" is represented as the fulfilment of the vow to save mankind that he made centuries earlier in the presence of another Buddha.

However, the Doctrine only became explicit after the public organization of the first Mahayana School in India, apparently during the First Century A.D.,

¹ Unless otherwise specified, all quotations in this article are taken from this book. This admirable work is not only a commentary upon one of the greatest *Sutras*: it is a very lucid exposition of the general principles of the Mahayana. The author interprets his subject from the point of view of the Japanese Zen School, but reveals no sectarian bias. The present writer wishes to take this opportunity to express to Dr. Suzuki his gratitude and indebtedness.

about six hundred years after the Buddha. The early work of the School is especially associated with the name of Nagarjuna, one of the greatest of Indian philosophers, whom Madame Blavatsky describes as an Arhat or Adept, and whom many Northern Buddhists regard as "one of the four suns which illumine the world". The immediate purpose of Nagarjuna and his disciples seems to have been to check the tendency of the official Buddhist philosophers to reduce the Buddha's teaching to a rigid, dogmatic system. The Buddha's words had been given a dead-letter sense, and the details of his doctrine had been submitted to a process of dialectical hair-splitting and scholastic analysis. Like the "school-men" of all ages, the Hinayana doctors were obsessed by the notion that, to know a thing, it is sufficient to give it a name and to insert that name in a catalogue. They were so busy with the invention of a nomenclature that they had little leisure to consider the realities upon which the Buddha had insisted.

The Mahayana sages made no attempt to overturn the simple exoteric system which the Buddha had devised for the mass of his followers, but they vigorously denounced the efforts of the doctors to classify states of being of which they knew nothing, and to set definite limits to the ideal of Buddhist attainment. In a sense, the early Mahayana was primarily a movement of reform, a return to "first principles", and its exponents could appeal in self-defence to the authority of the Buddha himself. Sakyamuni steadfastly refused, for example, to describe in positive terms the state of consciousness denoted by the word, Nirvana. He discouraged the discussion of questions "which tend not to enlightenment", and to which the human mind with its present store of experience can propose no real answer, for it cannot even imagine adequately the subjects of the questions. How can anyone explain the nature of Nirvana, unless both he and his auditors have had some personal experience of it?

The Mahayana teachers insisted, above all, upon the experience of truth as a preliminary to the knowledge of it. Though they accepted the authority of the scriptures, they insisted that these should be used primarily as subjects for meditation, as guides to inner experiment; for if a scripture be read only for mental amusement, it is of no more value than a romance. Some went further, denying that the scriptures were authoritative in any sense. We find the Chinese teacher, Hsuanchien, saying that "the twelve divisions of the Tripitaka are only lists of ghosts and sheets of papers". Even as regards the *Sutras* which were most cherished, it was affirmed that they were like a finger pointing to the moon; when the moon is discerned, the seer no longer looks at the finger.

"*Dhyana* [i.e. meditation] cannot be understood by the definitions of the wise", said Bodhidharma. "Dhyana is a man's successful seeing into his own fundamental nature" (Dwight Goddard: *A Buddhist Bible*, p. 26). This ideal of "inner self-realization" (*pratyatmagocara*) is most clearly stated in the *Lankavatara Sutra*, but it is to be found as a connecting thread in all the great Mahayana scriptures. The Buddha is distinguished from the unregenerate man, because he knows truth by direct perception and does not depend upon words or mind-images or logical inferences. To know the Universe by means of this immediate intuition of one's inner Self, is to realize the identity of the being

of the Universe with the being of the inner Self. It is *paranishpanna*, the only real knowledge, in which the knower is fully aware that the world conceived as a thing external to the personal self is nothing but a phantom having no existence apart from the mind. This does not mean that the knower of the inner Self regards his personal self as any more real than the objective world, for he perceives it to be only an illusion generated by "unwisdom" and by chaotic energy or "desire". Although the terminology is different, the Mahayana doctrine of inner self-realization reaches the same conclusion as the *Atmabodha* of Shankara Acharya, with its affirmation of the indissoluble union of the *Atman*, the Higher Self of man, with the *Brahman*, the Eternal.

The Mahayana is insistent in its testimony that nothing which appears to be concrete and objective is seen as it really is, even though in one sense every phenomenon may be said to symbolize or to encompass a reality. One can begin to understand why the Buddha refused to answer so many of his disciples' questions. For instance, he was once asked whether the world is eternal or not eternal. But in the light of the Mahayana teaching, such a query is meaningless, for the world as a thing in itself cannot be defined as either real or unreal. It is neither more nor less real than a castle in the air, than a mirage, than an illusion produced by a magician. It is a congeries of various phases and states of consciousness, and viewed from their plane, is real; but the enlightened seer realizes that it is void of substance, that where we imagine things to be, in reality there is nothing but chaos or emptiness (*sunyata*). Again, the Buddha was asked whether the saint exists or does not exist after death. In terms of the Mahayana, this question is as meaningless as the other. What is a saint? He is one whose first aim is to deliver himself from the illusion that he is a separate self, a distinct personality, an ego. This is, indeed, the practical import of the fundamental Buddhist doctrine of "egolessness" (*anatman*). On the other hand, he who has gained liberation from self, is for the first time conscious of identity with the One Self. The One Self is *anupadaka*, the parentless. It is undying because in truth it is never born, being indistinguishable from the essence of being (*tathata*) which is pure, undivided consciousness (*cittamatra*). But when the saint thus transcends himself, is he still to be called a saint, or by what name shall we call him? According to the Mahayana, we shall be wise not to attempt to answer such a question. The immediate undertaking is to become a saint, not to argue as to how it feels to be one.

These basic conceptions of the Mahayana may seem obscure and difficult, but the idea that real knowledge rests upon experience is obvious enough, so obvious, in fact, that it is apt to be disregarded. As has been remarked, no one can know the taste of an orange by another's description; he must experience it for himself.

"That which constitutes the Tathagatas in essence as well as in body is wisdom (*jñāna*). . . . False discrimination pertains to the self, to the ego, to the personality. . . . That which appears in manifestation is like a figure painted on a wall; it has no consciousness in itself, O Lord of Lanka, all that is in the world is devoid of work and action because all things have no reality. . . . It is like an

image magically transformed. . . . He who thus sees things sees them truly. To see otherwise is to walk in false discrimination; to depend on false discrimination is to cling to dualism. It is like seeing one's image reflected in a mirror, or one's shadow in water or in the moonlight, . . . or hearing an echo in the valley. . . . Failing to carry out the abandonment of dualism, men continue their false discrimination and never attain tranquillity. By tranquillity is meant oneness, and oneness gives birth to the highest *samadhi* [contemplation], which is gained by entering into the womb of Tathagatahood, the realm of supreme wisdom realized in one's inmost self" (*Lankavatara Sutra*, I; paraphrased).

"[The attainment of Tathagatahood] is like a man crossing a stream in a dream. Suppose that while sleeping a man dreams that he is in the midst of a great river which he earnestly endeavours with all his might to cross by himself; but before he succeeds in crossing the stream, he is awakened from the dream, and being awakened, he thinks: 'Is this real or unreal?' He thinks again: 'No, it is neither real nor unreal'. By reason of the habit-energy of false discrimination which has been accumulated by experience ever since beginningless time, . . . there is the perception and [false] discrimination of all things as existent and non-existent. . . . In the same way, Mahamati, the Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas of the eighth stage of Bodhisattvahood . . . observe that [false] discrimination no more rises in them since all things are seen as like *maya*. . . . The abodes and stages of Buddhahood are established in pure undivided consciousness which is imageless. . . . Self-realization and absolute purity—this stage is my own" (*Lankavatara Sutra*, IV).

"An Arhat does not say to himself: 'Arhatship has been obtained by me'. And why? Because the Arhat is selfless. Therefore is he called an Arhat. If an Arhat were to say to himself: 'Arhatship has been obtained by me', he would be expressing belief in a self, in a being, in a personality. . . . Subhuti, the foremost of those dwelling in virtue does not dwell anywhere, and therefore, is he called a dweller, a dweller in virtue, indeed" (*Diamond Sutra*, IX).

Closely identified with the affirmation that truth is known only through inner self-realization, is the doctrine that this self-realization is a possibility for all sentient beings. Every being in its inmost nature is Buddha. The manifested Universe, *Mahamaya*, may thus be said to provide the field in which the germ of Buddhahood in the soul or monad may come to maturity, passing from potentiality to actuality. As one of the Patriarchs said: "When sentient beings realize their Essence of Mind, they are Buddhas. If a Buddha is under delusion as to his Essence of Mind, he is then only an ordinary being. Seeing everything as equal in Essence of Mind makes ordinary beings Buddhas"² (*A Buddhist Bible*, p. 267).

The conception that a Buddha is a product of evolution is present even in Hinayana Buddhism; but in the Mahayana it is given transcendent significance. In this respect, the Mahayana, like the Vedanta, was continuing the great Indian tradition of the Upanishads. It is one of the tragedies of historical

² "Within thy body—the shrine of thy sensations—seek in the Impersonal for the 'Eternal Man'; and having sought him out, look inward: thou art Buddha" (*The Voice of the Silence*, p. 26).

Christianity that the doctrine of universal spiritual evolution has not had a place in its theology. It is clearly outlined in many passages from St. Paul, and the Master Christ refers to it more than once: "Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are Gods?" (*John*, x, 34). But the Western world had to wait eighteen centuries before the implications of the Master's words were forced upon the attention of Christians. It was part of the message of Theosophy to the West, that Christ was not a divine accident; that he was a human being who by virtue of an *acquired* prowess and wisdom had become a Master. The ideal presented by Theosophy to the true Christian, is, therefore, identical with the ideal of the Mahayana Bodhisattva Doctrine; he is assured that he can attain the realization that the foundation of his being is Christ, that he himself can become a Master in the course of Nature, if he persevere in the way prepared for him by his spiritual Father and Lord.

The philosophical subtleties of the Mahayana become intelligible, in so far as one is able to relate them to the central problem of the disciple's life, the problem of evolving or unveiling his Buddha-nature. The methods advocated are, doubtless, often ill adapted to most minds in the East and to almost all minds in the West. There is comparatively little stress upon outer conduct, partly, it would seem, because in the Eastern mystical schools contemplation is emphasized rather than action,—as if right behaviour must follow of itself, when an inward transformation of consciousness is accomplished. Also, as has been suggested, at least in its beginnings, the pure Mahayana was an introduction to esoteric Buddhism, and the discipline which it inculcates is only intended for those who have permanently attained a certain degree of moral rectitude, and who can be trusted to practise the social and conventional virtues without external instigation.

The general process of this contemplative discipline may be illustrated by reference to a term which recurs in the Mahayana scriptures. The aspirant is bidden to meditate upon the *Tathagatagarbha*, that is, upon the seed or matrix of Buddhahood. The word recalls the *Hiranyagarbha*, "the Golden Egg of Brahmâ", defined by Madame Blavatsky as "esoterically the luminous 'fire mist' or ethereal stuff from which the Universe was formed" (*Theosophical Glossary*, s. v.). In *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 114; II, 333), the Hierarchy of the "Elect" of mankind are called "Sons of the Fire-Mist". It is apparent that the essential meaning of the two terms is the same. *Tathagatagarbha* is the name applied to the Universe of Consciousness when this is regarded as the envelope of *prajña*, "the eye of wisdom", which is both transcendental knowledge and divine love. To meditate upon the *Tathagatagarbha* is to seek the spark of *prajña* within every subjective and objective form. One cannot discover it within the recesses of one's own being, without finding it also in others, and not only in mankind but in all the kingdoms of sentient creatures, visible and invisible; for this *prajña* is one and undivided, though it seems to the "eye of un wisdom" to multiply and to differentiate itself into an infinite host of separate entities.

There is no real world, according to the Mahayana, save the "*Vajradhatu*, the

universe viewed as the manifestation of *Vairocana* Buddha [the all-enlightening whose image is reflected in the heart of every being" (p. 436). But in common daily experience, the Buddha-nature is so thickly encased in the illusion of selfhood, that we have no awareness of it. The Mahayana philosophers explain the process of encasement in terms of the *viññanas* or stages of consciousness.

The first of the *viññanas* and the parent of the rest is *Alaya*. In one sense, this word denotes the Universal Soul, and as Madame Blavatsky indicates, is "identical with *Akasa* in its mystic sense, and with *Mulaprakriti* in its essence, as it is the basis or root of all things" (*Theosophical Glossary*, s. v.). In the Mahayana texts, it is frequently used as a synonym of *Tathagatagarbha*, but with a different shade of meaning. It is "a storage-house where all kinds of goods are kept in storage, and it is the *Alayaviññana*'s function to store up all the memory of one's thoughts, affections, desires and deeds. The seeds thus stored remain in the *Alaya* perfectly quiescent and neutral" (p. 176). Among these seeds is the seed of Buddhahood, but also there are all the seeds of illusion, the *skandhas*, generated by "beginningless unwisdom". Everything deposited in the *Alaya* must manifest itself sooner or later, in some way or other, by the force of *vasana*, habit-energy, "the perfuming impression of memory". Again the *Alaya* is compared to the sea. In its depths, it is calm; but its surface is periodically disturbed by "winds of differentiation". When its waves are permanently stilled by a certain "revulsion" of the whole nature, the *Alaya* is seen as the *Tathagatagarbha*, and the creative powers being detached from the idea of self, are "set free for the working of *Mahakaruna* (great compassionate heart), which in conjunction with *Prajña*, supreme wisdom, makes up the life of the Mahayana Buddhist" (p. 177).

When this revulsion takes place, the life of Bodhisattvaship really begins. The danger is that it is preceded by many premonitory tremors, and that the aspirant may be stranded in some state of intense personal bliss, where he may remain isolated for ages. One recalls the references in theosophical literature to the Pratyeka Buddha, "a degree . . . of high intellectual development with no true spirituality. . . . One of the three paths to Nirvana and the lowest, in which a Yogi—'without teacher and without saving others'—by the mere force of will and technical observances, attains to a kind of nominal Buddhahood individually; doing no good to anyone, but working selfishly for his own salvation and himself alone" (*Theosophical Glossary*, s. v.). The Pratyeka Buddha may be described as only one, albeit the most exalted, of the illusory forms which may ensnare even those who are far advanced on the path to wisdom. Doubtless, the average Western student is in no imminent danger of becoming a Pratyeka Buddha, and the emphasis laid upon this menace in the Mahayana may seem a little excessive to him. However, as has been said, the Hindu becomes a disciple or *chêla* with greater facility than an Occidental, but finds it more difficult to remain one. In any event, the problem, as the Mahayana states it, is universally pertinent. The great allurements which lead the aspirant astray from the path is the sentiment of individual bliss, and this is as true at the beginning as at the end.

The essence of Bodhisattvaship is to be found in the traditional ten vows which the aspirant takes at the beginning of the Great Way. By virtue of those vows he forces the higher beings on his "ray", including the Master at its head, to take notice of him and thus to extend to him their conscious assistance, without which, it is said, he would inevitably fail. If anyone doubt that the Bodhisattva needs assistance, let him meditate upon the following vows:

"When the Bodhisattva enters upon the first stage called Joy, *Pramudita*, in the career of his spiritual discipline, he makes the following solemn vows, *Pranidhana*, ten in number, which, flowing out of his most earnest determined will, are as all-inclusive as the whole universe, extending to the utmost extremity of space itself, reaching the end of time, exhausting all the number of *kalpas* (ages), and functioning uninterruptedly as long as there is the appearance of a Buddha. The first is to honour and serve all the Buddhas, one and all, without a single exception; the second is to work for the preservation and perpetuation of the teaching of all the Buddhas; the third is to be present at the appearance of each Buddha, wherever and whenever it may be; the fourth is to practise the proper conduct of Bodhisattvahood which is wide and measureless, imperishable and free from impurities, and to extend the Virtues of Perfection (*paramitas*) towards all beings; the fifth is to induce all beings, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, to turn to the teaching of the Buddhas, so that they may find their final abode of peace in the wisdom of the all-wise ones; the sixth is to have an inner perception of the universe, wide and inexhaustible, in all its possible multitudinousness; the seventh is to realize the most closely interpenetrating relationship of each and all, of all and each, and to make every land of beings immaculate as a Buddha-land; the eighth is to be united with all the Bodhisattvas in oneness of intention, to become intimately acquainted with the dignity, understanding, and psychic condition of the Tathagatas, so that the Bodhisattva can enter any society of beings and accomplish the Mahayana which is beyond thought; the ninth is to [r]evolve the never-receding wheel whereby to carry out his work of universal salvation, by making himself like unto the great lord of medicine or the wish-fulfilling gem; and lastly, the tenth is to realize the great supreme enlightenment in all the worlds, by going through the stages of Buddhahood, and fulfilling the wishes of all beings with one voice, and while showing himself to be in Nirvana, not to cease from practising the objects of Bodhisattvahood" (pp. 222-223; an abstract from the *Dasabhumika Sutra*, one of the chapters of the *Avatamsaka Sutra*).

It would be an error to suppose that this vast and sublime ideal represents the goal of the average Buddhist either in the North or in the South. But it should be noted that the conception of age-long self-sacrifice as the crown of spiritual endeavour has actually been incorporated in the exoteric canon of Northern Buddhism. There is nothing comparable to it in *exoteric* Christian theology, although Sainte Thérèse de Lisieux surely responded to such an ideal when she renounced Paradise in order that she might remain in the earth-sphere as a helper of suffering mankind.

One might assume that there is good reason for the absence of the Bodhi-

sattva Doctrine from the Western canon; that the average Western aspirant needs a more concrete motive to inspire him, nor could he make such a resolution at his stage of the way and really mean it. This may be true, but the student of Theosophy, who is also a Christian, ardently desires the coming of the day when the Bodhisattva Doctrine will be an integral part of exoteric Christianity. Only when this occurs will Christians truly value the labours of their Master who must be regarded as one of those who long ago made a vow like that of the Bodhisattva Samantabhadra. It is not amiss to recall the evidence of his continuing work for humanity which he has given to more than one of the saints, notably to Marguerite-Marie.

The specific duties and powers of the Bodhisattva are beyond our comprehension. The Mahayana sages made an attempt to describe some of them by analogy, doubtless believing that the images thus awakened in the neophyte's consciousness might quicken his zeal. There are many enumerations of the "heavens" through which the candidate for Buddhahood passes on his way to perfection, as well as of the expanding sphere of his contemplation. Ten degrees of initiation are noted, but in the great scriptures there is always the qualification, that these degrees can be truly known only by experiencing them.

The following passage from the *Lankavatara Sutra* is typical. It refers to the culminating experience of the Bodhisattva when he enters the Congregation of the Buddhas.

"In virtue of a stock of merit accumulated for hundreds of thousands of *kalpas*, he will . . . reach the stage of Bodhisattvahood, called *Dharmamegha* (Cloud of the Law). Seating himself on a throne in the Palace of the Great Lotus, he is surrounded by Bodhisattvas like himself and wears a tiara adorned and embellished with all kinds of jewels. The Buddhas will now come, . . . shining like the brilliant full moon with golden rays, and with their lotus-like hands will anoint the forehead of the Bodhisattva seated on the throne. . . . He is like the crown prince of a great sovereign, who, being thus anointed by the Buddhas personally with their own hands, assumes full power. When he is thus sustained [by the power of the Buddhas], he will see all the Buddhas face to face. . . . Mahamati asked, Why do the Tathagatas sustain the Bodhisattva by their power? . . . Said the Blessed One: . . . O Mahamati, if he be not thus sustained, he may fall into the way of thinking cherished by bad philosophers . . . and the Evil One, and will not be enlightened in the Supreme Enlightenment" (pp. 204-205; an abstract from II).

It would seem that the last of the ten vows expresses in a sentence the quality which distinguishes him from other beings: "While showing himself to be in Nirvana, he does not cease from practising the objects of Bodhisattvahood." He renounces the selfish bliss of the various "heavens"—the *rupa* and *arupa deva lokas*—which are supposed by many of the ignorant to constitute the Nirvana of the Buddha. This renunciation is, however, not painful to him, for his heart's desire is to forego all personal reward and to co-operate unreservedly with the Buddhas in their unremitting effort to share the fruit of their liberation and enlightenment with all sentient beings. But this complete

sacrifice of self is the true Nirvana. The Buddhas and their loyal disciples are citizens of the highest heaven; that is why they have the power to help those still on earth.

There is this dialogue in the *Ashtasahasrika-prajña-paramita-Sutra*: "Sari-putra asked Subhuti, If as you say the Bodhisattva is unborn [i.e. enlightened], how is it that he works hard and suffers much for the sake of all sentient beings? To this answered Subhuti, I do not wish the Bodhisattva to think that he is working hard and suffering much. If he does he is no Bodhisattva. Why? If he does cherish such thoughts, he cannot expect to benefit sentient beings whose number exceeds calculation. Rather let him rejoice over his doings and towards all sentient beings, feel like mother or father, son or daughter, and let him, feeling like this among men and women, walk in the path of Bodhisattvahood. Further than that, let him feel towards all beings as if they were himself, and think, 'If I am to be completely free from all woes, let them also be so in the same measure. I cannot leave them to their fate. I must save them from the innumerable pains they suffer, and even if I were cut up into pieces many times over' " (pp 215-216).³

This is, indeed, the consummation of the Mahayana wisdom, that Nirvana is not a pleasurable sensation, however sublimated, but perfect inner self-realization, complete freedom from the illusion of separateness. The real Nirvanī who perceives his being in closest interpenetration with all being, cannot shut himself off from the least manifestation thereof, without abdicating his title and dignity. It may have been partly to make this clear, that a distinction is drawn between what is commonly called Nirvana, the abode of "extinction of all worldly concerns", inhabited by the Pratyeka Buddhas, and Paranirvana, the supreme abode, the home of the Buddhas of Compassion, their enduring state of consciousness,—although as a "place of bliss" no Buddha of Compassion will remain in it, until his work for the salvation of all beings is finished.

This is in direct contradiction to the Hinayana teaching that the Buddha passed for ever from the sight of men at the hour of his physical death. But we read in the *Saddharma-Pundarika* (*The Lotus of the Good Law*), Chapter XV: "The Tathagata does what he has to do. He is unlimited in the duration of his life, he is everlasting. Without becoming extinct in Nirvana, he makes a show of becoming extinct, on behalf of those who have to be educated. I announce final extinction even though I do not become extinct. . . . In the opinion that my body is completely extinct, men worship my relics, though they see me not. . . . When upright and gentle creatures leave off their bodies, I assemble the group of disciples and manifest myself here on the Mount of the Holy Vulture. And then I say to them in this very place: I was not completely extinct when you thought me to be so. It was but a device of mine; repeatedly am I born in the land of the living. . . . So am I the Father of the World, the Self-born, the Healer, the Protector of all creatures. Knowing them to be perverted, infatuated and ignorant, I teach final rest, myself not being at rest. What reason

³ "Bear love to men as though they were thy brother pupils, disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother" (*The Voice of the Silence*, p. 32).

should I have to manifest myself continually? When men become unbelieving, unwise, ignorant, careless, fond of sensual pleasures, and from thoughtlessness run into misfortune, then I, who know the cause of the world, consider: How can I incline them to enlightenment? How can they become partakers of the fruits of the Buddha-laws?"

Thus is manifested the power of the Bodhisattva known as *upaya* or "skilful means". This endowment enables him to discern the need of each individual and to adapt his "self-manifestation" to that need. Every incarnation of a Master may be said to be such an adaptation. He may be king or beggar as regards outer appearance; he may teach one or another doctrine. As is said, the Master rules himself as well as other beings. He will consent to any sacrifice, supping with publicans and sinners, undergoing what the world calls ignominy. One of his titles is "The Good Companion", for he is the Friend who speaks always to the condition of his hearers. The sense of his superiority dawns in their consciousness by the compelling force of his own inner purity. It is the sign-manual of the true aristocrat, that he is ready to sacrifice wealth, happiness and life at any moment to the demands of his code. It is significant that Zen Buddhism, the purest of the Mahayana Schools in Japan, was the religious basis of Bushido, the code of the warrior caste of the Samurai.

The deeds of the Bodhisattva are characterized as purposeless or effortless (*anabhoga*). There is an affinity between this qualification and the Taoist ideal of "the great submission to the course of Nature". The Bodhisattva, entering the Congregation of the Buddhas, lays aside every personal purpose for ever,—or, it may be said, that it is impossible to distinguish between his personal purposes and the purpose of the Divine Nature, *Dharma-Buddha*, whom he serves. Thereby he proves that he has lost the last vestige of "self".

Only one who knows that the realm of duality and separateness is an illusion, like the creation of a magician, can labour effectively to deliver others from this illusion. It is this labour which is called purposeless. Its motive power is one with the motive power of the Good Law; his manifestations ebb and flow like the great tides of Nature. Thus he is said to shine like the Sun, without partiality. The "transformation-body" which he assumes, the *Nirmanakaya*, passes through space with the ease and celerity of thought. He is in the world and yet not of the world, as the moon reflected in a lake shines in the water and yet is not of the water. The *Nirmanakaya* represents the perfect balance between microcosm and macrocosm, between individual and universal forces. As Madame Blavatsky makes clear, the Master who renounces Nirvana and co-operates with Nature for the spiritual evolution of humanity, bears the name of *Nirmanakaya*, as a title of honour (cf. *The Voice of the Silence*, pp. 67, 75-77). He *transforms* himself continuously by *skilful means*, attuning his appearance to the keynote of each cycle; but he has this power only because in reality he himself never changes, for he is united in consciousness with "Buddhaness" (*Buddhata*), that is, with the Eternal Wisdom.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

(To be continued)

FASCISM

AS the QUARTERLY has frequently contained comment on the monarchical and the democratic forms of government and their relative evils, it may prove of interest to give a brief outline of Fascism as it exists in Italy,—not in a partisan spirit and not with any discussion of its history, its merits, or its possible future, but merely with the idea that there is unfolding before us an experiment in government, markedly different from the established forms of past centuries. It has held its own now for approximately a decade (and venerable age comes rapidly, it would seem, in the case of governments—our own, which boasts little more than a century and a half, is the oldest of its type in existence). Fascism in Italy has accomplished far-reaching and phenomenal results, has achieved from most points of view a marked success, and quite regardless of its continued existence there or elsewhere, has probably, as a workable form, won permanent recognition. What then are its significant features? In what does it differ from other types?¹

The outstanding feature, from one standpoint, is its emphasis on the group and the hierarchy—the nation itself being the major group, comprised of an indefinite number of lesser groups, each with its own life and interests which must be regulated and co-ordinated with those of the other groups. Fascism has repudiated choice by ballot which is not a genuine choice, representative government which is not representative, and the whole system of party politics as we know it. It asserts that there is a fallacy in pretending that citizens *can* be represented—only groups bound by common interests can be represented. Accordingly, the unit of the system is the productive group. The entire producing population (employers, employees, and professional men) is organized in provincial syndicates. These, in each industry, are combined into a federation of the whole industry; these again into two great National Confederations, all employer-organizations in one, all employee-organizations in the other,—that of the professional men being an addition to the latter group. In this way there are organized: employers in Industry, employees in Industry, likewise Agriculturalists, Merchants, Maritime and Aerial Transportation, Land Transportation and Inland Navigation, Bankers,—and a thirteenth group, the Intellectuals. All employers and employees pay fees to the syndicates (which are used for the work of the syndicates, not as taxes), and members are subjected to rigorous discipline. No one is compelled to join, and other syndicates than those recognized by the state are permitted,—but as everyone (member or not) must pay the fee to the legally recognized syndicate, which in turn has complete authority to make contracts and to arbitrate difficulties for members and non-members alike, there is little question of the result.

¹ For those who would pursue the subject further,—among recognized authorities here drawn on are: *Making the Fascist State*, by Herbert W. Schneider, and *The Fascist Experiment*, by Luigi Villari.

Above these organizations in the hierarchy is the Ministry of Corporations, with Mussolini at its head, assisted by a National Council of Corporations, composed of the provincial political secretaries, and a Central Committee representing the various regions of Italy, and elected by the National Council for one year. This body has disciplinary authority.

There is the Parliament, of course, and by a reform of February, 1928, a new system of electing its members was inaugurated. Each of the thirteen National Confederations mentioned above nominates its representatives, eight hundred nominees in all. The list is sent to the Grand Council of the Fascist Party, and four hundred names are selected from it. This official list of four hundred is then submitted to the whole body of syndicate members, to be accepted or rejected, *en bloc*. In the event of their rejection, which is equivalent to a vote of lack of confidence in the government, the law provides for re-election of a different sort, the details of which need not be gone into here.

As will have been evident, the organizations already mentioned are in a hierarchy of vertical formation,—employees, employers, and so on up the scale, being entirely separate. Quite apart from this, there are national guilds which might be regarded as in horizontal formation, combining all the associations in any given industry, employers and employees together, and uniting the various classes. These supervise conditions within the industry, and arbitrate questions that have not gone so far as the Labour courts. There is also a national welfare organization, the Dopolavoro, to which every organization, employers' and employees' alike, must contribute.

The Prime Minister is appointed by the King, and is responsible solely to him. The State, it is explained, is the legal incarnation of the nation. It is not a state *of* syndicates, but "a state *above* syndicates", and it must be strong enough to dominate and give direction to the activities of the syndicates. Add to this the concept that the nation is not merely the aggregate of now living individuals, but a composite of an unlimited series of generations,—and we have a fairly complete picture, except that no mention has as yet been made of the status of the individual.

The individual, in Fascist theory, plays a very subordinate part. The corporations must develop his forces and capacities and use them to the best advantage,—he must not be submerged in this respect. But, regarding the nation as the organism, and the syndicates as the cells composing it, the individual is merely an atom, or perhaps less. At any rate, unless a contributor to the life of the state, he has no part in the Fascist system at all—he must be a producer. The drone, the parasite, has no place. Labour, it is asserted, is the foundation of human welfare and progress, and everyone who devotes himself to production and progress in any form whatsoever is regarded as a worker. The general Fascist concept is poles-removed from modern individualism, "the rights of man" and individualistic theories of government. Emphasis is laid on the *right* of the state, but only on the *duty* of the individual. "The more ordinary type of Fascist will frankly admit that he does not believe in liberty; that liberty has long since become a meaningless term. . . . Mussolini points

out that the mass of the Italian people at this particular time neither need nor want liberty. They want peace, work, bread, roads and water, and they are willing to work for these things."

This, from actual practice; from Fascist theorists there is a comment even more noteworthy: "A state which presupposes liberty denies it precisely because it presupposes it; for there is no liberty outside the life of the spirit which, unlike natural beings, does not presuppose itself, but creates, conquers and evolves itself. A man *becomes* free; he is not so by nature. . . . The state is liberal in fact and not merely verbally, if it promotes the development of liberty considered as an ideal to be attained and not as a natural right to be guaranteed."

Not a basis, then, of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but an ideal of individual sacrifice for the good of the nation. Mussolini, who has the gift of seeing the emergency in the commonplace, has repeatedly declared that Italy is in a permanent state of war. Conditions are such that the Italian must fight, not for happiness, leisure, or liberty, but for work. "Imagine a Liberty Loan poster that would read: 'Subscribe to the Loan and you and your children will enjoy the serenity of labour!' Yet that is precisely the appeal made during the recent loan drive." (This striking comparison was published several years ago, at a time when, in America at least, such an attitude toward employment was more difficult to comprehend than at present.) The theory and the consistent aim is to find satisfaction, enjoyment and self-realization in one's work, not in getting free from it, and it is claimed that the socialist's emphasis on shorter hours and more leisure merely betrays the fact that he does not want to work. Each citizen, it is declared, must be completely at the disposal of the state. "Nothing for the individual; everything for Italy." In other words, the individual must find his own happiness in the national or group life and well-being. If not, he is no real part of the nation.

Much of the idealism of Fascism suggests rules for disciples rather than for the rank and file,—a standard so far in advance of ordinary human nature as to seem visionary. Such a sentiment, for instance, as: "Fascism has revived the primitive Christian joy of martyrdom. A true Fascist thinks only of his duty, and regards any sacrifice which he may be called upon to make in the performance of it a privilege." The success of its practical application in Italy is comprehensible only by taking into account—first her phenomenal leader, who galvanizes the country, blends its elements by a special electrolysis, and evokes the response to his own most positive spirit. But it is necessary to take into account Italy's inheritance from the past as well. One of the leaders of the Fascist party, in a letter from the front, in 1916, wrote: "I will not hide from you that I love war; we grew up with an unsatisfied longing for greatness, a longing nourished by mediæval duels, by Garibaldine achievement or rather by the revolutionary exploits of Garibaldi, by plumes and songs, and we found ourselves keeping accounts and scribbling for ten cent magazines. We were malcontents then and shall be after the war; for the present I am at my post. I assure you modern war is not merry; nevertheless I like it." Someone in dis-

cussing religion has said that the doctrinal expression of religious faith takes on the colour of the age, and the age is made up of the cross-currents of thought from every field of experience; that it is useless, for instance, to attempt to understand the teaching of Saint Augustine or the origin of the Papacy, without full knowledge of the prestige of the imperialism of Rome; that the Papacy could never have originated in the democratic atmosphere of the Athens of Pericles. Somewhat of the same thing is true of government. It, too, takes on the colour of the age, is the resultant of cross-currents of thought from every field of experience. For that reason, to explain the success of Fascism to-day, it would be necessary to look back, not only to the glory of Rome and her genius for organization (as Mussolini himself is doing), but to the many cross-currents of subsequent centuries, here a period of æsthetic exaltation, there of revolutionary or patriotic exaltation, again of religious exaltation,—old, forgotten, far-off things in Italy's long life.

Among the misunderstandings of Fascism, one sometimes hears it referred to as a despotism. In refutation of this, Signor Valli writes that if it be true that Mussolini came into power in an irregular and revolutionary manner, yet "he at once secured repeated votes of confidence in a Chamber elected under the auspices of Signor Giolitti, and the enthusiastic approval of the Senate where the immense majority of the members had been nominated by his various predecessors." The same Chamber and Senate later voted the continuing power of the Fascists, "but, above all, we should never forget that apart from its Parliamentary situation, the Fascist Government is strongly supported by the enormous majority of the people at large outside Parliament, the people who do not belong to any party, but simply judge by results, and find the Fascist régime preferable to any of those which preceded it and presumably better than any other combination possible at the present moment."

Other misconceptions lie in regarding Fascism as the same as socialism in this or that particular. One book reviewer recently went so far as to term it "a weak and timid imitation of Russian Sovietism"! It is the opposite of socialism, for one reason because instead of the socialist formula of international solidarity and class struggle, it proposes inter-class solidarity and national struggle; in other words, it views capital and labour, not as antagonists, but as groups to be co-ordinated to a common end (and in this, it has been extraordinarily successful). It is unlike socialism in that the latter tries to level down the highest classes to the standards of the lowest, while Fascism works for the elevation of the lowest classes to the highest standards. It is unlike socialism in that it defends capitalism as an institution, also in that it defends private property and inheritance, recognizing a chain as it were: no private property means no incentive to save; no saving means no capital; no capital means no production; no production means economic paralysis. Capital then, must be freed from impediments and utilized to the full, or the Fascist syndicates themselves will suffer. Another point of unlikeness: instead of using strikes and lock-outs as a political weapon, Fascism has practically brought them to an end. No strikes in the public services are tolerated. Arbitration of disputes is com-

pulsory; the Labour courts are a part of the judicial system of the country; and employers or employees who foment labour troubles are punished by fine and imprisonment. Fascists themselves claim that the whole spirit of the movement is the exact opposite of socialism—as witness the attitude toward work already mentioned; though here, as in many other directions, they realize that to hold an ideal and to embody it are two different things, that real nobility of spirit cannot be expected from the mass of humanity, except as a result of moral discipline, and that the syndicates therefore must be educational institutions, training the people (particularly the youth of the country), developing in them the spirit of duty and sacrifice, and producing in the future a new class, drawn from lowest as well as highest, but a genuine aristocracy, or, as is definitely stated, a Samurai, to which only the best and truest citizens may hope to gain admittance (the party was closed to new members some years ago except to the boys, who enter it on graduating from the junior Fascist organizations). In keeping with this aim is the claim that Fascism is not a political party so much as a mystical sentiment, a moral code, a régime of life, a life in itself, and no aspect of ordinary daily activity is too small or too private to come within its sphere.

In the achievement of these aims, there is a powerful ally in the Militia, the army of Blackshirts which, all over Italy, is a continual and spectacular reminder of Fascist strength, and not only a reminder, perhaps, but a partial explanation of the continuing power of the party. The words of Mussolini are significant: "To-day I assume the command of the Militia. You must certainly understand the import of this deed. The order is: Absolute and unquestioning obedience, and be ready always and everywhere to defend our régime which to-day is our country." Originally, they were an irregular armed force, a party organization merely. The bond which brought them together was a sense of outrage over the results of the war, which they regarded as a betrayal of the heroic dead, and as a nullification of splendid achievement. Their aim was to crush out Bolshevism, remedy the deplorable condition of the country at the time, and set up a strong government, inspired by national ideals. Their course, after Mussolini's access to power, was characteristic of the keen vision of their leader. To those who confidently hoped that this irregular force would now be disbanded, he is said to have replied, "Whoever touches the Militia, gets lead." By Royal Decree, the *Milizia volontaria* (after first being disbanded in its *irregular* form), was created, "at the service of God and of the Italian Fatherland", taking its orders from the head of the Government (Mussolini), and as one of the regular armed forces of the monarchy. It now takes the oath of allegiance to the King, and its function is "to assist, together with the armed forces for public safety (the police and the carabinieri) and the Army, in the maintenance of internal order and to prepare citizens for the defence of Italian interests in the world". No one is admitted whose patriotism is regarded as doubtful. Anti-fascists object to its receiving its orders from the Prime Minister, and assert that, still merely a party organization in reality, it has no claim to being regarded as a State institution. Whatever the right or wrong of such points, the incalculable

value of an organization like this, binding the whole nation together in disciplined obedience, is obvious.

In its function of "preparing citizens for the defence of Italian interests in the world", it provides pre-military and post-military training for the youth of the country. The boys are enrolled in the Avanguardisti and the girls in their own organization, known as the Balilla. (In 1925, the former numbered 90,000, increasing in 1926 to 211,000; the girls' organization was even larger both in its expansion and its total number.) As a result, "the whole youth of the country, in case of a general mobilization, could be called up already trained, armed and equipped."

Aside from military training, the Fascist régime included drastic reforms in the entire educational system. The matters of education and of religion are, of course, closely bound together, and for any real understanding of the reforms, it would be necessary to take into account conditions in Italy at the beginning of the régime—the position of the Vatican, the relations of Church and State, the intense anti-clerical feeling resulting in no religion being taught in any Government or municipal school, and so on. It is too long and involved a subject to go into here. Suffice it to say that the noteworthy feature of the reform is the effort to stop the cramming of brains with disconnected facts, memorized for an examination, and to develop the faculty of learning and to prepare good citizens. To this end, in the Government schools, the number of pupils is limited, and the less capable students excluded (there are other schools open to the latter, though these do not give higher education). Methods and curriculum both are aimed at bringing about more thorough education and higher standards. Further, all examinations—before the reform, arranged by the teachers themselves—were thereafter conducted by an examining board, and made intentionally more difficult.

As for religion, it was decided to introduce the subject in the elementary schools, and the crucifix was placed in each class room. This measure aroused much feeling—indignation on the part of the anti-clericals, consternation on the part of the teachers, who were required to take examinations in religion and teach the subject in order to hold their positions; and as religion was to be presented thereafter in such manner as to "explain its moral and spiritual value" (that is, explicitly not as taught by the priests, though still orthodox Catholic doctrine)—the feeling in clerical circles may be left to the imagination.

During the first year or two of the party's existence, Fascists were violently anti-clerical, and its leaders were both anti-clerical and, it is said, anti-religious. Later the policy changed. "Because the Italian nation is Catholic and whatever is national must be Fascist," Fascism announced itself as wholly Catholic. On this point there is some by-play on both sides, for, while Fascism gained vastly by its "spiritualization", giving the impression to many that it is the defender of the faith,—the Church would find anything but gain in becoming "national". It was, indeed, suggested some four or five years ago, by a former correspondent in Rome of the *London Times*, that the Vatican, which *is* Italian, would go out of its way to "quarrel" with Mussolini, so as to impress non-Italian Catholics

with the internationalism and impartiality of its attitude. It was suggested, even, by the same authority, that the Vatican *must* maintain the appearance of being persecuted by the temporal powers of Italy.

However this may be, much ill-feeling seemed to have been aroused when the Fascists took the vitally important step of ordering the Church to disband the Catholic scouts, so that the *Avanguardia* and the *Balilla* should become the sole organizations for the boys and girls of the kingdom. It was the last step in depriving the Church of its power over the children of the country. By way of compensation, it was agreed that the youthful members of the Fascist organizations should be sent to the priests for instruction once a week, but, as is pointed out, the Church has this one comparatively dull hour a week in which to keep its hold on the coming generation, while the State, by means of uniforms, badges, salutes, marches, and its adroit tactics in nationalizing religious holidays and saints' days, is captivating imaginations, linking social and political life, and instilling its own ideal for which thousands are ready to make any sacrifice.

Some opponents of the system see in it all a step toward general irreligion in the future. This would not seem necessary. Religion, as ordinarily understood, holds an inconspicuous place in the system, it is true, but may this not be an advantage in view of the nearness of the Vatican? The consecrated work of Ignatius Loyola at once suggests itself—and the evil ends, to which, subsequently, it was so often turned. The Vatican does not change its ways, or its motives,—and welcome grist for its mill would doubtless be the devotion, exaltation and self-giving which the Fascist movement is evoking; but with no good to come of it for Italy or for the world. There is a wide field for speculation here, but one may surmise that the beings who mould the destinies of men have a definite reason and purpose for current developments in Italy; that for forty millions of people to accept with zealous co-operation, training in obedience, sacrifice, devotion to duty and to a cause, means the welding of an instrument; and that, under existing circumstances, it is far safer for the life of the spirit (by which is meant here, not necessarily a high degree of spirituality, but the quickening and outpouring of the Italian genius) to find its expression for the time being in channels other than those usually recognized as religious.

The answer to this, as to many another question which naturally suggests itself with regard to Fascism, lies concealed in the future. While Mussolini's leadership continues, it is impossible to judge the system on its own merits solely, or to foresee what results would follow his removal, either by death or other cause. Of course, the idea that he is responsible for all that has been accomplished, that it is his single will that holds it all together, has been scoffed at as the "Mussolini myth". But myths, as we know, are apt to conceal a truth. No one facing fairly the actual facts of Mussolini's life can fail to recognize his intense patriotism, stupendous achievement, dynamic power and force, greatness of purpose. The real test of Fascism will come when men of smaller stature, shorter vision, different ideals, undertake to carry on the work. Many of the Fascist principles are a two-edged sword. Take the concept of no liberty for the individual, every individual completely at the disposal of the state,—and, in

imagination, apply that at the dictate of the Prussian spirit and aims, or the Russian! A countless points, too, the application of Fascist principles is almost entirely a matter of interpretation. From the beginning, its flexibility has been stressed, its willingness to change, its freedom from party programme. Its programme can be altered to fit every need—not in the spirit of opportunism, but in the sense that, unhampered by a preconceived “platform”, it endeavours to proceed steadily toward one goal, the well-being of the Italian people, the embodiment of an Italian national entity. This has advantages, of course; it means the utmost latitude at every point, but it calls for keen vision, unerring judgment, a steady eye to the goal—the “instinct of equilibrium” which Mussolini says accompanies him in the gravest, the most strenuous and the most critical moments. Given the animating spirit, and we have authority for it that even dry bones will live, but what they achieve and whither they turn, depends on the source and nature of the inspiration. Fascism *per se* has yet to be put to the test.

J. C.

The man who is truly free, is always free.—R. O.

The other side of an emergency is always an opportunity.—DEAN BURROUGHS.

To this day I thank difficulties. They were more numerous than the nice, happy incidents. But the latter gave me nothing. The difficulties of life have hardened my spirit. They have taught me how to live.—MUSSOLINI.

A RESPONSE TO THE THEOSOPHICAL APPEAL

THEOSOPHY is all-inclusive. It includes the essence of all great religions, philosophies and sciences. So, when Madame Blavatsky brought Theosophy to the West, she brought a doctrine which clearly points to the mountain top of Bodhisattvaship—and beyond, but which also points to an intermediate peak of chêlaship: a condition of consciousness and service leading directly from the place where man now stands to the more remote pinnacle of Bodhisattvaship. Let us consider this appeal which Theosophy makes to enlist in the glorious warfare of the soul, and, more particularly, the opportunity for members of the Society to respond directly to that appeal; let us consider it in very simple phrases, because when one speaks of the particular, the more simple the words used, the more universal is the portrayal.

Let us look backward for a moment that we may the better look forward. No rigorous requirements were placed before us when we applied for membership in the Society. We were not even asked to join; we did so voluntarily. We were not asked to believe in Masters, in Bodhisattvas, nor in chêlas. The only request made was that we should be in sympathy with the main object of the Society: “to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour”—to believe in the Ideal of the Society, within which is the potentiality of chêlaship, although perhaps we did not know of that potentiality at the time we became members.

After we became members we were left free agents to study such subjects, and to set our own time for doing so. However, most of us accept chêlaship as a possibility. If we did not there would be little incentive in remaining as members. It is the natural result of reading and studying theosophical literature, made available by Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, Mr. Charles Johnston and others. So we cannot for long remain as members of the present outer expression of the Lodge Movement without realizing that something *is* required of us. That requirement, inherent in a true membership, will lead us to a more diligent study of the literature. This, in its turn, will lead to more than a mere intellectual acceptance of theosophical principles, for we cannot study that richly divine and compelling literature without coming under the spell of its contagion; without realizing that the author of *The Secret Doctrine*, for example, must have had access to old and time-tried truths, and to those who have guarded such records through the ages. Thus, of our own accord and by our own free will, we are brought to acknowledge that there must be those who are far in advance of us, each real member *discovering for himself* a belief in the existence of Masters, and of the Lodge of Masters. Because we have discovered that for ourselves, it is an integral part of our consciousness, a living thing, and we long

to find the means of serving the Masters and of working for that for which the Great Lodge works.

For what do the Masters work? For the eventual salvation of mankind. How do they work for it? We know that a General in time of war does not work with his troops *en masse*, but through a few loyal and trusted subordinates. Surely the Masters are no less practical and logical than a General in command of armies. Even the casual perusal of the history of the last quarter of various centuries will show that effort for the spiritual regeneration of mankind has been carried on by a mere handful of valorous workers. Perhaps at this point there will dawn upon us the inner significance of the one request made of us when we applied for membership in the Society: that we should be in sympathy with its Ideal, as expressed in its main object. Does it not seem plausible that the Lodge would work now as it has in the past, through a comparatively few loyal and trusted servants? Through the Ideal of the Society in which there is the potentiality of chéliship? As we work for the Ideal, then; as we give ourselves to it, the door is wide open for us to work continuously and consciously for the same purpose and for the same cause as that of the Lodge. Here we have found a way of directing our efforts to serve the plan of the Masters through the medium used by the Lodge itself. Our efforts, formerly of a general character, become more specific, more focussed. At this juncture it may be that we come more directly under the attention of the Master who stands at the head of our ray, or to the attention of one of that Master's chélas,—as those who in time of war compose a mobile unit for special work may be known to the General, or to one of his staff. Our literature makes clear, however, that there is no Theosophical escalator or funicular which will carry us from where we are to the peak of chéliship. We have to do the climbing. Yet we find that we do not have to make the entire journey alone and unaided, for as we climb there is a lift, as we push from below there is a draw from above. Divine force co-operates with those who honestly are attempting to serve spiritual purposes.

Now let us look forward. As we turn to our literature with this new sense of direction in mind, we shall be impressed with all that is said about desire. It will show us that we have misapplied the force which is abundantly ours during Kali Yuga, and have used it in gratifying personal desires; that we have built up a body of personal desires, a Kama Rupa, and that this body, as a body, must be killed, but that the force back of it must be retained and redirected. It is desire with which we have to contend; it is desire which we have to transmute. It is this great power which, because of our misapplication, we have used for the personal, or lower self, that we must redirect so that it re-becomes the great power of the Higher Self. Paradoxical as it may sound, we must transmute desire by desire.

Is it so paradoxical, when desire has been back of our acts? Let us put a few simple questions to ourselves, and see if we do not know already more about that seeming paradox than at first we might suppose. Why do we go to one place instead of to another? Because we desire to go there. Suppose we put our question in a more impersonal way: substitute for ourselves the artist who

works for the love of his art. Why does he go to one place instead of to another? Because he desires to do so; but he chooses the place because it affords him the scenery he wishes to portray on his canvas. The artist had an ideal for which he worked, so he had transmuted some of his desire from gratifying mere self-indulgence by using it for something larger than self. What the artist did unconsciously, perhaps, we, students of Theosophy, must do deliberately.

By changing the phrasing of the question and by bringing ourselves back into it, we may make a rather pleasant discovery: we have started already to make the transfer, and in the right direction. Why did we join The Theosophical Society? Because we *desired* to join. Right there we turned some of that force toward the Movement.

We should not be surprised, then, when we turn to such a manual and guide as *Light on the Path* to discover that desire is mentioned specifically in nine of the first twenty-one numbered rules, and indirectly mentioned in several others. Nor should we be confused by any seeming contradiction between what is said in the first three numbered rules, and rules thirteen, fourteen and fifteen, as may have been the case formerly. It should be clear there is no conflict between "kill out desire of comfort," and "desire possessions above all"; that if we work for ease and comfort for ourselves, we cannot work for the Ideal of the Society; that unless and until we kill out such desire we cannot be free to desire "those possessions" which "must belong to the pure soul only, and be possessed therefore by all pure souls equally, and thus be the especial property of the whole only when united." And I think the word *comfort* as used in *Light on the Path* is meant to convey more than its usually accepted sense.

The fact is, the first twenty-one numbered rules in *Light on the Path* are, among other things, a treatise on the transmutation of desire by desire. They show that as we kill out desire for something for self, we can *and should* supplant that desire with the desire for possessions which may be shared with others; and, further, that we turn desire from the interests of self by focussing it on interests which are other than those of self: as in the case of the artist, or in our own case, once we have definitely pointed desire toward working for the Ideal of the Society.

Thus far I have dealt with one side of the picture only: with our efforts in response to the theosophical appeal. There is the other side: that is, the purpose and the power wielded in us by the Ideal as we give ourselves wholeheartedly to serving it. As devotion to art for art's sake can make of the artisan a master craftsman, as loyalty to the mobile war-unit can make of each soldier a first-class fighting man, so there is the power within the Ideal of the Society to transform to its likeness those who serve it with sufficient intensity and constancy of desire. It can take that service based on desire and transmute it into a service of love. Love is the great power. It is love which unites the chela to his Master, and sends him out into the world to do his Master's work as though it were his own.

Of a truth, humanity's to-morrow depends upon our response to-day to the appeal Theosophy makes to enlist in the glorious warfare of the soul.

G. M. W. K.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Philosopher asked if anyone had tried to visualize the problem which confronts the Lodge at the present time. " 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread' ", he quoted, "but I believe none the less that we gain more by boldness than by moral and intellectual stagnation, and the mere reading of other people's ideas, unless it arouse independent and constructive thinking in us, is little better than stagnation.

"The problem of the Lodge", he continued, "as *we* see it, can at best be only a distorted shadow of the difficulties which really confront them, for Masters deal with forces of which we see no more than certain superficial effects. None the less, let me plunge in,—and almost any point will serve to start from. Thus, I was reading the other day some Addresses delivered by a High Church Anglican clergyman who at one time had been a missionary in Africa. 'I have known Africans walk', he said, 'for something like five hours on a Saturday night in order that they may be at Mass on Sunday morning, for the simple reason, as they put it: "If the Lord Christ was coming to meet them they could not stay away."' Sheer superstition, many would say. But what is superstition? Put it this way: if you were a Master, and someone were to walk for five hours through the darkness and dangers of the veldt in the expectation of meeting you, whether in the semblance of a consecrated wafer, or a log of wood, or an image all dolled up in spangles,—would you not go out of your way to do *something* for him, to give him your blessing in *some* form or other? And, apart from any gift of yours to him, would not that man infallibly benefit spiritually, in character and in will, as a result of his sacrifice, especially if, as the missionary claimed, it was no sacrifice but was done purely for love? Compare that man's state with the state of another negro, a more 'enlightened' negro, who believes that God is everywhere, that God will speak to him in his own heart, at any time of the day or night, if he but condescend to listen. No five hour walk for him; no such folly as a consecrated wafer! He can get up and go to bed as the spirit moves him; he can conduct his own 'service' to suit himself; he can 'listen' and then be 'lifted up' to his heart's content; he can spout 'mysteries' to make all around him cringe. Even supposing that he tries, according to his lights, to lead a good life, he will do this, primarily, according to *his* lights, derived in large measure from *his* interpretation of Biblical texts. The first man presumably looks up to his priest, for it is the priest, in any case, who 'consecrates' the wafer; the second need not look up to anyone, except to God, and God will always be on, as well as at, his side, seeing that the man himself is God's interpreter.

"I wonder whether the universality of the problem involved in that mess, is sufficiently evident, without further elaboration. The point is that a belief which, in comparison with another, may be regarded as 'enlightened', is at least as dangerous, and often more so, than the rankest superstition,—depending entirely

upon the person who adopts it. If the Lodge were to disseminate its light, its understanding, widely, the spiritual progress of humanity would be retarded by a million years.

"Superstition and enlightenment are relative terms. One of the many ways in which the world, and most philosophers, have shown their imbecility, is by generalizing about 'human needs', when, as a matter of fact, the need of no two people on the face of the earth is the same. I knew a man once (he is an officer of one of our biggest and most powerful corporations) who thought that any kind of manufacture was primitive, infantile, and unworthy of his attention unless tools were set for the production of at least one hundred thousand units, with all arrangements made, through distributors and agents, for the disposal of these 'over the counter'. People need chairs; very well, grind out 100,000 chairs, shop cost \$2.14, to retail at \$10.00, cost to distributor \$5.00. They want antiques, do they? Very well; cancel that order and grind out 100,000 antiques, quick; add 200 per cent. to shop cost to cover extra labour and necessary departures from standard to show individual workmanship, with retail price \$30.00. The same principle is applied medically: it does not matter if you are tall and thin, or short and fat, if you are phlegmatic or nervous, fiery, airy, watery or earthy, if you are white or black, yellow or red,—granting you have influenza, you need Medicine A., scarlet fever, Medicine B., mumps, Medicine C., and so forth. In the same way with religion: if you are a Protestant, everyone ought to be a Protestant, if a Roman Catholic, everyone ought to be the same, if a Theosophist,—but really, there ought to be a limit! Can it be that any student of Theosophy is so hopelessly ignorant of his own subject as to imagine that everyone either could or should be a Theosophist? I trust not.

"Of all genuine 'persuasions' (I exclude, of course, forms of black magic such as Voodoo), Theosophy, being true, is necessarily one of the most dangerous. It is not, and never can be, narrowly defined in creeds—for then it would cease to be Theosophy, would cease to be true; but this leaves it at the mercy of every crank and visionary who chooses to adopt it as his label, and goodness knows they have not been slow to parade themselves accordingly. It leaves it at the mercy also of anyone whose conceit is sufficiently turbulent to make him, in his own eyes, the sole judge of his duty and obligations, regardless of his associates and fellow-students. It cannot too often be re-stated that once a man falls into the habit of indulging his lower nature, at any point, he will interpret his religion (no matter what), his philosophy—even his Theosophy—so as to condone, and finally to justify, his self-indulgence.

"Here is a Frenchman, for instance, who writes a book which has been translated into English and published under the title of *The Return of the Magi*. He believes in Theosophy, as he interprets it; he believes in a White Lodge, in Masters, and also in the existence of a Black Lodge. He seems never to have heard of Judge, but is familiar with the writings of Mrs. Besant and of Leadbeater.

"Avowedly he prefers the lesser to the greater members of the Lodge because the greater are 'too perfect', and it comforts him to discover, or to think that he

has discovered, frailties which correspond to his own. Speaking of Lao-tsze he says: 'What one remembers of him—and remembers with a certain satisfaction—is that he had a bad temper'. I do not know on what possible ground he can attribute a bad temper to Lao-tsze; but that is immaterial: what I object to is the perversity, the vanity, of such an attitude, and the miserably wrong twist he gives both to the spirit and the letter of Theosophy,—a twist which becomes monstrous when he speaks of sex, as when (referring to the vows of the Rosicrucians) he undertakes to comment on chastity. Shades of H. P. B. and Judge,—how they would have suffered! Even 'the ordinary man', of whom he speaks, knows better; even the most ordinary and exoteric of Christians, if sincere, holds to an infinitely higher, purer and truer standard. The cause of such a distortion is, of course, obvious. It simply means that, as Emerson said, 'we find what we seek'.

"Every effort of the Lodge to help humanity is perverted in the same way. Consider the efforts of the Christian Master, first in one denomination and then in another, to spiritualize the religion which exists in his name. See how the Church of Rome, to reinforce its authority and its claim to a monopoly of the means of salvation, has exploited the revelation to Marguerite Marie of the continuance of that Master's suffering. See how Protestantism has misused the 'power from on high' which has been poured into 'Revivals', sometimes converting it into mere emotionalism, sometimes into bigotry, and nearly always cheapening and vulgarizing that which in itself is as crystalline and pure as the everlasting snows. Give men manna from heaven, and they will not swallow it unless smothered in an onion sauce, with some pickled eel thrown in for seasoning. It is the fault of the personality we have built up,—'that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world'.

"Some of you, twenty years ago or more, met Samuel Stokes when he visited New York from India. Originally from Philadelphia, he had gone to India as a missionary, and later, under the auspices of the Bishop of Lahore, had founded a religious order called the Brotherhood of the Imitation of Jesus. Its members lived as Indian ascetics live, believing that, as disciples of Jesus, they could do no less, and hoping, in this way, to appeal directly to the Indian people. There can be no question of the devotion and sincerity of Stokes and his associates at that time; nor can I question the fact that on one occasion the Christian Master made himself known to Stokes, comforting him and giving him new strength when Stokes had fallen exhausted on one of his expeditions. Stokes related this experience, in poetical form, in a little book called *The Love of God*, with an Introduction by the Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, who said: 'The author of this little volume is by birth an American, aged twenty-six [in 1908], who, having seen—whether in the body or out of the body God knows, but in any case with convincing clearness—a vision of the Lord Jesus, toilworn and travel-stained, trudging on foot along an Indian high road, has found in that vision a call to give his life, from love of his Master, to the service of his Indian brothers, in literal imitation of the poverty, humility, and self-sacrificing devotion of the earthly life of Jesus.'

"Would you perhaps like to hear Stokes' own account of his experience? It is nothing so unusual—merely one of the Christian Master's countless efforts to win a soul who might perchance become a torch-bearer among men; but the significance of the *dénouement* cannot well be appreciated unless you have the picture before you."

Most of us had read the poem years ago, but were glad to hear it again; so the Philosopher read these extracts aloud:

I slept, or seemed to sleep, but all at once
 I felt a hand upon my shoulder laid.
 Too weak I was to rise, but panting lay,
 Striving to pierce the blackness with my eyes.
 Yet feared I not, for from that gentle hand
 There flowed a power which thrilled my soul to life;—
 A power which told of love past human ken,
 Of sympathy with all man's woes, of peace
 And joy to come upon a world forlorn,
 Of sin o'ercome, and Heaven opened wide.
 At last, in awe I whispered tremblingly:
 "O thou who, speaking not, dost comfort give!
 O thou who, in one moment, by a touch,
 Hast given peace so great that all those things
 Which dragged me down and filled me with despair
 Seem far away, or easy to be borne!
 Thou in whose presence my poor restless soul
 Ceases to cry for rest and lies at peace,—
 Who art thou?
 Oh, tell me, art thou human or divine?
 If human, then in what place dost thou dwell?
 May I bide with thee—ever be thy slave?
 Wherever thou dost lead I'll follow thee;
 For whether thou art God or man, I know
 That thou art he in whom help may be found.
 Oh, I have wandered all this wide world o'er
 Seeking for peace, but always sorrow found.
 And now, at last, when I, about to die,
 Had laid me down, that peace has come to me.
 Leave me not, therefore, wheresoe'er thou art;
 Have pity on my sorrows, for 'tis thou
 Who, taking all away, can'st give me rest."

From out the dark a voice came clear and calm,
 Quite low, and yet so full of melody,
 So full of pathos, ringing so with love
 That my poor soul, all thrilled and dazed with joy,
 Could scarce make out the meaning of the words.
 "O little lamb, I came to seek thee here.
 Thou askest who I am and where I dwell.
 I am thy Shepherd—though thou knewest not,
 I have been seeking thee the whole world o'er,
 Aye, calling, but thou would'st not answer me.
 For I have loved thee, my poor little one—
 So loved that I did shed my blood for thee.

Had'st thou but known it, I was ever by,
But thou would'st never yield thyself to me.
For thou wast seeking peace in lands afar,
And little thoughtest thou that at thy side
The giver walked and sought his gift to give;
Yea, sought to give, but thou would'st never take.
Thou soughtest peace below, but thou hast found
It is not there, so I have come to help,
And give thee what thou long hast sought in vain."

Then silence fell; and yet I felt the hand
Still sending forth its message to my soul.
I did not speak, for something said within:
"Keep silence, listen, pray!"

"It was a wonderful beginning. Later, instead of meeting with opposition, the Bishop of his diocese encouraged Stokes in every possible way (almost a miracle in itself, in India). 'He was enthusiastic, and looked upon the founding of this new Order as the greatest event that had happened to the Church in the Punjab during his episcopate. He laid his hands upon them [Stokes and his associates] at a solemn and beautiful service in Lahore Cathedral.' Obviously, by repercussion on the Protestant churches of England and America, the movement might have accomplished much, as it cannot be doubted, after such a beginning, that the Christian Master would have reinforced it in so far as it was made possible for him to do so, and always with the qualification that Masters cannot and will not interfere with the free will of individuals. What was the result? I learned of it only the other day, from a book, *What I owe to Christ*, by C. F. Andrews, who, if it had not been for illness, would have joined the order on its formation. The story is this: Stokes, as head of the order, at first ministered to the lepers in their Asylum in the Simla Hills. Settling down among the Hill people, he learned in the course of time that they regarded his Christian service as a form of self-seeking with a view to his own spiritual advancement. They would tell him that it was easy for him, in his homeless, celibate state, to acquire merit, and thus escape from the bondage of rebirth, but for them it was difficult because of family cares and the need to earn a living. This misunderstanding of his motives, purpose, and message, troubled Stokes inexpressibly. Andrews says: 'He struggled with this crucial problem, night and day, waiting in earnest prayer to God for an answer. During much of this time I was with him, and he consulted me frequently about his own inner difficulties. . . . In his own mind from the very first, since the day when the problem had really gripped him, there had seemed to be only one real answer. . . . He should reside among them [the Hill people] as one of themselves, marrying into their own Hill clan. Thus he would make himself in every respect one with them.' Andrews, a weak reed, adds that Stokes convinced him 'by the argument'. The Bishop of Lahore was not convinced; he appears to have reminded Stokes of his vows. The end of it was that Stokes married a Rajputni woman, born in the Hills, a Christian, whose grandfather was a Chinaman. 'Thus', says Andrews com-

placently, 'his children have the blood of three different races flowing in their veins.' "

"In other words", interjected the Historian, "instead of converting the Hill people, Stokes allowed the Hill people to convert him. What a tragedy! I remember him well. . . . I wonder how that Master felt about it. A cruel blow."

"I am wondering", said the Ancient, "whether we in our way have been more true to the heavenly vision than was Stokes. Still—thank God—there is the balance of this day, and perhaps to-morrow."

"Excuse me", asked the Student, turning to the Philosopher, "but do you happen to know if Stokes met the woman he married, before or after he allowed the Hill people to convert him,—in principle?"

"I do not know", the Philosopher replied; "but I see what you mean, and I agree with you as to the probabilities. In any case, the marriage of course smashed the Brotherhood of the Imitation of Jesus into less than a rubbish heap. . . . But the main point to my mind is the problem which confronts the Lodge, as I said to begin with. It is a problem which necessarily confronts each member of the Lodge also, and even, on a much smaller scale, everyone who attempts, consciously, to serve a Master. Somebody once said: Many are they who find Jesus; few are they who, finding, understand what they have found. And the same is true of Theosophy. The veil between us and the spiritual world is lifted for us, perhaps only for a moment, perhaps for weeks or months together, or again and again at intervals. Always there follows the need to interpret what has been seen, the injunction to do as we have learned. A spiritual experience, no matter how real, can bear good fruit only to the extent that will and intelligence co-operate,—a trinity of effort. Andrews, the author of the book I have been quoting, is an illustration of what usually happens. *His* world swamped him. Brought up on a dead-letter though devout interpretation of the Bible—as an Irvingite—when he was about twenty he experienced conversion, deep and real. No need to go into particulars, as so many similar conversions are related in *Varieties of Religious Experience*, by William James,—which all of you have read: at first crushed to the earth by a conviction of sin and impurity, a sense of peace and forgiveness came to him with equal strength, as 'the gift of God through Christ'. 'What,' he writes, 'had broken me down completely and made a new man of me', was the realization that there had been a sacrifice. 'He had given himself for me'. Not long afterwards, deeming the Irvingites too literal, he left them and joined the Church of England. Then he was ordained, having a terrible time over the Articles of Religion, which of course, being in no sense a mystic, he interpreted as literally as his father had interpreted the Bible. Finally, after working in missions in England, he went as a missionary to India, not only a sincere and honest Christian, but with an abiding sense of Christ's continued gift to him: a minor, but none the less real effort on the part of the Christian Master to win a soul who might have become a spiritualizing factor in Church circles. To cut a long story short, he, like Stokes, instead of converting his environment, allowed his environment to convert him: as I have said, *his* world swamped him. Still calling himself and believing himself to be a follower of

Christ, he became literally and in fact a follower of Gandhi and Tagore, making Tagore's *ashram* his headquarters; he has become literally and in fact the embodiment and exponent of all the most modern infatuations,—Pacifism included. As much a literalist as in his youth, 'the poor' mean only one thing to him,—those who lack physical food and clothing: those who are starving spiritually, while dressed in fine raiment and perhaps over-fed, mean nothing. In the same way and for the same reason, he regards Albert Schweitzer, Kagawa of Japan, and Sundar Singh, as those who have come nearest 'to the imitation of Jesus' in modern times. A man like Cardinal Mercier, who lived in a palace, and who was the reverse of a Pacifist, would be classed, presumably, as an unfortunate mistake. Joan of Arc would be a well-meaning but misguided girl who, because she lived in the 'dark ages' before Tolstoy, must be excused and forgotten. 'The dead wrappings of the past', he writes, 'have always tended to constrain and confine the insurgent spirit of man. Christ comes again to his own right in our day [largely thanks, it would seem, to Gandhi and Tagore]. He comes to set us free.'

"Free from what? From vanity and self-assertion, from pride and hypocrisy, —or just comfortably free to do as we choose, or uncomfortably free to do as some Soviet may ordain? And why 'insurgent' spirit? But enough. The author's only significance lies in the fact that he is typical; for he was helped to a good start, and has turned all that into active harmfulness,—and this with due regard for his many 'good works', and for what most people, I suppose, would regard as a saintly life.

"So I return once more to my main question: what *can* the Lodge do that will not be misunderstood, misapplied, perverted? I am not supposing that anything can reach this world from theirs without a certain amount of discoloration on its way through. I am making allowance for the fact that every shade of discoloration may be needed to meet the infinitely varied needs of human nature; but there is a difference, as I see it, between discoloration and perversion. The Salvation Army, for instance, has brought things down to a very primitive plane; but it appeals to, and is intended to help, very primitive people: no one, in my opinion, could justly characterize it as a perversion. The so-called Oxford Group movement, headed by Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, which recently held a mass-meeting in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria, is not only discoloured—and depressing—but is just as much of a travesty as the work of Andrews."

"Why 'depressing'?" our Visitor interjected.

"Because their movement provides such a commentary on what numbers of people want when they want religion; it proves that, though converted from cocktail parties in the outer sense, they crave a sublimated form of the same thing in their religious experience. To speak frankly, they want the same common familiarity, the same self-exposure (both duly sublimated), the same utter lack of reverence, of dignity, of refinement. Those among their converts who perhaps never went to a cocktail party in their lives, make it evident that they enjoy the atmosphere of one, in religious guise. One of our contributors, who was present at the meeting in New York, told me that the first woman to speak

paraded her former cocktail parties as though the superiority of her present state were proved by her past, and that several men, speaking later, said knowingly: 'Oh yes, I used to go to Marie's parties'—for they make a great point of calling one another by their first names, on the platform as much as in private: it is supposed to be evidence of Christian amity. An English Knight, over sixty, offered to relate privately incidents of his former career, not as a man ashamed, but facetiously, so as to draw laughter, especially from the women on the platform. The 'hit' of the evening was a mutual forgiveness scene between an Oxford woman and a German Frau, which the Chairman drove home as a lesson to the authorities in Washington,—all Buchmanites being ardent Pacifists, regarding the aggressor (Germany), and invaded Belgium and France, as in the same category, and, at least in international matters, forgiving anything in everybody, whether repentant or not. Do not imagine that I am basing my opinion on a report of one public meeting. The book, *For Sinners Only*, written by one of themselves for propaganda purposes, reveals the same tendencies, including the habit of lowering all spiritual values and standards by speaking of themselves as having attained absolute purity, absolute honesty, absolute love, absolute unselfishness, and by describing as 'radiant saints' the well-meaning but sometimes half crazy converts of a Rescue Mission.

"I am not suggesting that the world is any more inclined to-day than in the past, to pervert good things to wrong ends; though it does seem to me that the Lodge, having tried every imaginable avenue of approach, in vain, may well be confronted with a peculiarly difficult problem at the present time, especially as it has become almost impossible to confine an experiment to a locality,—every sort of 'movement' becoming internationalized as soon as launched, as part of the penalty paid for mechanizing inter-communication. There is good reason to believe, for instance, that the Albigenian movement sprang from the work of Adepts; but although it remained pure so long as it reached the few only, after they had been tried and tested and proved worthy, there is no doubt that it degenerated dreadfully when its essential truths were proclaimed to the many,—though at that stage, thanks to the lack of facilities, the contagion did not spread much beyond sections of southern France. That the movement was suppressed by the Church with fiendish cruelty, is notorious; but that its followers had gone 'clean off their heads' is proved by the fact—which their most ardent defenders admit—that, in the south, sons of the noblest families often married the lowest women 'in order to regenerate them, to lead them one step forward up the long path to perfection.' It was their belief in reincarnation, strangely enough, which they twisted to this abominable conclusion: can you imagine a more wanton obliquity!"

"Has it ever occurred to you", asked the Student at this point, "that it is much less dangerous 'to start something' among Anglo-Saxons than among Latins, if the 'something' be connected with religion, just because the Anglo-Saxon is *not* fundamentally religious, while the Latin is? There are exceptions, of course, but it is unusual for your Anglo-Saxon to be wholesale about anything, least of all about religion. Consequently, he can adopt a belief, such as

that in reincarnation, with very little result, one way or the other, while your Latin, if he adopts it, will do so with passionate intensity,—which, as you have shown, is likely to mean, during Kali Yuga, that he will give effect to it in some extreme and dangerous way. It is easily conceivable that Theosophy is being kept deliberately from France and Spain and Italy until, in the distant future, they become less unready. Meanwhile it was given to America and to England because, though they were quite unready, it could not do much harm there anyhow!"

The Engineer now joined us. He was wreathed in smiles. "Things have become so bad", he said, "that they are amusing: the New York banks have been shut" [It was the morning of March 4th, and the earlier editions of the newspapers had not carried this information.]; "no one can draw any money; I hope you have all been hoarding."

Our Visitor showed surprise. "Hoarding!" he exclaimed. "Surely that would not be ethical?"

"Why not?" said the Engineer. "If more people had always hoarded, as they have in France, there would have been no depression and no panic; nor would there have been any Stock Market boom in 1929: we should have remained on a level keel. It is because people turned all their money over to their banks or to their brokers, that first the boom, and then the depression, and finally the panic came. The banks used their deposits to make money quickly for their stockholders, some lending huge sums in Germany, for instance, at a much higher rate of interest than was obtainable here, and shutting their eyes, presumably, to the risk (*I should have said, certainty*) of losing it, perhaps blinded by greed, and in any case dead to all the lessons of the Great War. It was the French peasant, by keeping his gold in a stocking until really needed, who enabled his Government to pay five milliards of francs to Germany after 1871, and to pay the entire sum well in advance of due dates, thus ridding his country of the German troops who had remained in occupation."

"Incidentally", remarked the Student, "the receipt of that money proved to be the culmination of Germany's moral ruin."

Our Visitor was not convinced, however. "There may be something in your argument", he said, "as applied to ordinary times; but the New York banks would not have been obliged to close their doors to-day, if it had not been for the sudden and immense demand for gold and currency, largely for hoarding, which followed the collapse in Detroit, Cleveland and other big cities. It should have been a point of honour, at *that* juncture, *not* to reduce one's balance."

"It might rather have been a point of honour not to have *needed*, at that juncture, to reduce one's balance,—to have been so prudent as to have kept in one's own control enough to have tided one over an interval in which the bank might be closed.

"The withdrawals, the last minute efforts to 'hoard', were, of course, prompted by fear—the spread of mass hysteria and panic, which always creates what it dreads. People ought to have acted long before; not from fear but from caution; and if they had so acted the banks themselves would have been in far sounder

condition to meet any strain. But on what ground is it, or can it be 'a point of honour' to the ordinary citizen to keep an unsound bank open, or to leave his own money in it if he believes it to be unsafe? The banker's duty is one thing; the depositor's another. Indirectly and unintentionally, you are echoing those among the leaders of 'big business' whose panacea throughout has been to spend, spend, spend. Instead of its being one's duty to help keep the New York banks open, thus supporting a system which is inherently unsound and wrong, I claim that it would have been far better for the country if the New York banks, as a result of public distrust, had been compelled to close their doors some three years ago. If that had happened, and if Washington had not further prolonged the agony by its futile attempts to suspend or offset the law of supply and demand,—business, by this time, would have been on its feet again.

"In the old days, money-lending was the unclean business of Jews; it was the function of banks to hold the money of their clients in safe-keeping. If I am not mistaken, instead of paying interest on deposits, they charged for their service. Little by little, the banks became money-lenders, using the money of their clients for this purpose, primarily for the benefit of the owners (stockholders) of the bank: an illogical and absurd proceeding. In the old days, again, it was a disgrace to borrow; it meant that you were living beyond your means. But since, in this country and elsewhere, man's chief purpose in life has been, not to earn a living but to make a fortune, it has become a common saying that a fortune can only be made with borrowed money; therefore borrow, and the more you can borrow, the better off you are. Gambling has taken the place of business, and is now known as business. A man with a salary of five hundred dollars a month, would buy a house for ten thousand dollars, pay five thousand in cash, which perhaps he had borrowed but perhaps had saved, and would mortgage the house for the balance, gambling that he would continue to draw his present salary, that this would steadily be increased as he grew older, and that therefore he would always be able to pay the interest on the mortgage. Then a Life Insurance agent would point out that the man might die, and that his wife might be unable either to pay the interest, or to pay off the mortgage, or to sell the house. So it became 'good business' to insure his life for ten thousand dollars at least, and to gamble again that he would continue to receive a salary large enough to pay both the interest on his mortgage and the premiums on his Life Insurance. Then bad times came (they always come); the man was laid off; ceased to draw any salary; could not pay the interest on his mortgage, and lost his house; could not pay the premium on his Life Insurance, and lost that. Buying on the instalment plan, from automobiles to fur coats, was simply an extension of the same system, all of it gambling, all of it a method of putting the future in pawn."

"Do you mean that you are opposed, then, to the capitalist system and to private ownership as such?" asked our Visitor.

"I certainly am not. On the contrary, no other system would be tolerable. To condemn a system because human nature has misused it, would be as childish

as to condemn religion because that has undergone a similar fate. What I am advocating is a return to more conservative and sane methods under that system. The world has become the victim of its desire, which was to 'get rich quick, with as little work against the grain as possible'. It was this desire which controlled almost every class of society, with the Labour Unions in the lead. I do not believe that real wealth is produced except as a result of very hard work and great self-denial,—that is, of sacrifice. Real wealth, even material wealth, is the product of moral forces acting upon physical things, and I include intelligence under moral forces for the excellent reason that the moral has no force without intelligence.

"Nor am I suggesting that bankers and brokers and 'Wall Street' in general, are less honest than other classes. They are at least as honest, and in many respects much more so than others, for in no section of the community can a man's word, about money, be accepted as readily in place of his bond. 'Wall Street' has come into existence—and its European equivalents—in response to the insistent demands of the rest of the country. If every broker on 'the Street' were suddenly to accept my thesis, and were foolish enough to infer that he should begin life all over again in some other occupation, the only result would be a new crop of brokers, inexperienced, unqualified, and less honest because devoid of background and tradition; and the new crop would spring up for exactly the same reason that a new crop of theatres or churches or newspapers or colleges or groceries would spring up, if any of these groups were to renounce their activities. The law of supply and demand is a reality, not a dream; and it is a real law because it is a spiritual law, inherent in the nature of things on all planes.

"With men like Hearst and Samuel Untermyer yelling abuse at their betters—Untermyer clamouring for the government ownership (which means control by politicians) of all railroad, telephone, gas, electric lighting and other utility companies—I am particularly anxious to emphasize the fact, which Theosophy makes so clear, that it is the people of a country, in the mass, who create the conditions of which they complain. Just as the circumstances of my life are absolutely of my own making; just as it would be folly and worse if I were to complain of the result, so is it true that a nation's financial institutions and methods reflect its commercial cravings, even as its churches reflect its religious cravings,—to use a very strong word, in that case, for what is usually a very feeble flutter. In other words, to condemn its bankers would be as unfair and as stupid as to condemn its clergy,—no matter what you may think of their collective wisdom."

"You must surely admit, however," our Visitor urged, "that if borrowing had been eliminated from business during the past fifty years, this country's progress would have been far slower than it has been."

"I admit it gladly", was the reply. "I admit with similar gladness that our population would have been much smaller, as, throughout that period, we should have been minus an immense number of low class immigrants, nearly all of whom came here in the hope of making money in a hurry. I admit that fortunes would be smaller, taxes lower, everything fewer; but beg to suggest that quality might be better. The plant that grows a yard in the night is not, as a rule, wholesome.

"Once more, to avoid misapprehension, I am not suggesting that it is wicked to borrow: that would be absurd. Nor am I suggesting that to carry on a business with borrowed money, even persistently, is wicked, but only that it is regrettable and unwise. I do not consider a Mohammedan with a harem, wicked, especially if his father had one before him. There are men of absolute integrity, both among borrowers and lenders. All I can say is that I should prefer to be neither the one nor the other. It is, unfortunately, nearly always easier to get into a situation than out of it,—as even your Mohammedan, at times, doubtless realizes also, while, in his case, it might well be cruel if he were to abandon his harem in mid career. After all, common sense must govern."

"So far as 'hoarding' is concerned", commented the Professor, "it is really the same situation as with food. It is the modern household's lazy and improvident habit to depend wholly on day-to-day buying in the city stores: to keep nothing in the house against emergencies. The result is that any interruption of traffic, delaying the flow of food to the city, becomes immediately a grave emergency. Everyone then requires food, and there is not enough to go round—or may not be enough. Anyone who *then* lays in a supply for the future and to stock his empty store rooms, is accused as a food hoarder,—because he is late in doing what he ought to have done long before. Had everyone steadily hoarded food, from the time it was plentiful, the interruption would have caused no crisis; and it is those who *have* hoarded, and whose needs in consequence can be met by their own resources, without drain upon the diminished common stock, who really save the situation.

"Is the connection clear", the Ancient now asked, "between the Philosopher's original question, and the Engineer's thesis, as I think he called it? It ought to be. 'Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions.' Yet, thank heaven, there is always a way out, a way through, a chance to make a crooked path straight, whether in our own lives or in the world around us; and when all ways seem closed, the wisdom of Masters provides, the Everlasting Mercy guides, if only, learning the lessons of the past, ready to sacrifice *self*, we fight forward toward the best and noblest we can see."

T.

God is a good worker, but He loves to be helped.—BASQUE PROVERB.



REVIEWS

The Land Locked Lake, by Lt. Col. A. A. Hanbury-Sparrow; Arthur Barker, Ltd., London, 1932; price, 7s 6d.

This is a book of the War, and one whose vivid, human appeal it would be hard to overstate, but which may have a special and deeper interest for the thoughtful student. Its author, scarce twenty-one when the War broke out, was then a subaltern in Great Britain's regular army, sent to France with the first expeditionary force, and for more than three years was almost constantly at the front with his regiment. A brief "Author's Note", taking the place of a Preface, sets forth its aim and vouches for its sincerity.

"This book is true in that it describes, faithfully I believe, what I saw and felt during the War. But that was inevitably based upon incomplete knowledge. Of set purpose I have tried to eliminate at every stage of the tale later information and maturer judgments. This method may cause pain to some, but it was unavoidable if I was to succeed in the task I had set myself. This was to unfold the War in so living a way, that the younger generation might succeed where we had failed; that they, seeing the War for what it truly was—an intense spiritual experience—might be inspired to link up its lessons to the needs of the Age, and to lead its land-locked waters to the parched river of life."

As a story, the book sweeps us on from adventure to adventure, but beneath and through them all is the author's search for his own soul. He has to face fear; and at first has nothing with which to front it but pride and duty. Then he learns to call upon his patriotism and the will to give and sacrifice himself. You "think you are doing it splendidly, and then crack! Fear has shot past your head and only the instant application of will can save the whole structure of conduct from utter collapse. Will to what? Bravery? No, the will to the self-sacrifice of not-self. For the life of man oscillates between the two poles of self and not-self. As the Greek philosopher long ago pointed out, all abstract qualities go in opposite pairs, beauty and ugliness, cleverness and stupidity, cowardice and foolhardiness: whatever you take, there is its opposite. Even so, man lives between the two poles of self and not-self, and free will consists in this—in steering his course between the two poles. Fear makes a man turn to the pole of self, self-sacrifice to the pole of not-self, nor is it till the man has attained the wisdom of seeing that fear is foolishness, and has acquired the power of acting up to his wisdom, that he can be called free. . . . The current

of fear deflects the moving coil that is you to the pole of self. In your fight against it you react to the pole of not-self, and whilst you are there you remain in an abnormal state of exaltation. Yet to whichever pole you swing, you are not free, for your action has been dictated by fear."

He learns, and teaches, the great lesson of the power of discipline—that the men must be made to feel, in every moment, their officer's supporting will, as a horse must feel its rider's. He shows, in incident after incident, how the presence or absence of this discipline makes the exact difference between victory or defeat,—so that it is literally true that no small part of the winning of a battle may lie in the insistence that buttons be kept polished.

Yet all that he learns—all the wisdom and gallantry and fortitude that he reaches for and makes his own, are not enough. Outwardly they keep him to the mark, but inwardly, through more than three long years of pounding, of wound following wound, they weaken and begin to fail him. In none of them can he feel that he has laid hold upon what he seeks and needs. He feels, recurrently, that he should be able to find it in religion; but of religion he has none at all—not even the instinct of prayer, so far as his pages enable us to judge. And there are none about him from whom he is able to gain what he himself has not. "Unfortunately, the chaplains could do little to contribute. For it was quite definitely 'bad form' to argue the fundamentals of religion with such men, lest you shook their belief. That was the situation in a nutshell. . . . The trenches aroused in men a very deep respect for the inmost life of the other fellow. And so the chaplains were let alone."

It is in this lies the tragedy of the book and of the author's long, heroic trial. The end of his soldiering is not made wholly clear, but enough is said to show that Passchendaele broke him. "When I got out again in April, I only lasted three months, as I simply couldn't stand it any longer." And in his book, too, he feels that he has failed. Almost at the end, he cries out his consciousness of this: "How utterly I have failed in this book to reproduce the fullness of the War. Perhaps the theme is too great for words. You older generation who stayed at home, you A. D. C. equivalents of my generation who stayed behind, you youngsters who stayed at school, let me tell you this! You know nothing of the War, you can't. It's utterly impossible you could. You can know nothing of the anguish and agony that the cream of the nation transmuted to Glory, and, in so doing, perished. You writers of sex-filled war books! Stick to your sex and leave the War alone. Its mysteries are not for such as you. Its Guardian lets none save the noble pass the threshold".

Why is there this sense of failure left upon author and reader alike? He teaches us the lesser mysteries, but the Greater elude his search. The anguish and the agony, yes, and we believe the nobility and the glory, too, he has known and shown us; but the resurrection life of the Spirit that can rise from the human life laid down, the ecstasy of self-giving to a love that is not of the world, that can grow strong on suffering and not be weakened by it,—this, which does not fail in the hour of need, and which the War opened to many simpler souls, he never found, and its radiance never lights his book. There-

fore the book, like the picture of the War which it presents, remains predominantly terrible, rather than uplifting and transforming. It is war seen from beneath, never from above.

To those who have loved and revered the England that was, it is not the least grievous of the signs of our times, that the spiritual world has become so hard of conscious access to the English genius: that even where they serve, they know not Whom they serve; and even where they contend against the wrong, they know no joy in the victory of Right. In the literature of the great War, it is easy to list book after book in French, which shows the War as it was to the higher, rather than the lower nature of man,—as it was to the soul consecrated in a true and whole-hearted devotion. The *Maximes sur la Guerre* by René Quinton, *Méditations dans la Tranchée* by Antoine Rédier, *Mes Cloîtres dans la Tempête* by Martial Lekeux, Maurice Barrès's *Les Diverses Familles Spirituelles de la France*, or Jacques d'Arnoux's *Paroles d'un Revenant*, may serve as examples, suggesting many others. But with what can they be matched in English? We think of Donald Hankey's *A Student in Arms*, and Austin Hopkins's *Religio Militis*, and a few others. But even these few are not of the same order, nor are they typical of more than themselves. M.

Crusade for the Anemone, by Princess Marthe Bibesco; The Macmillan Company, New York, 1932; price, \$2.00.

This is not a book to be read in a hurry, or with a mind distracted by many things. Rather should it be chosen as a companion in solitude, for the reader will wish to have plenty of time to gather anemones with the author, in the fields of Palestine. The book is more a record of interior experience, than of manifold outer incident; it is the record of a mind and heart quick to penetrate outer semblances, thereby reaching the quiet places which lie behind all that is depressingly obvious and impermanent. For that reason it may be read with the deepest interest and sympathy by anyone who is at all drawn to a mystical interpretation of life, no matter what his religion, or to what denomination within that religion he may belong. Within the very small compass of this small volume there are five letters, some of them written to friends who are still living, others addressed to those who have passed through the valley of the shadow—letters tender, humorous, full of insight. The author, "to whom flowers are living words", tells us that the anemone belongs to the family of those spoken of as "the lilies of the field" which Solomon in all his glory could not rival, and that although she went to Palestine at a season of the year when this "flower of the wind" did not ordinarily blossom, nevertheless, just before she entered Jerusalem, a bouquet of them, thrown unexpectedly in at her carriage window by someone outside, was the first thing of all to greet her arrival. It proved to be a talisman, for by its means she could reconstruct the hallowed places of her dreams. She protests against the passion of the "devout" for the building of crude shrines; she wants to see the sacred spots over which these shrines now stand, once more open to the winds, the sun, the rain, as they were

of old. In this she will certainly have the sympathy of many if not most of her readers. She feels cramped and depressed in Jerusalem, because of the confusion caused by all these mediocre erections which to her are wholly inappropriate, so, with her imagination, she occupies herself "in destroying and then in rebuilding Jerusalem". And this is what she does wherever she goes: to Tiberias at twilight, to watch the night fall over the lake; to the ruins of Capernaum at dawn, where the wind from the sea blows memories of the past to her; to Nazareth, where the almond orchards in full bloom are a true and living shrine—those other, man-made shrines being lifeless. "All that is heaven and all that is earth draws me. All that men have built repels me. Here I seek only the living rock." As we close this very unusual and beautiful book, it is with the sense of soul refreshment which poetry always brings, for, like all poets, the author touches things which many of us cannot feel, and she sees things to which the eyes of too many of us are blind.

One wishes that Princess Bibesco knew something of Theosophy; it would undoubtedly be of great interest to her, and it would certainly explain many things—such, for instance, as when she writes of Jerusalem: "I was invaded by the overpowering feeling of having been here before." To the student of Theosophy this would not be surprising; he would, of course, believe that she *had* been there in some former life, and was merely remembering.

In many ways it is a pity to read *Crusade for the Anemone* in any but the original, the author being well known for the classic purity of her French, but the translator is to be congratulated on what he has accomplished; it must indeed have been a difficult task.

T. D.

The Great Pyramid in Fact and in Theory, by William Kingsland; Rider & Co., London, 1932; price, 30s.

Any work which purports to throw light on the subject of the identity of the Great Pyramid (this should read, "the pyramids and many similar ancient relics") with the work of the Lodge in prehistoric times, is naturally of interest to readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. We are therefore attracted by such a title and preface, and search through the text expecting to find a substantial exposition or addition to the numerous publications already available.

Unfortunately, Mr. Kingsland's work fails to give what we are led to expect. In this book (a promised Part II is not at hand), he confines himself rigorously to commenting on the geometry and measurements of the Great Pyramid, and does that, over the shoulders of such men as Piazzzi Smyth, Petrie, the Edgar brothers, and Davidson and Aldersmith. Pyramid investigation has reached the point where all investigators have discovered and proved the existence of relations between Pyramid chronology and measurements, and fragments of ancient wisdom—once esoteric, now breaking out into the "open". Pyramid research appears, indeed, to have exhausted the possibilities of deduction and inference that can be made from the data supplied by surveys. Chronologists and Biblical interpreters are now pushing their conclusions beyond the point

where such conclusions can be strongly fortified by the existing data; they indulge in conjectures, not always warranted by the facts; get themselves mired in suppositions that are founded on a basis which has been stretched beyond a solid foundation; detect unavoidable flaws in each other's work, and expose them. One may take the different theories of Pyramid investigation, hang them on the same peg, and watch them destroy each other till nothing tangible is left—save the conviction that once there was really something there which now has disappeared. Mr. Kingsland seems to have entered the field in such a spirit of criticism of his predecessors, and to have taken up the subject from that direction and in that attitude of mind, rather than by directly attacking the problem and using, instead of abusing, what others have done.

There are some outstanding flaws in his attitude which may possibly justify attention. He informs us that Davidson's and Aldersmith's work on the Pyramid is too mathematical and too technical to be popular. His own work is entirely of that kind, and in addition utterly lacks the thorough, complete and painstaking research evident in Davidson and Aldersmith. There is much which suggests that his mathematical and technical equipment is inadequate to his subject, and that he may thus be betrayed into misunderstanding and misrepresenting what he both borrows and criticizes. He shows that there is probably real justification for assuming that the ancient Egyptian cubit equals 20.612 British inches, but he fails to note that this is merely a reference scale for measurement, and does not alter in any way whatsoever the relative proportionality existing amongst the numerous significant measurements of the Pyramid.

He also tries to break down the argument by which several others have attempted to show that there is definite relation between certain base measurements of the Pyramid and the length of the year (365.242+days); but all the experts, Mr. Kingsland included, are here on very doubtful ground, since their statements are based upon the assumption that the lengths of the solar day and year are the same now as they were many thousands of years ago when the Pyramid was built! How do they know that such is the case? Astronomers do not know. The most the latter will say is that, so far as they can detect, the time periods are the same now as they were 1,000 or 2,000 years ago, and that is all. These are comparatively short periods against which to balance the facts known to the ancients, and to some moderns, that in very ancient times the contour of the continents was different, which caused different tidal effects, and that the inclination of the axis of the earth (the obliquity of the ecliptic) was very different, which also involved different tidal effects, as well as altering the seasons and the distribution of ice, changing the gravitational conditions and thus operating on the length of the day. All of this is yet to be proven by modern science and to be found in the historical and chronological measurements of the Pyramids.

Our author exhibits diagrams giving specific and numerous measurements. On comparing these with Davidson's and Aldersmith's, one is more struck with the similarities than with the differences. We wish that he might have begun

where the Edgar brothers and Davidson and Aldersmith left off, instead of simply picking trivial flaws in their work, without applying their thorough and comprehensive analysis. We have ourselves little fault to find with the work of the various persons criticized by Mr. Kingsland, but only with their attempts to apply exclusively the measurements related to ancient, long-running cycles, as recorded by the Pyramids, to modern current and World War events.

We do not know what Mr. Kingsland has in store for us in his second volume, but we feel sure that there already exists ample mathematical and geometrical data for identifying the Pyramid as being a great and important work, incorporating knowledge preserved in the Lodge,—provided more attention is given to Lodge records, now published, and less to minute differences in surveys and measurements. The Pyramidists think they are analyzing the Pyramid. They have that question upside down. It is the Pyramid, with its massive, silent, irresistible logic and involved ancient esotericism, which is forcing them constantly to re-orient their point of view, until they wake up to a realization of its symbology.

If you were to acquire a comprehensive interior visualization of occult, esoteric wisdom, and should attempt an objectivation, a materialization, you would necessarily find that you were able to express or expose only one aspect or phase of that unified conception along one particular line. Objectivation must always mean fragmentation. If, reversing this, you have at hand an exoteric phase of an esoteric generalization, you may have insuperable difficulty in tracing an investigation back from the particular to the general, and are liable to go off at a tangent; but if you can get "on top" of the question and look "down", there is no difficulty whatsoever in recognizing and identifying the particular for being what it is and where it belongs. The Pyramid investigators must eventually get "on top" of their problem, and look down and not up, and then they will achieve a comprehensive vision of that thing which is now, to them, an enigma.

A. B. R.

The Orient in American Transcendentalism, A Study of Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott, by Arthur Christy, Ph. D.; Columbia University Press, New York, 1932; price, \$4.00.

This fascinating volume of 382 pages continues the interesting pioneer work begun two years ago by Professor Carpenter's book, *Emerson and Asia* (see THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, Vol. XXVIII, p. 202); and with changing tides of opinion and values, it ought to be of great influence in bearing people to a safe harbour. Just one hundred years ago, Emerson left America to seek fresh hope in new fields, for in 1832, at the age of 30, he appeared to be a failure, his health a wreck, his domestic peace a wreck (through his wife's death), and his life work as a clergyman also a wreck. Yet from that wreck of earth, Heaven constructed another great success, Emerson, with his Concord friends, becoming a god ("of tradition", alas!), honoured to-day by the lips of New Englanders

and others whose hearts and minds, unfortunately for them, are "far from him". When "sensual, avaricious America" rediscovers its sage, it will find him not an isolated and eccentric recluse but—thanks to Professor Carpenter's book and Dr. Christy's—a *prophet* who brought to the crude, ignorant Western world the ripened wisdom of the ancient, civilized East.

Born and bred in the East, Dr. Christy handles his subject with unusual sympathy and understanding, in a book that is not academic sawdust but is really vital. Recognizing that the Concord approach toward the Orient "was not that of the theologian, metaphysician, or specialist in comparative religions", but that "of the poet and mystic", he has centred his own attention upon the literary and mystical results of Oriental Wisdom that flowered in Concord. A single passage will reveal the difference between Dr. Christy's vital understanding and the sterile misunderstanding of the East that is too often found. Thus, on page 19, he writes: "As has already been intimated, philosophy in ancient India was not developed among the priests. Indeed, Hindu philosophy in no way abetted the cause of the priests. . . . It was through others than members of the Brahman priestly caste, even through the Kshatriyas" [the warrior caste] "and through sceptics and unbelievers, obnoxious fellows to the priesthood . . . that India continued to probe for Reality."

This book is the product of painstaking effort. Among other labours of love, the author examined the librarian's records at Harvard for the purpose of learning what books Emerson had used in his student days; that investigation proves that from his 19th year Emerson was occupied with Eastern Scriptures.

Sympathy and understanding mark Dr. Christy's book (though one will differ from many of his interpretations), and also courage. To maintain his own opinions and conclusions, he has had to go counter, at times, to those of his elders and his superior officers, Drs. Canby and Erskine, Professors Van Doren and P. E. More. Whenever placed in so unenviable a position, he has acted with true courage, and, therefore, with modesty.

The last paragraph of Dr. Christy's "Conclusion" will show what a "find" this doctoral dissertation is for religiously minded readers: "The mystery of the attributes of God it is not for us to solve. Our province is here not to question the wisdom and method of His governance of the Universe, or the conclusions at which the Concord men arrived. It is enough for us to realize and in finality restate the chief reason why Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott turned Eastward, a gesture which brought all the consequences we have studied. They could not live with an absentee God, and they were of Sankara's temper, Sankara, that great sage of ancient India, who on his deathbed prayed that he might be forgiven for having frequented temples, since by doing so he had seemed to deny the omnipresence of God. All that the Concordians thought and did was consequent to this fact. We may be assured that when this is the temper of the best minds of the East and West, the twain do meet in the sympathies of the mystical bond, which is universal."

PH. D.

An Idealist View of Life, the Hibbert Lectures for 1929, by S. Radhakrishnan; The Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$4.00.

It is Dr. Radhakrishnan's thesis, that the world is in dire need of a new revelation of spiritual truth. He does not mean that this revelation should be new in the sense of being different from the wisdom of the ancients; but that it should be based upon a re-discovery of the Divinity above and within the order of Nature. *An Idealist View of Life* is a confession of faith in the ability of modern man to find God as He was found by the sages and mystics of other ages. Men like Gautama and Jesus could speak with certitude of the spiritual world, because they actually lived in it and saw its denizens face to face. So, to-day, one can gain a direct knowledge of the Divine through the diligent cultivation of the inner faculties which we possess but so seldom use. As Dr. Radhakrishnan points out, the actual crisis in religion is due less to the attacks of its enemies, than to the lack of real experience and understanding among its defenders. It is no wonder that men are everywhere seeking some substitute for religion—such as communism, for instance—if the so-called representatives of religion have not proved for themselves the creed which they profess.

Dr. Radhakrishnan is an authority on Indian metaphysics, and his own thought reveals the paramount influence of the Vedanta. Very fortunately, he does not suggest any particular form of "yoga practice" as a quick and easy way to mystical experience. Moreover, he is a man of broad culture and with cosmopolitan sympathies, and he does not claim for the Hindu mind a monopoly of wisdom. It is part of his purpose to show that the truths of the Vedas have been independently discovered by saints and philosophers in the West. The Rishis, he says, "are not so much the authors of the truths recorded in the Vedas as the seers who were able to discern the eternal truths by raising their life spirit to the plane of the universal spirit" (p. 89); but as he makes clear, a Rishi may be born anywhere.

The following is typical of his general point of view:

"The Western mind lays great stress on science, logic and humanism. Hindu thinkers as a class hold with great conviction that we possess a power more interior than intellect by which we become aware of the real in its intimate individuality, and not merely in its superficial or discernible aspects. For the Hindus a system of philosophy is an insight, a *darsana*. It is the vision of truth and not a matter of logical argument and proof. They believe that the mind can be freed by gradual training from the influences of speculative intellect as well as past impressions, and that it can unite itself with the object whose nature is then fully manifested. . . . Intuitive insight is identical with freedom. 'Whoever knows "I am Brahman" becomes this all.' 'He who knows that supreme Brahman becomes that Brahman itself.' We cannot know Brahman fully and truly unless we partake of its essence, become one with it. . . . Brahman, which symbolizes the absolute reality, means also holy knowledge, intuitive wisdom. Intuitive wisdom becomes personified as the first principle of the universe. He who knows it knows the essence of the cosmos. . . . The

general tendency of Hindu and Buddhist thought is to take hold of the aspiration of the human soul after a higher life, and treat this fact as the key to the interpretation of the universe" (pp. 127-129).

The student of Theosophy will find much valuable material in these pages. Dr. Radhakrishnan deserves recognition and respect for his erudition and lucidity, for his discernment of what is of universal significance in the Indian scriptures, for his understanding of the profound analogies between the religions of the Orient and the religion of Christ. Above all, one is grateful for his illustration of a tolerant spirit. It is unfortunate that his tolerance is not sufficiently large to embrace Theosophy which he includes among other "crude and amazing cults" (p. 52). Possibly his excuse is that he has only heard of Theosophy in connection with the travesty of it which has had so much publicity in India. In any case, we can assure him that Theosophy is not a cult, much less a crude and amazing one.

It is really tragic that a book with so many excellent qualities should be marred by a few passages which reveal, in our opinion, a complete misunderstanding of the character of the spiritual man. For example, he says: "No man on earth has ever maintained spiritual poise all through his life. The Jesus who declared that men must not resist evil if they are to become the sons of the Father who makes his sun shine upon good men and bad, . . . was the same Jesus who cursed the fig-tree and drove the tradesmen from the temple" (pp. 113-114). In other words, while Jesus did not resist his personal enemies, he did not hesitate to declare war against his Father's enemies. What is the paradox? We wonder what Dr. Radhakrishnan has to say concerning the similar martial proclivities of the Avatars of Vishnu, Rama and Krishna. This pacifist view of spirituality is not that of the Rishis; it reminds one painfully of Gandhi and his *swaraj*. One ventures to suggest that it is not the least of the causes of India's present degradation.

How did this pacifism come into being? Perhaps, the long supremacy of the priestly Brahmins has much to do with it. In any event, it is closely associated with the cult of "inaction" which is so vigorously condemned by the *Bhagavad Gita* (Chapter III). Also it has flourished in conjunction with a delusion, prevalent for many centuries in India, that it is possible to leap to the Absolute in one bound. Nothing is quite so futile as to try to behave like the Absolute, before we have learned to behave like men.

S. L.

The Buddha and the Christ: An Exploration of the Meaning and of the Purpose of Human Life; the Bampton Lectures of 1932; by Canon Burnett Hillman Streeter; The Macmillan Company, 1933; price, \$2.50.

The primary value of this volume lies in the fact that a man of the eminence of Canon Streeter in the Anglican Church should actually have been commissioned to deliver the Bampton lecture on such a topic. An avowed student since 1913 of "Comparative Religion", Canon Streeter, on his appointment as Bampton lecturer, made a special and extended tour of Japanese religious and

university centres, discussing Buddhism with the heads of various Buddhist sects, studying their scriptures, witnessing the life lived by differing types of adherents to Buddhism, lecturing to learned Buddhist audiences as a Christian apologist, and receiving their return criticism in friendly controversy. This special study followed an equally intense survey of the most recent scientific theories of life, its meaning and purpose, as popularized by Jeans, Eddington, Einstein, Balfour, Thomson and others,—a study which bore fruit in a recent volume, *Reality*, which attempted to show that “Science and Religion are two parallel avenues to a knowledge of Ultimate Reality”. As a result of this earlier volume, Canon Streeter tells us he realized that “Religion” could not safely be limited to Christianity; so he had undertaken an investigation of the other great world religion, Buddhism.

This volume, therefore, explores the meaning and purpose of human life in three comprehensive sets of terms,—Christian, Buddhist, and modern scientific. To the student of Theosophy, the outcome is a very curious book. The same ground has been covered in our literature, time and again. The problems raised are familiar. As one reads, one is met with a tolerant spirit, sympathy, occasional humour, strong convictions temperately expressed, and much condensed thinking. The manifest effort throughout has been to seek out the truth, and the method of approach has been in large measure the Theosophic Method. But the net impression is singularly weak and inconclusive. One's interest in such themes as the meaning of Pain, or of Immortality, is aroused only to be left suspended between the various solutions offered. The Christian, and even the scientific position, are presented with more cogency than the Buddhist, as might perhaps be expected; but one also feels that the author's fear of indulging a Christian bias has robbed him of decisiveness. Moreover, exoteric, philosophic Buddhism no more represents the whole teaching of the Buddha than Christian theology to-day represents the heart and mystery of Christ's teaching and example. Of the latter, Canon Streeter appears to have at least intuitive recognition; of an esoteric Buddhism, none at all. As one reads, one misses the illuminating insight of Mr. Johnston's many expositions of Buddhism, based on the teaching of Madame Blavatsky, to which readers of the *QUARTERLY* have become accustomed. The conviction grows that no true synthesis, no “Exploration of the Meaning of the Universe and of the Purpose of Human Life” can be successful without a grasp of certain fundamental principles—principles which *are* Theosophy. For example, Canon Streeter's criticisms and rejection of what he conceives to be the Buddhist teaching of Karma and Reincarnation, and of Nirvana, hardly seem pertinent to what students of Theosophy understand by those terms—so wide are they of the mark. Similarly, Gnostic elements in Christianity are dismissed on the assumption that everyone agrees now-a-days that they are worthless philosophically. Again, he suggests that Plato was too great an artist to commit himself specifically about after-death survival, and so cast his ideas avowedly in a “myth”; and that Christ, likewise, repeatedly used the purely poetic image of a “Messianic Feast” to characterize life in the next world. In effect, therefore, we are to suppose that

however great the religious or philosophical teacher, nobody really *could*, or in any case *has*, told us more about the mysteries of life than a highly educated and conscientious University don can discover by diligent reading and thought to-day. What does not meet with modern intellectual approval, is rejected, even though a Gautama or a Jesus taught it.

As a result of this attitude, the net impression of the book is unfortunate. The best that Canon Streeter has to offer us in the way of a constructive suggestion is borrowed from Chinese and Japanese canons of art: "The primary aim of art is not realistically correct representation but the communication of a spiritual apprehension" (p. 299). Buddha and Christ being great artists, lead us towards, communicate to us, a new "spiritual apprehension". Science definitely fails us here, and, "To understand Reality these [art, poetry, music] must be studied alongside of science" (p. 298). So far so good; but when Canon Streeter tells us that supreme achievement in an art "in the last resort is a matter of *flair*," and that "the same thing holds in the matter of morals" (p. 240),—we wonder whether "the Purpose of Human Life" is to produce men with a *flair* for morals, or whether he realizes the implications of such a thesis propounded in these Freudian days.

The book as a whole may be regarded as a splendid advance over anything similar produced by the generation which called forth H. P. B.'s Open Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is significant to find the Bampton Trustees inviting a lecturer, not merely to compare Buddhism and Christianity, with whatever light science may throw added, but to do this looking specifically towards a better restatement, or solution, of life's meaning and purpose, and to have found a Canon of the Church of England eager to undertake the task. But the very effort is foredoomed to inadequacy until such time as theologians as well as scientists open their minds to the existence of the Wisdom Religion, and bend their energies to the assimilation of its profound truths. Q.

The Other Spanish Christ, by John A. Mackay; The Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.50.

Most North Americans are inclined to forget entirely the whole continent of South America. Dr. Mackay's book will not only make them aware of its intense life and enormous possibilities, but will arouse in them questionings as to their own problems and preoccupations. It is a most interesting work, full of information and ideas, and written with a profound religious understanding and broad tolerance.

Dr. Mackay first discusses the Spanish character and the religious ideas peculiar to the Iberian temperament. He then takes up the history of these ideas in the Latin American countries south of the Isthmus of Panama, leaving aside Mexico because its religious history and anti-clerical struggles require a volume to themselves.

The Iberian temperament will always be a fascinating study, and to those

who love it, a source of pride and sadness and of a hope that its great potentialities may some day develop into a purified power. The history of the Conquest is full of extraordinary paradoxes and contrasts. The Conquistadores managed to combine blind religious dogmatism with an unbounded lust for gold and ruthless cruelty. The banner of Spain still bears the colours of blood and gold, *sangre y oro*. Yet, along with them went men with a spirit of heroic charity and self-immolation. Pizarro and Las Casas!

Ricardo Rojas, in *El Cristo Invisible*, says that only in the sixteenth century did the fourth of the Magi reach Bethlehem. Dr. Mackay remarks, "The copper-coloured king came to Bethlehem, but it would seem as if, unlike the three visitors from the East, it was the Virgin Mother who impressed him most. At least he adopted the 'young child and his mother', and adapted him to his primitive pagan taste." He continues farther on: "But however much overshadowed by His Mother, Christ, too, came to America. Journeying from Bethlehem and Calvary, He passed through Africa and Spain on His long westward journey to the pampas and cordilleras. And yet, was it really He who came or another religious figure with His name and some of His marks? Methinks the Christ, as He sojourned westward, went to prison in Spain, while another who took His name embarked with the Spanish crusaders for the New World, a Christ who was not born in Bethlehem but in North Africa. This Christ became naturalized in the Iberian colonies of America, while Mary's Son and Lord has been little else than a stranger and sojourner in these lands from Columbus's day to this."

And what is the nature of this Christ "born in Tangiers"? He is either an infant in arms whom one can patronize, or he is dead.

"In Spanish religion Christ has been the centre of a cult of death. And yet, paradoxically enough, it was the passion for fleshly life and immortality that created this interest in death. The dead Christ is an expiatory victim. The details of His earthly life are of slight importance and make relatively small appeal. He is regarded as a purely supernatural being, whose humanity, being only apparent, has little ethical bearing upon ours. This docetic Christ died as the victim of human hate, and in order to bestow immortality, that is to say, a continuation of the present earthly, fleshly existence. The contemplation of His passion produces a sort of catharsis, as Aristotle would say, in the soul of the worshipper, just as in the bull-fight, an analogous creation of the Spanish spirit, the Spaniard sees and feels death in all its dread reality in the fate of a victim. The total sensation intensifies his sense of the reality and terribleness of death; it increases his passion for life, and, in the religious realm, makes him cling desperately and tragically to the dead Victim that died to give him immortality.

"The Spanish religious passion for life has not, however, aimed at life in the qualitative Johannine sense; it has been a craving not for regeneration, but for immortality, for 'total immortality in its vilest and sublimest meaning'. Its supreme dread has thus been death not sin."

He quotes a tragic and terrible passage from Miguel de Unamuno describing

the Dead Christ of Palencia, which ends with the cry, "And Thou, Christ of Heaven, redeem us from the Christ of earth".

For there is "The Other Spanish Christ", the Christ of the great Spanish mystics, the Christ upon the Cross of Velasquez. He is the Living Christ. "Henceforth the love of Christ will be the compelling motive of his life and not the hope of reward or the fear of punishment, either in this life or in the life to come. Religion is here a quality of life and not the simple prolongation of existence. It is the passionate response of love and not a sordid appeal for things. . . . Christ is for him our Life, our new, eternal life. He does not immortalize life as it is, but transforms it into what life should be. The evidence, moreover, that we shall never die is not that we believe in our immortality but that we love."

Dr. Mackay proceeds to find the influences of this Other Spanish Christ, first in Spain and then in Latin America. Unfortunately, the Monarchy in Spain was too bound up with the church, and sincerely religious people have been unable to dissociate the principle of kingship from the abuses of the curia. Dr. Mackay is one of them. His rejoicings over the new-born Republic strike one with consternation, and they are doomed, we fancy, to fade out before the reality if it be viewed without sentimentality. His chapters on new spiritual currents in South America are intensely interesting. He describes these movements, Catholic, Protestant or social, with great detachment and impartiality. Among these movements he discusses the influence of "Theosophy". Unfortunately, Dr. Mackay knows nothing of the real Theosophy but judges it, as does Count Keyserling, whom he quotes at great length, by its travesty at Adyar. He seems to derive his information about Madame Blavatsky from a book by Dr. J. N. Farquhar where she is described as "unsavoury" and an impostor. When we see him place reliance upon such a source without real investigation of the facts, we become doubtful of the correctness of his other statements. Judging, however, by his evident desire to be impartial and charitable, we feel that Dr. Mackay would be willing to be corrected in this instance. Apart from these points on which we must disagree with him absolutely, his book is profoundly interesting and suggestive. We cannot but wish that Dr. Mackay might become aware that it is in Theosophy that the teaching of a Living Christ, of Living Masters, is to be found.

ST. C. LAD.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 377.—*The Theosophist believes that there is no such thing as chance, and that all happenings are dictated by some need of the soul. How can this be expressed in the case of the sorrow of another without seeming detached and unsympathetic?*

ANSWER.—There are many kinds and degrees of sympathy, as many kinds, perhaps, as there are people; for the power to give true sympathy, and equally, it may be added, the ability and will to receive it, are without limit. The need of every soul is different; the expression of our sympathy for the troubles of a child (whether that child be five years old or fifty) would not be the same as when we were wishing to share the sorrows of a grown man or woman. True sympathy, however, does not lie in the outer expression, but in the *inner understanding* of that which is at the root of the sorrow of another—whether that understanding be flattering to the sufferer's lower nature, or the reverse, for, in the last analysis, our sufferings are too often wholly self-made. Therefore, in the profoundest sense, such sympathy is a matter of the heart. During some sorrow of our own, we must all have recognized the difference between a friend who sincerely and with genuine kindness says, and perhaps mistakenly does a great deal, and one who says almost nothing, and who seems to do little, but who, as we know in every part of us, *really* understands, and upon whose love and loyalty we know we can depend to the death. When a friend has *this* kind of sympathy, it is a *living thing*, and we sense it as we do all really living things, knowing that however great the detachment may appear, however outwardly remote our friend may seem, soul is speaking to soul. But for this silent, formless sympathy to do its work, it must be truly alive.

So it is usually our own fault, and due entirely to our own limitations, if we convey the impression that we are "detached" in the cruder sense, or unsympathetic toward the sorrow of another.

T. A.

ANSWER.—Why should we appear detached and unsympathetic? We must take people as we find them, speak to their needs on the plane on which they are. On that plane, their sorrow is real to them, and our hearts may, perhaps, instinctively go out to them in sympathy, especially if by chance we are able ourselves to see something of the probable purpose and meaning of their sorrow, and realize that they do not. We win them, we draw them, through our sympathy, which, being real, enables us, perhaps, to say at the time some simple thing in their own terms, arresting their attention, and affording something of consolation or hope which they can grasp at the point at which they are. If they are left with a feeling of sympathetic understanding on our part, the way may be clear for us *later* to impart gradually to them something of a real comprehension of what has happened, and of the reasons for it; but we must reach them, gradually, through sympathy. There is nothing whatever to be gained by telling some one plunged in grief that everything is all right really, and explaining just why, and all about it: quite the contrary.

C. R. A.

QUESTION NO. 378.—*We are told that matter as we know it is not matter, but merely a reflection, real matter being invisible to us. I do not understand.*

ANSWER.—The Ancient Wisdom tells us that the visible universe is embodied consciousness,

a reflection of Reality. The Ancient Wisdom also tells us, however, that "matter", or its equivalent, exists on every plane of manifestation, growing denser and farther away from Reality as it descends in the scale of life, but that the "eyes" with which to "see" it, must also exist on every plane. Every student of Theosophy knows that man, a small universe in himself, is composed of seven principles or "sheaths"; that the *real* is not the physical man with whom he may daily converse; that, on the contrary, his *real* friend is the invisible soul, the spirit living within the outer, visible vehicle. He cannot see in actual form or substance the soul or spirit of his friend, but he may see these reflected in the face of his friend when he smiles, or hear them in his friend's spoken thoughts. And after all, how much there is, even on the purely physical plane, that we cannot see, yet which we know is there. We see a "solid" stone, but we cannot see unassisted, the infinitesimally fine, whirling particles—the molecules and atoms—of which it is composed. We watch a small rainbow move slowly across our wall, and we know that it is there because a shaft of light is falling on the bevelled edge of our mirror on the other side of the room, and that the rainbow moves along its tiny course because the earth is revolving around the sun, and the sun itself is moving onward in its eternal ways; but can we actually *see* the sun and the earth moving, or the particles as they are split up in that ray of light, save in the *result*—the little rainbow?

"Eyesight" on all planes must not only be developed but also perfected. We could not actually see a Master with our ordinary eyesight, unless he were manifesting on the physical plane, yet some stirring of our inner senses (a dawning inner sight—embryonic sight on a higher plane) might convince us that that Master was close at hand. In *Light on the Path* we are told that an Adept might live in the same house with us without our recognizing him for what he was—an Adept. Our outer eyes would see the physical man, the vehicle; it would need inner eyes to see and recognize the Adept. So it is with "matter". What we now see is the vehicle, the reflection of the Reality within; when we begin to develop inner eyesight, we shall begin to perceive something more akin to real "matter".

T. A.

ANSWER.—The querent's difficulty in understanding is at least reasonable, because it would seem as if the whole of manifestation were directed to the end of enabling us finally to understand just this truth. It must, therefore, be both difficult to learn, because, so to speak, it requires such an outlay, and also immensely worth while. A series of essays in the October, 1929, *QUARTERLY* under the title "Why I believe this to be a Shadow World", offered six pertinent attempts to answer it. A generation or two ago, physicists defined "matter" in terms of the primitive stuff we contact in everyday life; but the logic of their own experiments with earth, stone and metal, brought them to realize that these things were but tangible and sensible semblances of inner, mobile forces. Change the force, and you changed the semblance, or the "matter". With the earlier limitations of their instruments for experimentation refined almost beyond belief, the modern physicists still cannot penetrate behind the veil of matter, or within its refined forms to the essence that lies behind its outer expression. We are told that only a trained occultist can see the "real matter"—the substratum or essence that lies behind so many manifested forms. And such a trained occultist seems to indicate to us that *all* matter, including "real" matter, is but a passing form in the periodic manifestation of spirit, which disappears during Pralaya. Wherever one begins, therefore, in the scale or hierarchy of evolution—with stones, or thought-substance, or what not—that plane is but a reflection of something higher. Contemplation, or experience, of the Universe itself, moreover, forces us back and back, until we reach "God, who is our home".

Q.



NOTICE OF CONVENTION
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 29th, 1933, beginning at 10:30 a. m.
2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are requested to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.
3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members, with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meetings. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.
4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.
5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.
6. On Sunday, April 30th, at 4:30 p. m., tea will be served at 64 Washington Mews, to delegates, members, and their friends.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society,
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.

February 21st, 1933.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between Eighth Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock. There are meetings on,—

April 8th and 22nd.

Meetings after Convention to be announced later.

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875



THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a scientific basis for ethics.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the path to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.